Kurt Eggers

the SS Warrior-Poet

Collected Writings

Kurt Eggers

the SS Warrior-Poet

Collected Writings

Wewelsburg Archives
publication
- 2018 -

Table of Contents

Foreword 1

Live Bravely and Die Courageously

1 – The German 4
2 – The Awakening of the Life Will 8
3 – One's Own Life 12
4 – Overcoming 17
5 – Reservation 22
6 – Community 27
7 – Valuation 32
8 – Dialogue 39

The Freedom of the Warrior

1 – The Roll Call 50
2 – The First Night Watch Of the Honour of the Soldier 56
3 – The Second Night Watch Of the Loyalty of the Soldier 66
4 – The Third Night Watch The High Love of the Soldier 75

The War of the Warrior

1 – Awakening 81
2 – Our Faith 82
3 – The Reich 83
4 – We have heard the Führer! 85
5 – The German! 86
6 – 'The soldier alone is the free man' 87
7 – Comrade! 90
8 – The School of the Test 91

9 – Waiting 93
10 – The Fate of the Soldiers 94
11 – Between the Battles 97
12 – 'No more beautiful death in the world...' 99
13 – Duty and Conscience 101
14 – The Reich's Splendor 103
15 – Soldiers Remember the Mother 104
16 – Yearning 105
17 – The Reich in Yearning and Reality 106
18 – The Discussion of Death 109
19 – The Discussion of Peace 112
20 – A Father Ponders Over the Cradle 114

The Warrior Revolution

1 – Departure from the Bourgeoisie 117
2 – Things Must Become 'Different'...! 124
3 – The Revolution to Find Ourselves 128
4 – The New German 142
5 – The Path to the Future 153

Father of All Things

1 – Shaped War 160

Hostility

1 – Comrades! 186
2 – Our World 188
3 – Pain 196
4 – Being Able To Be Enemy! 201

German Affirmation

1 – German Faith 207
2 – The Gateway of Freedom 208
3 – The German Soul 209
4 – We Germans 211
5 – About War 212
6 – Vanguard 214

7 – The Term: In Vain 215
8 – Volunteers 218
9 – The Creative Power of Poverty 219
10 – The Great Yearning 221
11 – Motherliness 222
12 – The Struggle for Knowledge 225
13 – The Call 228

The Birth of the Millennium

1 – A Foreword The Lost Law 231
2 – The Face of the World 236
3 – Meaning of Politics 250
4 – Diplomacy 270
5 – War Against the Idols! 283
6 – A Summary The message of Bearing 314
7 – The Path of the Free Man 324

Kurt Eggers

(1905 – 1943)

Foreword

Kurt Eggers (November 10, 1905 in Berlin – August 12, 1943, near Belgorod) was a German writer, poet, songwriter, and playwright with close links to the NSDAP. He served as both a member of a propaganda company (Propagandakompanie) and a Waffen-SS man in World War II, and died in a tank regiment on the Eastern Front.

Early life

Kurt Eggers was born in 1905, son of a bank clerk. In 1917 he entered the Cadet Corps and began training on a school ship. In 1919 he witnessed the defeat of the Spartacist uprising. In 1921 he joined the Freikorps and was involved in the battle for Annaberg hill during the Silesian Uprisings, where German freikorp personnel fought against Polish nationalists.

Christianity

After a spell in an artillery regiment, he resumed his education in 1924. He studied Sanskrit, archaeology, philosophy, and theology in Rostock, Berlin and Göttingen. He was particularly interested in the German Reformation and the revolutionary Ulrich von Hutten. He joined the Corps Vandalia Rostock, a student group, in 1927. After his theology exams, he became a pastor in Neustrelitz and then a curate in Berlin. However he rapidly fell out with church authorities, with his 'Song of the Struggling Peasants' calling for violent revolt, and broke with Christianity.

National Socialism and World War II

With the rise to power of Adolf Hitler, he received rapid promotion through the new regime, gaining a succession of party positions while he continued to work as a writer, producing plays, radio drama, musical comedies, folk stories, walking songs, martial songs, and chants. His verse was widely used in National Socialist ceremonies and events.

Following the invasion of Poland, he headed for the Front, joining the staff of a Panzer company, but he later returned to writing, as editor-in-chief of the SS's newspaper Das schwarze Korps (The Black Corps) and as a member of the SS propaganda company.

In mid-1942, working as a writer for the Party Chancellery, he expressed a desire to return to battle, and was transferred to the Panzer reserve. He then joined

the SS Division Wiking, which was made up largely of foreign volunteers, and took part in the unit's retreat from the Caucasus in the winter of 1942-43.

Death

In late July 1943, he re-joined the SS Division Wiking in the aftermath of the Battle of Kursk, which was followed by a Soviet offensive. On August 12, 1943 he died southwest of Belgorod (now in Western Russia near the border with Ukraine), while attempting to counterattack against the advancing Red Army troops. His death was marked by a memorial service on September 26, 1943 in the Kroll Opera House in Berlin. The SS War Reporters Section, a platoon of propaganda staffers attached to SS units, was renamed the SS-Standarte Kurt Eggers in November 1943.

He had four children by his second wife, Traute Kaiser, whose father was a pastor.

In short, Kurt Eggers was a true National Socialist warrior-poet, whose works provide a fascinating look into the soul of the ideal SS warrior.

Works included are:

- Live Bravely and Die Courageously
- The Freedom of the Warrior
- The War of the Warrior
- The Warrior Revolution
- Father of All Things
- Hostility
- German Affirmation
- The Birth of the Millennium

The terms ‘law’ [Gesetz] and ‘order’ [Ordnung] lose a lot in translation.

‘Law’ here does not mean the formal law found in the books in a lawyer's office, rather something akin to the ‘laws of nature’, or more accurately, a ‘law’ arising from the self-knowledge of an ethical person strongly bound to his folk community and his duty toward it.

‘Order’ means neither ‘law and order’ in the American sense nor a ‘command’ in the military sense, rather something akin to the ‘order’ found in nature, or more precisely, the ‘order’ of the folk community. (There is an exception when ‘order’ refers to something more akin to, say, the Order of the Teutonic Knights, albeit more abstract here.)

Live Bravely
and
Die Courageously

Von mutigen Leben und tapferen Sterben

- 1938 -

- 1 -

The German

The German was not born in the darlingness of a sunny landscape, nor in the tranquillity of inexhaustible soil. Neither land nor landscape gave him contented calm or dreamy comfort.

It is the German's fate to never be allowed to live his life in blessed abundance, rather to have to struggle for his meagre joy. That determines his face and his soul.

Whoever strides through Germany seeking, will find more burrowed and jagged features than smooth and satisfied, glowing facial expressions. And in the German's soul rage storms with such ferocity as the ones that churn the North Sea through which his ships travel. Poverty of soil and yearning have made the German brooding, lonely and combative. Whoever wants to win the German, must hence give him an earth and a sky full of struggle.

Satiated folk, who know nothing of yearning, have never understood why he puts thinking over enjoying.

German thought grew to its unique form out of German blood. When the German built, there arose under his hand cathedrals and towers that pushed to the clouds in strangely bizarre shapes, when he wrote his ballads become brittle and dry and of a chaste, secluded beauty; they must hurt the ear of whoever loves the pleasant sound of southern verse.

German thought strives for great unity of inner view, of desire for honesty and of truthful intent. It wrestles for the truth, that means for recognition and affirmation of the essential. For the sake of this truth it leaves worn paths and handed down forms and all concepts that may through age be honourable and sacred.

In the process it erects no buildings and stamps no iron tablets, rather it has courage for simplicity and new transformation.

That means: unrest for the sake of truth and honesty can and will in the long run not be tamed by systems that brought and brings peace or at least satisfaction. Against this unrest there is no sweet comfort as answer of all answers,

In every age the German knew or surmised that danger of standing still and being still, about the danger of the seed of decay that lies hidden therein.

In every age the German preferred to sell himself to the 'devil' of unrest than to the God of peace. In other words: he preferred to breathe smoke of gunpowder than the smoke of incense.

In the eyes of the tamed (tamed down) herd people, consciously German people have something demonic, something obsessive about them. One avoids them out of fear for one's own soul, one keeps out of their path, because one hears the sword of their spirit.

For a thousand years the herd of the world has pounced on the bearers of German unrest and murdered, violated and exterminated them. And despite everything, this German unrest has kept the German nation dangerously life-affirming in the middle of the great death of folks. There, where the German awakens to himself, he becomes indivisible, incorruptible, unforgiving.

There, where he becomes totally German, the numerous intrigues, with which one wanted to alienate him from himself, found no breech.

Whoever wants to strengthen the German, must force him to distress and deprivation. That is the secret of German nature: the German soul has never yet been endangered in wars, but often in cowardly times of peace. In prosperous times the German is unsuspecting and happy like a child. In such times it is easy for his enemies to tame him with theories and strange doctrines. Then they can dare to exploit him and force him to debasing slave tasks. German gullibility, upright trustfulness are the weakest spots in the fortress of German nature. One has taught the German that hatred is despicable. And the German has believed this teaching. Only late did he come to realise that genuine hatred is just as noble as genuine love.

With the unconcern of a child the German has donated treasures to the world and generously distributed assets. With playful joy he has looked on as others gathered these treasures and assets and thereby established their own power.

He was too young to know about the responsibility of an obligating inheritance.

To this young being the world owes its present face.

A thousand times the German walked past the crown and was satisfied with being a servant in his father's house.

Like a dreamy, gambling child he has built a house of cards out of lands and worlds just to knock it down with a motion of the hand at the end of the game.

German history is an instruction manual for a world history of missed opportunities.

One should daily read a chapter from this instruction manual to young Germans. Perhaps they will then remain awake and become unreceptive towards all insinuations. Perhaps they will also blush, and perhaps tears of rage will fill their eyes.

Times of plenty lead to thoughtless pleasure. Distress. However, forces questions and reflections.

Often the German soul has shouted its questioning about the why of fate and history into the clouds. Often Germans stood amazed before the ruins of their kingdom and their idea. Religions have arisen from the questions about the why.

Religions, however, taught theories of fate, and these theories cast the burden of responsibility from the questioning soul into the unknown God and gave the comfort of Providence. Guilt and fate were blurred together.

So the German again became sleepy. He found an excuse for his guilt. From the sky came no answer to his questioning, and he could comfort and numb the answer of his heart with the excuse of God given fate.

One should have taught the German that all guilt is the result of indifference, that all fate is punishment of his guilt. One should not have put the prayer book into his hand for atonement, rather the sword! Whoever asks the clouds, is made a fool of. Whoever asks his heart, gets an answer. And this answer is not an ambiguous oracle saying, rather a demand. Be German and act German, for you are stronger than every fate!

German questioning seeks confirmation. And this confirmation is: that nothing is for nothing, nothing is in vain, nothing coincidental and nothing perhaps a miracle. Rather that every sin has its origin in half-measure, hesitation and indifference, and that every deed is in the effect of a causality.

Whoever recognises the causality within himself and in his deed, knows that all belief in miracle, in the final analysis, stems from a selfish drive; he does not expect the sun to stand still and the mountains to transform to please his fearful heart, rather he charges against adversity and shapes fate into history.

Whoever believes in causality and pushes for its fulfilment, is more reverent than the great believer in miracles, for he does not rape great life, rather integrates himself into it.

Whoever wants miracles, wants to flee. Only, whoever recognises himself as part of the law creates order and works, which are greater, harder, most honest and more sublime than even the most pious wishes and prayers.

Miracle and magic on the one side, law and deed on the other: so does the German stand before the decision.

Whoever affirms law and deed, has a first commandment. It is: I know that I am!

Whoever affirms the yes to life, to his life, wants fulfilment, not salvation. His questions become simpler, his action becomes more ruthless. The weaker the person, the more extensive, the more pure his question asking.

One can look complaining for thousands and thousands of years for merciful God and will nonetheless fail in life and due to life's law. The strong, however, in brave deed crosses the borders of all worlds. Here weakness and hence yearning for salvation, prayer, world curse and world flight; their readiness for deed and the courage to jump over the last abyss and to climb the highest mountain: that is the German decision!

For a thousand years and longer the German was pulled back and forth between two worlds, the world of the yes and the world of the no.

Hardly had he become conscious of his strength and took the first steps toward power than did one shove him back from the gate that led to his fulfilment. One whispered to him that his strength was devilish temptation, that his exultation was Satan's triumph. One advised him to smash his own strength, to drain the combative young blood. In short, one encouraged him to sell his heart and to become old. Old and – harmless!

Many have over the course of the ages allowed themselves to be misled to renunciation and supported the world of the no. They died as traitors to their law, as refugees from life.

But those whose heart closed to the alien, who in defiance of every threat affirmed the world of the yes, became lonely in the world, lonely in their folk. Their life became protest, their deed resistance and rebellion. They died their death in battle, on the funeral pile, in prison or in banishment.

They avoided the world of the weak, the world of comforting, and had the courage to boast of their painful solitude.

But Germany, the Reich, was with these few, was with their life and almost even more so at their death.

- 2 -

The Awakening of the Life Will

The will to become lies in man, hidden as seed, even before he is born. Bodily development, growth, finds its conclusion in adulthood. Spiritual development, maturation, only ends at death.

Only growth and maturation together constitute genuine human development. It is just as unnatural and absurd to thwart maturation as to arbitrarily bring growth to a standstill.

Manifestations of decay and deformity invariably set in. But there are people who find maturation, which is filled with unrest, distress and all kinds of unpleasantness, repulsive. They see in childhood the only worthwhile condition and mourn it like a lost paradise.

They remain at the level of the age of the child and do not dare to enter the land of manhood.

In their religions they praise the childhood condition as blessed and assert the state of childhood as salvation. Childish stammering becomes revelation to them. They turn children's fairy-tales into facts of salvation.

Their paradise is a twilight state, not wanting to know for the sake of dear peace. To be wrapped up and swung. A dreamy playing with the symbol snake and skull.

Their curse: life with its struggle, its duty, its work, its alert soberness and its hardness.

Their yearning: the natural should be overcome by the unnatural. Spiritual birth would be absent for the sake of pains.

To be child means dependency, and that requires guidance, cheer, constant care. Whoever is a child, renounces freedom.

But who else can yearn to return from freedom to lack of freedom than the one who feels himself too weak, when life places its demands?

The 'fall of man' brought about the end of the state of paradise. Child dreaming made way for hard duty. In place of the dream stepped the deed.

If paradise were to come back today, in a hundred years there would no longer be any more people on this earth. The will to become has overcome paradise; as long as it is awake, it will not return.

Deed will not allow itself to be overcome by dream, as little as dusk is able to triumph over light.

Therefore: whoever wants to remain a child, will, since he is incapable of fruit, be weed that must be weeded out.

Whoever says: 'I am afraid to become a man', should be expelled from the community.

It comes down to will being consecrated for life. For a thousand years one committed continuous sin against the spirit of life in that one sanctified the will to death – to dying off in this world. Whoever views life from death and whoever only views deed from sin must invariably reject the obligation of life. He can acknowledge neither law nor order of life, let alone affirm them.

We must begin to consecrate procreation itself. For a thousand years one saw in procreation original sin, the primal sin of mankind. The child in the mother's body was already damned. The man was supposed to leave the woman with regret, the mother was supposed to bear her child in shame.

The child's tender soul was surrounded by the darkness of its parents' heavy thoughts.

Therefore: the man who goes to his wife himself continues the sacred mission of life. He fulfils the law of life. For life only exists where life is bestowed. Hence life maintains itself from itself.

If one does not continue life, he is already dead, even if he still breathes. He is a lawbreaker, even if his religion, in defiance of life, declares him blessed!

The child seed in the mother's body that ripens toward birth is fulfilment of the law, and hence sacred. Whoever views it as the fruit of sin, blasphemes the law, mocks the order of life.

The child seed unfolds its growth, which lies outside the arbitrariness. The mother carries the seed and consecrates it through her joy. The joy, however, is determined by the mother's knowledge of herself being a container of sacred life.

At the hour of birth, the will to become has overcome the first obstacles.

The cut of the scissors frees the child from bodily dependency. The first cry is the first affirmation of its own life.

The education of the child consists primarily of the awakening of the life will.

One should not try education with training. It is not about the child invariably adopting manners that are dear to the parents, it is about the child developing the traits resting within it insofar as they are good.

The parents' finest duty is to weed out the existing weeds in time and to make sure that it does not consume perhaps important nutrients. Above all, however, care should be taken so that the child can grow upright and straight.

Since the child is not the parents' private property, rather a member of the community, the parents are responsible to the community for the child.

Education has proven its success when the law resting within the child has come to development.

Frequently, the child's scolded defiance consists of persistence in a view that is natural to the child. One should not inoculate it with the parents' opinions as its own, rather give the young person an opportunity to form its own opinion. Frequently, the so-called immaturity of a young person is the genuine expression of a natural feeling.

Again and again, the term generation conflict ['Haß der Generationen', literally 'hatred of the generations'] pops up.

The older ones accuse the younger of impertinence and disrespect. The young despise the old because of their indifference and their compromise.

But when does the conflict break out in rebellion?

It is true that the older, as a result of their own indecisiveness, failed in the struggle for shaping of their life, frequently pat the young on the back with envious condescending. And give them advice to first get older before being able to speak. With a grandfatherly superiority they speak of themselves once being young and having immature views.

Such manners of speech do not help the young person. He wants stimulation and confirmation and at most endures comradely advice, but never 'realisations' born out of renunciation and pessimism.

The young person quickly senses weaknesses with a sure feeling. Then his feeling of superiority breaks through, which stems from the knowledge of his own strength and young, action-ready courage. But then he can be very 'arrogant' in his words and actions. Yes, his disdain can escalate into contempt.

But where the young person senses honest conviction and courageous support for an idea among the older person, he looks up to him with reverence and willingly follows him into all areas of struggle.

Where an older person becomes example and leader, he certainly does not speak of the arrogance of the younger.

The generation conflict is usually caused by the failure of the older generations. Youth wants to be won, it does not let itself be talked into something.

Hence it is of decisive importance, who teaches and leads the youth. Only the best, strongest and cleverest of the nation should be called to this office. It is in part up to them whether the young people, through the fulfilment of their causality, are led into the greater order or whether they, embittered and disappointed, perish inwardly and outwardly in the camp of nihilism.

Whoever is born and led into the greater order, requires no rebirth that releases him from the natural bond. He will instead recognise the place of his working and endeavour to dutifully fulfil its law. Only people who failed in their original life require this 'salvation'. Hence it comes about that the young person is not to be found in the circles of those requiring salvation, and instead seeks the community of the strong and unbending life himself.

The office of teacher and leader of the youth is hence so full of responsibility, because it must already make the first selection of the physically, intellectually and psychologically most valuable. And how should one be able to evaluate an advantage that he himself does not possess? An inferior will again and again only recognise the inferior and take him to his heart out of a certain solidarity of the weak and bad, as he will, on the other hand, hate and fear the strong and good due to a feeling of inferiority.

A young person thirsts for doctrine and role model. He has a yearning for everything that strengthens his life will.

That means: only those moments of education are valuable that are suited to permanently influence the courage, the character, the attitude and the bearing of the young person. Knowledge that does not help do this becomes ballast and can contribute to confusing his heart and his feeling.

- 3 -

One's Own Life

Generally, one today means by 'valuable person' someone who knows how to present his talents in the right light.

One allows the talented and hence valuable person to put his talents to use as much as possible. In order to elevate the treasures resting within the person, one invests a certain education capital and firmly figures on being able to get a quite substantial return on the investment within a foreseeable time.

Beyond that, however, 'education' was a purchasable commodity, which even a relatively 'untalented' person could acquire. On the condition that he acquired the necessary claim and diplomas. That, however, was to no small degree a question of money and tenacity.

In short: education as commodity could be purchased in places of education like in department stores and carried away unopposed.

This commodity could hence come into undesired hands and hence also be used to the detriment of the community. The times when one could buy pistols on the free market are long gone. But the no less 'dangerous' weapons of the intellect could be made available to anybody who demanded them down to the most recent time. The weak could hence acquire weapons with whose help he could make the strong compliant. The sick and destructive could acquire unhindered the necessary tools for the destruction planned by him.

From distress the realisation was born that the community – if it wanted to remain capable of life and healthy at all – had to carry out a planning in the creation and shaping of assets.

First demand: within the framework of community, the person is valuable if healthy in body and soul. Only the healthy has a right to development of his talents. Only he can produce healthy fruit. The sick can at best deceive with garishly colourful apparent fruits.

Second demand: the community creates the prerequisites for the development of healthy forces. Hence it alone is entitled to receive the fruits.

As long as, instead of the community, the person stood unleashed in the struggle of all against all, utilisation of assets was free. It was allowed that one fattened himself on assets while the other had to starve.

One's own life is not destroyed by the community. It is only released from its separation and integrated into the community.

The community does not smash one's own value, rather puts up the greatest value in their development. The greater the values are, the stronger the community will grow.

A fable: the adventurous hero travels through the land, defeats dragons, saves princesses, kills the evil. The women love him, the good praise him. His fame fills the world. His name becomes legend. The eyes of the young glisten when his deeds are sung.

Fortunate is the folk that has great heroes and great sagas. Woe, however, to the community whose best leave in order to seek adventure and die in foreign lands.

The community needs the strong, the brave, the undaunted and the incorruptible, so that they stand in the ranks of the comrades and there seek and fulfil the great deeds.

The deed of the individual does not perish in the community, rather only within it changes form the coincidental into the systematic work.

Not the individual deed, only the work of the community gives the folk a foundation for eternity. The fame of the individual becomes the fame of the community.

Whoever has grasped the meaning of the community and whoever stands within it, feels within himself the duty for perfection. He no longer covets for his own honour, rather sees in his deed the prerequisite for the life of those who will live and struggle after him. He will sow his deeds like a sower his seed. The consciousness of this responsibility will compel him to only sow valuable seeds on valuable soil. That is his honour.

He knows that he makes no 'sacrifice'. For each fruit is a natural result.

The community does not pull him 'down', it does not equalise him to the indifferent, the insignificant.

The more he is absorbed into the community, the more he fills it with his deed, the more he pulls it along with himself, forward and upward.

Those who go into the desert in order to be alone with themselves, those who avoid the community in order to not have to give away any of their treasures, will look at him in amazement and doubt that he is still able to lead a 'genuine' life.

They will believe that he would have to gradually burn out and in the end offer the desolate image of an abandoned house, of an exhausted mine.

It is superfluous to argue with them.

They should just be told that a match does indeed burn, but it alone does not yet provide fire.

But the person who has placed his own life into that community also knows hours of solitude. But when he walks for a short time outside the circle of his comrades, he does it in order to have a dialogue with his heart, to give an accounting to himself for desire and action. He reflects how he can deepen the deed in order to secure the success. He no longer thinks of himself, which just again and again leads him around in a circle, he thinks about the we of the community. And this we leads him beyond the narrowness of the day into the broad eternity of his folk. He does not think about the meagre span of his life, rather about the infinity of the chain of those who come after him.

When he steps back into the community, his heart is filled with new yearning of the deed that shapes the future.

Those who live in the desert lose everything with their life. Hence they are fearful and ponder full of unrest about how they can prolong the short time of their existence.

Whoever lives in the community thinks about how he can make his life useful. For death, death means the end of the possibility of effectiveness, hence he hurries to make use of every hour and to fill it with his deed. He hates contemplation and leisure; he hates everything that hampers the deed.

Those who live in the desert seek security and safety. They want to enjoy in peace the fruits that they have gathered.

Whoever lives in the community knows that security and safety do not exist. For the community is not based on a federation for common safety, so that one part watches while the other satiates itself in peace, rather it exists as a comradeship of those who have sworn to work and approach perfection. Not peace, rather motion is their state, not pleasure, rather yearning is their driving force.

Whoever lives in the community must consider the effect of every action. There is no security for him, what he does happens, above all, with all and for all. Hence his life has few 'pleasant' sides.

Those who live in the desert have time to devote themselves to strange and misleading thoughts.

Fear and horror befall them in their solitude, so they think that they are surrounded by ghosts, dangers and terrors.

They have contemplated means to escape death. For they do not see the meaning of life, because they left the community.

In the face of death, life is meaningless to them, hence they at least want to exclude their soul from death and to rescue it in a place of eternal security, of painlessness and of unending joy. Because death is the greatest terror for them, they formed the idea that death is the punishment that an unknown God must have imposed. So they began to reflect on this God in order to discover his plans and hence overcome death.

Their thoughts become ladders to heaven which with every rung leads them away from the causality of the world and closer to the kingdom of God who knows how to control death.

That is their perfection: to grow away from the world and the community.

Between those who live in the desert and the community, there is hostility.

The community must watch out that the calls from the desert do not confuse the hearts of people; for whoever follows the call and through it is separated from the community is lost to the eternity of the folk. His life is abruptly torn out of the chain of the community. And on every individual life that is lost, hang countless links of the future, which perish with it.

Those who live in the desert think themselves better in their separation and feel close enough to their God to touch him.

It is superfluous to argue who is 'better'.

The community can and will always only judge on the basis of the community, just like the desert is only able to judge on the basis of itself.

The community judges solely according to what those creating within it accomplish. Whoever is useful, is good and valuable. Whoever segregates himself, is not useful and is superfluous, worthless and bad.

The community does not investigate whether the segregated person is a 'good person'. It is totally indifferent to that. It limits itself to the fact that the segregated person is in any case unusable. The people in the desert must accept this judgement.

The community must defend itself against the segregated applying their yardstick of 'nearness to God' as valuation of the people of the community. Through the mixture of totally irreconcilable views and values, confusion is produced.

The community, however, must make sure that the segregated do not also try – after they have voluntarily left the community for the sake of their own life – to pull the people of the community to a lower attitude.

- 4 -

Overcoming

The richer the talents of a person, the more active his intellect, the more diverse his inclinations are, the greater the temptations that come to him. The temptation namely to generously distribute the talent and today take this path, tomorrow that one, which suddenly arises from the abundance of possibilities.

The stronger the consciousness of the talents awakens, the greater becomes the danger of waste and dissipation of energies.

The widely talented perish more readily than people who tenaciously and doggedly follow the path of their sole talent.

The struggle for knowledge must first of all be a struggle for self-knowledge. And indeed not for self-knowledge in the humble, rather in the masterful sense. For master is whoever knows his value and is also able to shape it. Whoever only in humility recognises a weakness and is satisfied with the knowledge, is worthless and superfluous.

Only whoever knows himself, is in the position to separate his life from the coincidental and to integrate into order.

For that, overcoming is required.

There exists the greatest temptation: to leave the path and to be enough for oneself. The need for peace is the strongest enemy of all life.

There exists the greatest shame: to view one's talents as booty that one may consume far from the community.

There exists the greatest overcoming: to renounce profit, reward, honours, comfortable life, gratitude, security, vanity and to let one’s own value be absorbed into the common value.

To overcoming belong honesty and simplicity.

Honesty, because the beckoning of pleasure knows exquisitely how to camouflage itself with the claim of need.

Simplicity, because beckoning knows how to make use of thousands of reasons and escapes.

Two main driving forces struggle in a human being: greed and yearning.

Greed presses his spirit to the ground so that his hands dig in manure in order to glean the glistening values of daily life. Greed is unquenchable; it becomes greater the more it accumulates. Those befallen by greed come together in manure in the struggle of all against all.

Yearning elevates the human being's soul from the present and lets it gaze shuddering into the tomorrow. Yearning lets the spirit grow wings with which it is able to escape greed and manure.

If greed is a devouring growth that chews on the human being's body, then yearning is the sacred, brightly shining fire, without beginning, without end, that lights the folk's path.

The value of the folk is always measured by the number of the yearning who have overcome greed.

Greed always asks 'how is it of use to me?'

Yearning asks: 'how do I free my folk from the chains of baseness?'

The temptations of greed are the forge fire; the demands of yearning are the hammer with which the will of a human being is purified and formed.

Yearning that does not have to wrestle with greed can become escapism.

Without temptation no overcoming, and without overcoming no deed.

Only whoever has passed through the thousand temptations of greed, only whoever has understood its beckoning calls and resisted them, only he is suited for mastery.

But: no one should close his ears in order to no longer have to hear the calls, no one should bind his eyes in order to not see the abyss. The person who overcomes should be knowing. His victory is liberating deed, not blind coincidence.

Fools have come up with the concept of 'tender innocence'. Only periods of decay can call the image of the 'pure idiot' beautiful and moving.

Innocence may, for the pleasure of aged people, wander around with lowered head and pick little blue flowers. The pure fool may let himself be dangled around on the path of 'virtue' for the grinning amusement of sly priests: deeds are only

born by people who with hard fists and knowing gaze confront the calm and cowardly daily routine with the attack of their yearning.

Tender innocence is always in danger of being misled. The pure idiot is a play toy in the hands of darker forces. Only whoever has gazed into the abyss will become free of them.

Purity of heart is not possessed by the one who fearfully walks around every puddle, rather only the one who, in defiance of the filth, retains the belief in the truth of yearning.

Not 'sin' spoils people, rather flight from it. Victor in life is not the 'sinless', rather the one whose yearning was not slain.

Whoever speaks of original sin, makes it easy for himself to renounce struggle. Any scoundrel can refer to original sin and effectively cloak his 'weakness' with it.

Original sin is the great trump card of the inferior, of the congenially hindered. It is the vain playing of the weak.

Whoever speaks of original sin, renounces overcoming and seeks instead forgiving mercy.

Man should put in place of original sin the concept of congenital struggle.

Congenital struggle is born into anyone who is of pure blood. It is the expression of yearning pushing for formation.

Whoever is of rotten feathers, may speak of original sin.

Whoever is pleased with his blood, will rise up in sacred rage against the term original sin.

When the powers of darkness rose up against the world of light, they invented the term original sin in order to smash the will to overcoming.

Whoever believes in the term of original sin, must rightly say: 'I am a poor, miserable, lost and depraved human being.'

A folk that consists of original sinners will rightfully be annihilated and wiped out by the charge of the yearning, who affirm congenital struggle.

One should not let oneself be deceived: any affirmation of weakness is an affirmation of defencelessness. And defenceless means shame.

The deed is born solely from the affirmation of strength.

People have thought up religions in order to overcome the world. They saw in the world evil, injustice, death and believed to have also overcome all calamity through the overcoming of the world.

The world, however, does not want to be overcome, rather to be shaped.

But only the strong can shape, who are able to put the stamp of their law on the world. Overcoming hence lies in man, just as all energies also rest in him. The weakling has no right to talk of overcoming, he should not desecrate the word and not brag of it in order to clothe his weakness.

It is a total misunderstanding of the world, of its law and of its order to designate step-by-step escapism a struggle of faith. An escalation of aversion to the world through knowledge of evil is not knowledge that serves the community. Whoever 'fights his way through' to world aversion is no fighter, rather a pitiful weakling.

It is an infinitely more heroic struggle to wrestle one's way through to world duty in defiance of all evil.

The community must jealously watch out so that all doctrines are eliminated that supplant congenital struggle, which abolish world joy, which want to devalue the affirmation of strength.

And even if such doctrines are written in heaven with fiery letters for the sake of community they must be extinguished. (But they have not even been written in heaven).

There was a time when people knew more about 'heaven' than about the earth. They have erected laws in the beyond and forgot the natural order.

The result was that the world decayed, and that the community broke apart.

The courage for overcoming crumbled, and thousands of sicknesses of the soul and of the body, devoured the people.

Chaos replaced order, arbitrariness replaced law. The strong were shouted over, overrun and overpowered by the masses of the unleashed.

The values of order were devalued through the fantasies of the weak and sick.

It appeared that the end of the world yearned for by the inferior had drawn near.

But the law does not let itself be mocked.

The inferior were devoured by their own weakness and did not have the strength to totally destroy the values attacked by their words.

When the sky, in defiance of their words, did not fall down, when the earth, in defiance of the prophecies of the beyond, did not open up in order to swallow the strong, the people again began to believe in the validity of the law and in the immutability of order and to ridicule the excited screaming of the inferior.

The law is stronger than the fear of the weak. Whoever holds to the law, remains in the order.

The time has dawned when the natural values are again consecrated and when the strong begin to boast of their strength.

The time has come when the self-conceit of the weak is broken and the strong are fully recognised as right.

- 5 -

Reservation

The ‘bourgeois’ way of thinking is characterised by giving everybody the right to a reservation. Yes, so-called ‘human rights’ are – when one removes them from the struggle of the slaves against their sellers and buyers and applies them to ‘European’ conditions – when seen up close nothing else than a series of reservations.

(Already in the last sixty years the slogan of human rights was more at home in bourgeois-aesthetic salons than in the circles of the socialists. The healthy instinct of the revolutionary workers had soon rebelled against the cheap slogan and chosen other battle-cries instead, such as ‘world revolution’, ‘class struggle’ etc.)

‘Human rights’ became a ‘battle’-cry of pacifist-democratic circles, which wanted to request their own life justification through the appeal to the tear-ducts.

What is then this ‘human right’?

Basically nothing but the claim to be able to lead a private life undisturbed and to make possible private pleasure.

The weakling referred to his human right, if the state demanded military service. The weakling’s cry of pain was supposed to be increased in value – through the reference to human rights – to a document of the moral indignation of a noble soul against ‘barbarians’.

The religious dreamer, who on the basis of whatever ‘revelations’ believes he must resist the natural order, refers to human rights.

The propertied burgher who saw his treasures threatened by the claim – caused by the general distress of the community – to surrender at least unused fortunes, shouted crying for human rights, which were supposed to protect his property.

There are many examples. Almost every person could fetch human rights in order to support his moral ‘to this point and no farther’ and, in the worst case, to adorn himself with the martyr’s crown.

Only the soldierly person did not think about his human rights, rather fought, bled and died in self-evident fulfilment of duty.

Hence he encountered hatred form the representatives of human rights.

Human rights only raise their claim when duty sets about disturbing their law of well-being.

The strong person does not make use of any reservation. To him, the questioning of human rights is particularly strange and incomprehensible.

Law and order are so strong in him that he does not resort to arbitrariness against the weaker.

For arbitrariness is the result of lawlessness and only reigns where the weak person has come to power on the basis of human rights,

However, the strong person rejects the power claim of the weak, even if they are more numerous due to whatever manifestations of decay not caused by the strong.

The strong person demands first the right to life.

This right of his would not be contested, if he would be satisfied with the life due to him in that order.

But the weak person does not want to be satisfied with precisely that, rather demands equal rights on the basis of human rights.

He thereby demands nothing else than the debasement of the strong.

For he himself cannot elevate himself to the level of the strong.

Since the weak takes it to be self-evident that he is not up to the duties which the strong bears, he expects equally self-evident that the strong serves him.

So it comes about that the weak person – with his screaming demand for attention and consideration of general human rights – manages to drown and cloak his own claim to the constant utilisation of the deed of the strong.

Democracy has tried to totally jumble the natural order and to reverse the lawful scale of works.

For this, all people helped it who insisted on their reservations.

(This includes both the circles of the propertied bourgeoisie as well as the religious denominations and communism.)

The reservation is the most dangerous enemy of the community.

The reservation forms the breech into which the seeds of decomposition are laid.

Let us begin with the religious denominations.

A ‘good German’, who is ‘simultaneously a good member of his religious denomination’, faces the demands of the community. He evaluates these demands by the yardstick of his own ‘conscience’, which wants to do justice to both traits, the German and the denominational.

The hesitation caused by the evaluation already signifies a danger for the community.

If the claims of the denomination now appear to be threatened by those of the community, reservation sets in.

The representative of the reservation seeks allies and finds them.

It comes in the founding of a federation of the representatives of the reservation.

The federation enters into opposition against the community.

The enemies of the community now see in the existing federation a natural ally and offer it their help.

For the sake of its existence, the federation accepts the help and joins the front of the enemies of the community.

The enemies thrust through the federation into the heart of the community.

The federation becomes the natural enemy of the community.

If a representative of the reservation is called to account by the community, he complains screaming about persecution and thereby drowns the reproach which the community makes against him.

Namely the reproach of being a traitor.

It is similar with the reservation that the propertied burgher has. The community demands ‘sacrifice’. He acknowledges it up to the point where his ‘existence’ is threatened.

At that point he presents his reservation.

He does not consider for a moment that the community alone put him in the position to come to property. And that property without community is meaningless.

In his misconception of order, he seeks the federation of the propertied, which stretches across the whole world and is determined to defend all the rights of the propertied against the claims of the individual communities.

He bases his reservation on ‘laws’ created by himself and does not ask whether these laws perhaps stand in contradiction to natural law and order.

The federation of the propertied expands its reservation by all means and tries to transform property into power.

It creates the prerequisites for power through skilful use of the means that are available to it as a result of property.

The result of the striving for power is a weakening of order through arbitrariness in the means and in the endeavour.

The federation claims that general prosperity raises and falls with it, thereby pushes back the community with its claim.

It takes power over the economy by equating itself with it. Hence the economy is taken out of the community and its order and elevated to a special sphere for the interests of the federation.

The community is allowed to participate in the proceeds of 'economic policy' as long as a good relationship exists between it and the federation!

The propertied burger presents this reservation in all seriousness and does not want to understand that he thereby debases the community to his slave.

He is gladly willing in time of war to put his property at disposal and loans it out against high interest rates. Yes, he sees to it in war his property is always 'well-invested' and demands as if shockingly self-evident that the soldierly people defend his own valuable life.

He has no qualms about extracting the interest from his skilfully invested property and does not consider that the blood of the fallen sticks to this interest.

The property bourgeois way of thinking has created its own morality and managed to support it with law and allegedly sacred commandments.

The laws support a pseudo-right that allows almost anything from the federation and takes away almost everything from the community.

The pseudo-right has created the pseudo-strong.

It has equated property with power and possession with being strong.

It became the gravedigger of the community.

In the name of God it pronounced death sentences against the enemies of the federation and full pathos made use of patriotic sayings.

The reservation of the propertied burger has a paralyzing effect on the spirit of the community.

For this reservation preaches, for the sake of the protection of the pseudo-strong, the commandment of calm. It blesses everything that serves this calm and curses everything that threatens it.

This reservation put the blood of the community in danger of thickening, and its spirit led it into temptation to become dull and sleepy.

Whoever turned against the propertied bourgeois reservation, was declared an enemy of the state, blasphemer against God, and banished from 'society'.

The propertied burgher was proud of his white vest and turned away from the 'proletarian' – who was in the future held down by him and disinherited – in order not to get dirty.

That the white vest often covered a very filthy skin, made no difference to the propertied burgher. One could not see the skin.

And just for the sake of the outward cleanliness of his vest, he made use of the protective shield of his morality.

The ‘proletarians’, who rebelled against the chains they had been put into by the propertied bourgeoisie, presented another reservation.

They saw in the world the injustice that the propertied burgher committed. They saw that every community had to fight with the reservation of that group.

They demanded the unification of the fighters against propertied bourgeois reservation and ended with this demand themselves in reservation. They despised law and order in that they disregarded the community and preached liberation from any communal bond. They bestowed upon themselves the title ‘comrade’ and hid inside it the claim to the pleasure that stood outside of duty.

The proclamation of the proletarians of all lands had as purpose the separation of a certain class from the communities of all lands in order to bring about a world revolution. The world revolution, however, was supposed to stand outside the framework of law and order.

That world revolution, thus the revolution that was intended to be outside the framework of the community, causes and brings chaos. Every planned world revolution servers not the interest of the community, rather the selfish goal of a caste, a class, a stratum.

In summary: The religious reservation of the Christians had as a result the attack of a certain religious caste against the states as a natural order.

The economic reservation of the propertied bourgeois class has as a result the enslavements of whole continents.

The class struggle reservation drifts towards nihilistic slave revolt, which in itself is not in the position to create values, since it lacks the prerequisites of values, the concepts: freedom, honour and duty.

The community should realise that each reservation is its mortal enemy.

The community must act according to this realisation.

If the community fails in this, it deserves death and should fall victim to the reservations.

For such a community lacks the prerequisite of all life justification: responsibility.

- 6 -

Community

No term is more misunderstood, no term is so controversial, no term has caused so much confusion as the term community.

The defenders of the reservations like to make use of this term in order to protect the groups of the community they view to dominate from slipping away or breaking out.

It should hence first be stated that community and democracy have nothing to do with each other.

Community is not equal rights of all toward all. Community is not a herd with the same right to pasture, space and drink. Community, however, is also not a coincidental condition or random location.

Community is the union of those who are of one will.

That means: Community is indeed also the union of those who are of one blood. Blood is the casual prerequisite, without which an order is not possible. But blood without will is dead.

Community is indeed also the union of those who are of one language.

Language is a result of blood.

Without blood-bound will, however, language is only a loose band that can be cast off at any time and at any place.

Indeed, community is also the union of those who are of one faith.

But when faith lives outside the bonds of blood, language and will, the community slides into the unreal and becomes phrase and toy of foreign powers.

Community exists where people who are of one blood, one language proclaim a will that through attitude and bearing pushes to deed. Only there do people have in common that which leads to community: a binding and obligatory life content, which is simultaneously life activity.

The community hence grows not from the mass, rather from the personality.

Personality, however, also only exists where responsibility rules.

Responsibility consists of the consciousness of being bound through duty to law and order. Responsibility consists of the accountability toward the demands of law and order and in honesty in the answering of the questions about the value of life activity. Responsibility means having constant vigilant dialogue with the questions of the heart and trying to bring them into harmony with the demands of the will.

A person is indeed born into the mass, but he is only accepted into the community.

Acceptance into the community only happens when the person recognises his causality and puts his will into the order.

That is his decisive deed, by which his value and his fertility are determined.

The community is bearer and executor of the law. It only exists where every reservation is overcome, where the will is directed toward the goal of the healthy, original folk and of the strong state.

Folk is law.

State is order.

Community, however, is will.

The mass stands outside of bonds. It has decided for neither good nor evil. Within it rest good and evil.

Mass must be awakened, shaken up, led.

A portion of the mass will remain obstinate and resist any bond. This portion of the mass is harmless and will, in good natured sleep, walk in the direction in which the community consciously marches.

A portion of the mass will hear the triad of law, order and will and yearn for harmony with it. The bearers of the community will again and again arise from this portion.

A final portion of the mass, however, is malicious. Because it is blind, it claims there is no light. It has no understanding for the triad and claims it is deception and swindle. That portion stands in constant attack against the community. It rebels with poison-filled destruction rage against law and order.

Its law is arbitrariness.

Its order is chaos.

Its will is rage.

This portion of the mass, which has its homeland in the underworld, tries to drag the upper world down to it and to impress upon its spirit the stamp of its negative spirit.

The community must be aware of the dangers that lumber within the mass and must not serve it, rather it must rule it. The unleashing of the mass leads to

the destruction of the community and replaces the rule of the valuable with the dictatorship of the valueless.

The community is the union of the chosen. To practice selection is the life activity of the trinity of law, order and will. The duty for selection is simultaneously the highest reason.

The selection takes place in the socialist-aristocratic sense.

Socialist, because the performance for the community is the decisive thing.

Aristocratic, because the selection, if it is to bear fruit at all, must be elevated out of the mass.

Membership cannot be inherited, rather it must be acquired each time. Hence it is socialist.

But it can indeed be lost.

Membership among the chosen does not rest upon a one-time performance. It cannot be acquired through a deed, rather it is a life condition.

The life condition of the chosen is elevated from the coincidence of outer events into the causality of the deed.

Whoever stands in the community, stands firm. He is unshakeable, because he knows that nothing happens outside the law and because each demanded deed takes place within the framework of the causality.

Only whoever stands outside the community is uprooted enough to seriously request a miracle that puts him outside the scope of the law.

Whoever stands in the community seeks fulfilment, not salvation.

The community alone is called upon for rule. It elevates from its midst the freest, noblest, bravest and gives them the office of leadership.

The leader is accountable to the community.

It alone. For only it is of the same blood, same faith and same will.

Only it knows the leader's will and knows about his intention.

It alone, however, can also pass judgement over weakness, failure and disloyalty.

Community and leader determine each other reciprocally. They draw strength from each other.

The community is judged by its leader, and the leader by the community.

The nation in its totality consists of three strata: the mass, which itself arises from three strata, the community, the leader.

It presents the picture of a pyramid.
The strata are not created, rather they grow.

The community rules in the leader.
Rule is the fulfilment of the law. The leader is the supreme executor of the law and first announcer of order.
Knowledge of law and order is the spiritual sign of the community.
Insofar as the willing mass does not have knowledge, it binds itself through trust.
This certainty is the representation of knowledge.
The three strata are bound among themselves by loyalty.
The loyalty is anchored in the feeling of belonging together and of being bound together in fate.

The nation does not deal with the strata according to bourgeois occupations or acquired educational values, rather exclusively according to the degree of the presence of knowledge and trust and according to the capacity for loyalty.

Fate is not a power equivalent to God that chains the will of man, rather the effect of the law that binds people in space and time and demands the fulfilment of the duties of the life condition.

Within the community there are male federations.
The male federations arise from the yearning for fulfilment of the law. They are comrade federations of the path, not of the goal.
Hence male federations are not an end in themselves.
If they were an end in themselves, they would destroy the community.
The essence of male federations consists of struggle against any indifference.
Their most sublime signs are poverty and sacrifice.
Poverty is not the ascetic negation of property, rather incorruptibility towards the temptations of property.
Poverty attitude is readiness to bear any burden and any deprivation that the fulfilment of duty toward the law brings with it.
Sacrifice is not a sacral act, rather renunciation of exploitation of personal advantage that the strong could acquire for himself at the expense of the weaker.

The order elevates itself invisible over the community.
It is the spiritual crowning of the whole nation.
The great people of the folk belong to it.

It is simply the bearer of the idea.

It is the witness to the eternity of the folk.

It is the homeland and heaven of the great people of the nation.

It is the sole, the genuine and sacred temple in which a folk can elevate its soul from present distress.

It is the place of self-contemplation, the fountain of eternally present energies.

Veneration of the great people of the folk is the appropriate cult of the community.

- 7 -

Valuation

The dispute about valuation is as old as mankind.
Religions and systems of philosophy of every age have tried through their doctrines to set up the final yardstick for valuation.

Often it was triumphantly claimed that the yardstick has been found.

Then one lowered oneself to the thesis that virtue was learnable or even to priestly words that a certain religion founder was the only path, truth and life.

One eagerly went about re-evaluation and experimented with the newly found valuation just to finally admit or keep secret that nothing had been changed even by the new valuation.

In the area of valuation so many amateurish attempts have been undertaken that in the end order itself was in danger of being betrayed, forgotten and reversed.

Fortunately, order proved itself stronger than the disorder brought about.

The German way of thinking does not set up any unrealistic theories and does not hope for miracles, rather values a person according to his importance for the community.

It measures life and the individual by the life of the totality of the folk. It measures the present by the yard stick of future validity. So the value of the individual becomes small compared to the greatness of the community.

So does the value of personality become great in the view of exemplary effect on the community.

The value of the community is determined by the spirit that fills it. The spirit is determined by the attitude that the community carries. This attitude is the outflow of blood and will energies united in the character, which leads to the formation of the community.

The community values:

What fulfils the law, is good!

That means: The law is fulfilled by the one who consciously and wilfully puts his deed in the unselfish service on the community.

Knowledge of the law is determined by the recognition of the bond that the individual bears through responsibility to the community.

But only that person can be made responsible who is in possessing of mental and physical energies, that means: only the healthy person is responsible. The sick person stands outside of responsibility.

The community promotes the healthy and suppresses the sick.

The community values:

Whoever revolts against the law, is evil!

That means: It is unimportant whether the revolt against the law comes from irrationality, criminal attitude or the wish to escape the law. It is unimportant whether the will for the destruction of the law comes from the heart of a crook or of a 'saint'. Whoever views to remove himself from the fulfilment of the law, is evil. Since lawlessness destroys the present and future community, there are no mitigating factors.

The community destroys everything that is harmful and detrimental to it. It destroys even the seed of lawlessness.

The community values:

Strong is good!

That means: strong is the person who has overcome the resistance from selfishness and any selfish reservation and who is the bearer of duty. The strong person is alert and never gets tired. He bears the responsibility with the warrior's joy from combat. He has recognised the law of his blood and forms the realisation through the will into the deed. Thereby, he stands in the order.

The community values:

Weak is evil!

That means: Wherever the weak raises the claim to equal rights with the strong, he makes the attempt to abolish order and hence become a pest. Any praise for the weak is a sin against the community. It is more important to reach the causality of the strong than the crying of the weak. Any attempt by the weak to become a power by joining together is an attack against the community.

The community values:

There is only one morality, the morality of the warrior.

That means: The warrior is the person consecrated with the ultimate act. He has devoted himself – in fulfilment with the law of the demand of duty – with his own life solely for the community. He has separated himself the most from the

concern for his own well-being. He knows neither reservations nor evasions. His attitude is in his deed.

According to the community's valuation, he is simultaneously good and strong.

The community honours itself in that it honours the warrior.

It consecrates his deed in that it makes it the measure for the youth.

From the warrior, the community receives the teaching of virtue.

The warrior teaches:

Be brave!

That means: overcoming the fear that drives you to fearful preservation of your own life. Remember that your folk's future rests in your deed. Remember that your life, your struggle and your death are examples of the strong life. Do not forget for a moment that the young people of your folk follow your steps with keen eyes.

Being brave does not mean playing with life, rather to systematically employ it for the achievement of the future and the foundation of the eternal folk.

Be noble!

That means: remember that you are not a murderer and do not engage in senseless destruction. Remember that your deed is the nation’s honour. But your struggle is all the more difficult and more pitiless. Magnanimity gives the enemy honour, but not weak empathy with him. The noble man also expects no pity from the enemy, he just expects the same honour that he gives them.

Die proudly!

That means: Remember that death is the fulfilment of the law and that death is the crowning of duty. Remember that your proud death helps the lads to overcome the horror.

Whoever dies proudly, robs death of its terror.

The life of the warrior is simultaneously lonely and more closely bound to the community.

Lonely, because he alone must harden his heart in order to defy the dangers.

Lonely, because he knows that death means the greatest solitude. And he fights under the shadow of death.

His life is lonely, because it has grown from the lowlands of daily life with its fears and cares into the height of the deed, from which daily life and the mass chained to it seem very small and unimportant. The life of the warrior is as stormy in taking and demanding as in giving. It is in its wildness just as overwhelmingly great as in its readiness for death.

If the warrior for a moment succumbs to the temptations of pleasure, he is able to afterward shake off the dirt.

The weak would sink in the mud.

Where the warrior barely spoils his ankle, the swamp closes over the head of the weak.

The weak has another morality, because his strength of resistance is different.

The warrior's life is closely bound to the community.

His life is rooted in it, it grows from it, it is woven in it the closest comradeship.

His deed would be meaningless without the community.

His war would be arson without the community.

The warriors live the exemplary life of comradeship.

Living in comradeship means:

No one hungers as long as one comrade still possesses a piece of bread.

No one thirsts as long as one comrade still has a gulp of water.

No one is left alone as long as one comrade is still alive.

Whoever lives in comradeship remains in it. Whomever the lethal iron rips from comradeship, lives on in it through his glory.

When a lad is accepted into the comradeship of warriors, he becomes the bearer and heir of the glory of the fallen warriors. The greater the legacy of the glory is, the greater the honour of the responsibility. The greater the responsibility of the warrior, the greater is his zeal to prove himself worthy of it.

The community whose sons in their majority yearn to become warriors, is invincible and eternal.

Hero veneration is the most sublime, noblest and cleverest cult of the community.

Hero veneration unifies more than any religious heart and is the reason of young and old.

Only that person is capable of hero veneration in whose heart the yearning for heroic deed is awake and demanding.

Hence, hero veneration is the cult of the chosen.

The community values the cult. For it, faith is not a matter of the reservation of whatever circles.

The community values:

No deed happens without faith.

Faith is not a holding true, but also not a state beyond the deed.

Faith is not a religion, which tries to capture and set down its doctrines and mental constructions knowledge of heaven and earth.

Faith grows from inner bearing and is continuous obvious expression of law.

He stands in faith who knows his mission, who is filled with the demand of duty.

He acts in faith, who in defiance of opponents helps the law to prevail.

Whoever makes the law the starting point and the final goal of his will, that person stands and acts in faith.

The strong of the community believe.

The warrior is the first announcer of the faith.

The weak builds himself ladders to heaven, with which he hopes to escape the world of the deed.

Education to deed is one with the teaching of hero veneration.

A religion that turns to weakness rebels against the law. It breeds not faith, but rather hostility to the deed.

Faith does not create islands of rescue, rather the mainland of the deed.

The community values:

Whoever equates the 'fall' from Christianity with the decay of state and of culture, has no understanding for the truth of the law.

The community teaches:

Law and order were undermined by the Christian's doctrine of the beyond. State and culture suffered from it. Whoever curses the body, also curses the productive hand.

The pseudo-state falls, the pseudo-culture perishes from its untruthfulness.

From the knowledge of the law and the affirmation of the deed for order arises the state of the strong, which prepares the ground for a new culture.

The community teaches:

You should honour the strong enemy, but not love him.

You should kill the pest.

You should love the great people of your folk and hate cowards.

You should despise those who wish the world to die.

Resist evil and stick to the strong.

Be alert and do not let your sword leave your hand.

Never betray your leader.

Your pride should prevent you from ever requesting mercy.

Do not ask that the goblet be passed to you but drink it defiantly, upright and composed.

Whoever hates the strong, should be destroyed by the strong.

The community values:

Whoever is able to inspire the young men to great deeds, is the genuine priest of his folk.

Whatever can make the eyes of the young men shine, whatever can make the hearts of the lads tremble with yearning for the deed, that is the divine word of the nation.

The community asks:

Does not all of Europe, do not all Christian continents lie fallen on the ground?

The community answers:

Europe dies, because it forgot the law. Instead of the rule of the chosen, democracy rules. Instead of freedom, liberalism rules. Instead of duty, pleasure triumphs. Instead of the warrior, the merchant speaks. Instead of iron, gold governs.

Europe betrayed blood and violated race. It unleashed the underworld.

Where Christianity advanced, it emasculated the community of the strong.

Pagan Asia, above all, Pagan Japan, arms for the attack.

The world has become old from Christianity, only the Pagan folks remained young.

The community proclaims:

Germany overcomes the great dying.

It rebels against the lies of dying Europe and affirms life.

It is strong enough to fulfil the law.

It is free enough to live bravely.

It is strong in faith and is able to die courageously.

It is honest enough to proclaim order and to turn away from the pseudo-morality of the Christian and booty-hungry world. It does not ambush – in the name of God or Christian culture – weak states in order to plunder them.

It is ready to live in the community of strong nations and defends itself against the weak and presumptuously demanding special rights and tutelage.

That is the meaning of the valuation:

May the weak die so that the strong may live!

May the will to law rule!

The Christian world rose up in order to accuse Germany of barbarism. Germany became lonely, but not in the loneliness of death, rather in the loneliness of the strong life.

The Christian world shredded its spirit by bringing up countless problems.

Germany found its way back to the warrior morality and became simple in thinking. It avoided the tricks of the intellect and affirmed the pitiless, lawful rule of the spirit.

Instead of infertile uncertainty and dizzying, decadent aesthetics, Germany put the will to deed.

It thereby became and becomes not 'spiritless', not 'barbaric' not 'uneducated', Germany became and becomes not overeducated, ready for the deed, law-abiding and hard.

Germany elevated heretical Prussianism to idea. Prussian was rid of the Junkers ('Junker' Prussian aristocrat) and torn from stubbornness. Prussianism, by being made German, was turned into what it was originally: Spirit of the community that does not find its fulfilment in any 'homeland', rather exclusively where strong hearts have devoted themselves to the flag of duty and combative formation of the law for the fulfilment of order.

The community pulls itself up and proudly proclaims:

May one accuse Germany of barbarism, may one always confidently call Germany heathen:

If Germany just lives!

- 8 -

Dialogue

The lad asks:
How should I pray?

The warrior answers:

When you were a child, you willingly babbled the prayers that one had taught you. You did not understand their meaning. God was father and mother, brother and sister.

Your parents took pleasure from your childlike prayer and accepted it as the consecration hour of their own heart. When you got older, you avoided prayer, forgot it or eliminated the thought of it.

The lad who conquers life charging forgets how to pray. Only the man who in difficult hours stands before the limits of his life remembers the childlike prayer and fearfully babbles its half-forgotten formulas.

It is not a pretty sight to see broken men, in fear of death, crying and begging a heavenly power for mercy.

Prayer, my boy, springs from fear. It is the sign of uncertainty and weakness. Whoever asks, begs for a miracle, since his own strength cannot bring him the desired gift. Prayer life is life beyond one's own strength, is life from God's strength, whom man thinks enthroned above those clouds.

Whoever must constantly research God in prayer renounces for himself the highest thing that he has, responsibility.

We, we who call ourselves men, no longer have anything in common with the congregation of those faithful who honour their God singing and praying inside church walls in order to today or tomorrow then accept the return gift of his blessing.

We men hold dialogue with ourselves and then seek the solitude of the heart. So we find the strength within ourselves that binds us to the preserving law and protects us again from withdrawing ourselves from the great order.

So the deed becomes a religious service. So realisation of our duty becomes the demand that lets us judge ourselves and does not let our conscience slacken or even fall asleep.

Do you understand that?

The boy promises:

I will read my folk's history and learn to love the great and to hate the base.

I will seek the union of the best and strive to overcome the false, the cowardly and the untrue.

I will seek until I have found the law within myself in order to be able to serve the community as a whole person.

I will demand an accounting with myself each evening, whether I have fulfilled the law.

I will strive to become hard and clear like a crystal.

The lad asks:

Will things go well for me on this earth?

The warrior answers:

Whomever knowledge of the law drives to deed, no longer looks off to the side and does not ask about the gold of the present.

He knows that the knowledge will bring fruit, but he also does not know who will one day harvest this fruit.

Any thinking about one's own being well off hampers the step and transforms the charge into a hesitate stride.

The highest reward that can come to the man's deed is the gratitude of the community that makes him an example to the lads. The more a man grows beyond the temptation of the present into the formation of the future, the less he is concerned about what is pleasant.

Look at the greatest people of your folk, my boy. Look at Ulrich von Hutten. He was the poorest of his time, he was despised and shunned by his time. Sick and ruined, he had to drag himself through Germany, which did not recognise him. When he also struggled with death, he could still praise the fate that had put him in this world to fight.

Century, it is a joy to live in you! He could triumphantly shout at the curse that the century had pronounced upon him.

He died far from his folk on a Swiss island. His folk knows neither the day of death nor the location, since one threw the diseased body of the freedom fighter into the pit.

But four centuries later Hutten climbed out of the kingdom of the dead and became flesh and blood in this era, which devoted itself to the struggle for freedom.

Did things go well for him on this earth? A mangy dog that lies chained in a hut has more from its little life than Hutten in the haste of his wandering was able to snatch nice days from fate.

And yet, Hutten is blessed a thousand-fold, because our young men can today still brightly light the torch of their yearning for freedom from his fiery spirit.

That is the meaning of the strong life: that it is effective!

Not being satisfied, rather producing is the reward of the life that man endeavours to wrestle from the meagre soil of his will. The warrior who in death-consecrated charge rips land from the enemy does not know whether he will one day plough the first furrows in the new cropland. He satisfies himself with the knowledge that his sons will one day fortify themselves on this land. The knowledge makes him prouder than the having.

Do you understand that?

The lad promises:

I will strive so that greed will not slacken my arm.

I will not satisfy myself with the security of my own life.

I will not fight for property, which separates me like a wall from the community.

I will not fight for the sake of pleasure betray duty, which binds me to the struggle for the future.

I will not look off to the side or backward, when the law calls me into the distance for the struggle for freedom.

The lad asks:

What is honour?

The warrior answers:

Honour is not a private possession, which one can steal from you or the other can dispute.

Honour is the affirmation of your duty, which you have learned from the demand that the law has risen within you.

Whoever stands in duty, stands in honour. Without honour is whoever betrays duty.

Loyalty to law and duty is the activity of honour.

Whoever preserves his honour, goes through life as a fighter and does not pay attention to the reproach that strikes him from the ranks of those without honour. Almost more honourable people sat in prisons and burned on funeral fires than ever sat on kings' thrones.

The community becomes the bearer of honour.

Whoever seeks his honour, will find it in the community.

Whoever once surrenders his honour, will never see it restored. Just like the dead man no longer has any claim to life.

Deed and honour are so closely intertwined that nobody can ever separate them. Honour is not like the church cloths of old people that are taken out of the closet on Sundays.

It is also not the white vest of satiated people.

Honour is like the point of the sword of a warrior.

The sword is worthless without this point.

Worthless to the community is a person who does not act out of affirmation, rather who squats – in the no-mans-land of coincidence without duty and without bond to law and order – and awaits the good hours when he, without having lived in struggle, can harvest without effort.

The warrior's honour is the purity of his deed. It is the incorruptibility of his will.

Do you understand that?

The lad promises:

I will not seek honour in the radiance of the loud praise from a mass that is distant from the law, rather in the unbending will to myself shape the yearning for freedom that beats within me, within the community.

I do not want to trifle with honour, not wear it on my clothes like jewelry.

May honour be my sword.

May my sword be my honour.

Just as my sword should never become dull, so should my honour never become a shadow.

Honour is the blood of the soul.

My soul would die, were I to lose honour.

The lad asks:

What is joy?

The warrior answers:

Joy is the consciousness of our strength, which elevates us above the lowland of fears.

The laughter of the strong is the triumphant shout of the fighting spirit.

Only whoever knows the invalidity of the distress of daily life and has separated himself from the embrace of fear can totally comprehend the joy of being free.

Joy: that means being able to say yes to the things of this world.

Joy: that means to have to rejoice, when the storm whips in and tries to blow us away like leaves. The employment of our own strength against the might of external and internal forces produces joy in the deepest souls.

Joy is the superior play of the strong with danger.

The warrior sings in the hours before battle the happiest of his songs, not chorales. The joy to now have to summon courage and all strength in order to defeat the enemy, the great gamble with the riddle of death, brings the happy shine to his eyes, makes his blood circulation flow like a storm and beckons his mouth to light-hearted singing.

The joy of the strong is pure. His laugh resounds untroubled.

The weakling does not know pure joy. He only knows the stupid joke and shrill laughter at dirty jokes.

Listen to the laughter of the strong, it sounds repressed, coming deep from the heart.

The joy of the strong is never silly, never brawling, never artificial.

His laughter lies in the heart, in the eyes, in the nostrils, not on the quick lip as with the weak.

With the strong, joy is something – serious. It is sacred.

Do you understand that?

The lad promises:

I want – in order to one day become joyful – to victoriously wage the fight for the preservation of my essence.

I believe that joy only fills the man who has been purified through experience, suffering and distress, and who nonetheless, in defiance of all filth, retained belief in purity.

I want to guard myself against people who are only tenacious in mockery and who cannot laugh as liberated people.

But I want to trust the men who even in age have preserved the shine in their eyes.

I now know that joy is the reflection of strong spirits.

The lad asks:

How does the strong view life?

The warrior answers:

Life is not solely existence. Life is more, is becoming, is shaping.

The most sacred thing in a person is his will. It calls and drives him against drives that want to beckon – to procrastinate, to enjoy – to praise overcoming defiantly, fighting, happily.

There, where the will rules and the base, the cowardly, the false are subdued, life grows, which only here becomes fertile.

Life means wanting to go on. Standing still is animalistic.

Life means recognising the law and oneself standing in order.

Living people are rare in the world. To recognise them, to gather them, to rule them in the cleverness of the state.

Do you now understand why I spoke of the state of the strong?

Weakness is always tired, always urges stubbornness.

And if a state listens for even an hour in the grumbling of those tired and seeks to even just slightly throttle the urge of the will in the living it takes into itself the seed of death.

Life means bearing new strength every day, new courage every hour.

The seed that creates order in the law as fruit forms itself out of blood and will.

The strong stands in this orbit, who sense the commandment of the divinity in his breast, life demanding.

The living are young and trust the law that they always fulfil commanding in order to fulfil themselves.

The living distrust all those aloof, shallow doctrines that only recognise form, not spirit.

The living have reverence for life, which is the manifestation of law and order. But they look irreverently and mockingly at that artificial hot house life that does not exist by itself, rather assumes its right from salvation from genuine life.

Life itself is not God, but it is the overflow of the law that is the divinity.

Living people are fighters by their whole bearing.

Struggle is not always just a condition that is directed against something, struggle is for something in most cases.

So the living is indeed a fighter against the inferior, but, above all, a fighter for the formation of himself and for the formation of the community as a state of the strong, which fulfils the law and stands in order.

The living measures his life by obstacles. There is no life without obstacle.

And if people should ever overcome all obstacles, then they will fetch the stars from the sky and create obstacles out of them anew.

A time should never complain about too much struggle.

One recognises the greatness of a time by the greatness of its struggle.

Times should complain about their degradation, which are not filled with the battle-cry of young people struggling for freedom. Learn to despise the people who seek to break a little piece out of the great orbit of their life and to carry this stolen property into the desert in order to there devour it in peace – that means, separated from the law, separated from the claim of the community.

Do not let yourself be fooled by foreign doctrines and believe: whoever throws his life away, throws himself away. Whoever really holds his life dear, just as one loves project and work, just as one loves community, folk and honour, just as one loves freedom and yearning, that person will not lose his life.

Do you understand that?

The lad promises:

I do not want to throw away my life, rather shape it. No salvation from it should separate me from the fulfilment.

I want to hold my life sacred and never dirty it with trifling.

I want to always remember that life was given to me as a span of time in which I should have an effect.

Lost day is undone duty. That is treason against the community.

I believe that it is the rationality of the strong to genuinely live life. I do not want to fear having done a deed too quickly, I only want to fear missing a deed.

I want to struggle for the realisation that life is revelation of the law, which is also at work in the world and in heaven, in the clouds and in the seas. So I indeed guard myself against arrogance and am nonetheless always conscious of the importance of my own life.

I know that all value lies in recognising the importance of being so.

I want to lead my life alert, conscious and becoming. I never want to be satisfied with a part, rather to totally fulfil the law, so that I serve that community as a whole person.

I want to be worthy of the blood of my fathers, who before me struggled for the recognition of the meaning of their life.

I do not want those who come after me to say that I had not done my duty.

I do not want an existence of renunciation, I want to lead a life of the law.

The lad asks:

What is the formula of the law?

The warrior answers:

It is dangerous to posit a formula.

Dangerous because of the weak, for they tend to learn formulas and believe that they had also learned the spirit. But spirit cannot be learned.

Words are merely formulas, if the meaning is not grasped.

Spirit itself forms itself into words and sentences. But like any building, the sentence as well is determined by the time. The spirit is eternal.

The law only wears the clothes of words. And clothes are subject to fashion.

The finished clothing of the law is nakedness. The time will be the completion in which one day law and words find fulfilment. The time is truly great in which sentences must no longer veil and hide the law from the weakness of people whose eyes have not yet learned to endure the radiance of truth.

I want to strive to report of the law in hard sentences:

There is no coincidence and miracle.

The world is the working of the law.

What stands in the world, stands in the working of the law.

The struggle for knowledge of the law is the struggle for being human itself.

Strong is what brings to development the law within itself as part of the whole.

Living bravely means to consciously fulfil the law.

Whoever fulfils the law, has overcome all religions.

Whoever fulfils the law, accommodates his will to the community.

The community of those who are as a whole fulfil the law, forms the total state.

The highest art lies in the shaping of the lawful.

The greatest reason lies in the development of the law.

Law and strength cannot be separated.

Weakness is not being able to fulfil the law.

Evilness is not wanting to fulfil the law.

Lie is the glorifying of the powers that hide the law.

Ruling is the application of the law.

Do you understand that?

The lad promises:

I want to watch out for all doctrines that want to hide the law from me.

I much prefer to be lonely and to serve the law than to walk in the mass of those whose yearning for salvation and flight from the law turn into herd animals.

I want to check everything brought to me whether it serves the formation of the law.

I want to learn to despise what delays me.

The lad asks:

How does the strong go to his death?

The warrior answers:

The bearing that a person takes toward death shows his true valour.

The weak trembles before death, just like he also trembled before life. For death, like life, is a decision that only strong hearts can affirm.

People who misunderstood life's meaning and yearn for death out of desire for salvation from life have fear of the 'life sin'.

The strong, who values according to the law, has neither fear of nor love for death.

Because he does not know fear, in the struggle of life he pays no attention to death. Because he does not love death, he also does not seek it.

The strong knows that death puts an end to the deed and arranges his life so that, when death comes, a life full of deed will be concluded.

The weak also fears the dark, but especially the darkness of death as well. Hence he tries to brighten that darkness with the light of a cowardly hope. He paints over the horror of decay with the shrill picture of a joy that has stemmed from his fear. He takes the fantasy as an aid and comfortably sets up house at the place of death. He whitewashes his grave with it and tries to talk away the fear of death.

The strong accepts death calmly. He sees here as well just the law. His essence is intertwined with the law, so that he does not become fearful, when the law is obscured to him in death.

He leaves it to the law, where and how it has him work [work: 'wirken läßt', more precisely, how it will have him an effect] after the decay of the body.

'Eternal life', 'immortality' and 'resurrection' are formulations that cannot compel the law.

The strong devotes himself full of trust to the law and knows he is free of wishes that could not break through the law anyway.

That is his greatness.

There has previously existed only little knowledge of a life after death, that is the life in the memory of the community.

Whoever lives in the memory of the community, his spirit is present.

The strong goes to death courageously and prepared. He rejects the pondering about a foggy kingdom beyond the threshold of his death, because all the pondering just makes the deed impossible.

Whoever lives bravely and dies courageously, cannot be lost in death.

Whoever lives cowardly and dies trembling, his 'eternal life' is neither desirable nor just.

For the person who fulfils the law, death as well is as simple as life.

Tricks, calculations, escapes, theories are the workings of weak spirits, who with all their zeal cannot get one millimetre closer to the law.

Whoever fulfils the law, dies unburdened. He leaves beyond nothing that is half.

For the strong, death is the loud shouter who hourly reminds him of duty.

Hence the strong 'has no time' his whole life long.

Death is radical. It also demands radical life.

Whoever fritters away his life and duty, is also irreverent toward death.

Entry into the world is revelation of the law, death is the conclusion of this revelation.

At the end of life, death brings the link together. It becomes just part of the chain that binds the people of past and present to the future of his folk.

Whoever believes in coincidence and miracle, to that person death is a great puzzle.

Whoever fulfils the law, to that person death and life are confirmation.

Do you understand that?

The lad promises.

The thought of death should not be horror for me, rather stimulus. I know death is not the gold of sin, rather the working of the law in which I live and die.

I want to strive for my life to end in a deed that makes my working for the community valuable.

I hope that I will die courageously in my duty and know that only the person who has fulfilled his law dies a blessed death.

I hope to die in such a manner that my death is the worthy conclusion of my life.

The Freedom of the Warrior

Von der Freiheit des Kriegers

- 1940 -

‘Ask not.
Complain not.
Newly bound
To all of us.
For a folk has
Found its way home.’

- 1 -

The Roll Call

High over the chaos of the world rises, radiating far, the mountain of midnight, the high hill of promise. Among the surf of agitated days it defies, rude and inaccessible, from eternity to eternity and offers refuge and homeland to the few who are accustomed, under sacrifice and deprivation, to live a dangerous existence. Cold is the stone of the mountain in the north, and rough are the winds that divide at its summit.

Weaklings are horrified by its wild monotony. And people who believe that beauty only grows in warm valleys protected against storms fear that their hearts would have to freeze in the coldness of that sublimity.

But the few who live on the mountain of freedom in order to be close to the sun and stars, see behind them the clouds and the mist, the fog and the dust, which cover the valleys like thick veils, and know that they could not breathe in the narrowness down there. They spy into the lowland and shout to each wanderer who approaches them admonishing words, so he does not misstep, so he finds his way up to them across all gorges and abysses.

And when it becomes dark in the world, when the people of the valleys in dream surrender all hope to wishes of eternal peace and constant happiness, then the mountain in midnight begins to glow, and the hearts of the few radiate in their enthusiasm for the dangerous alertness like torches in the night.

And when from the valleys the tired melodies of the despairing pious ring mournfully, the few send the sobbing of their heart with the blowing wind into the endless expanse of the fermenting world. Sometimes, when the sun of freedom cuts the mist or when in starless nights the torches from the mountain shine far, the people in the valleys raise their eyes in amazement and look up to the few.

They probably shudder, when they see the endangered up there on the summit of death, and feel happy in their protected lowland.

The behaviour of the few seems senseless to them, because they can spy no gain, for they have learned that the fruits of the day ripen fast in the valleys, and they can recognise no fruit in the high rocky slopes.

In vain the people of the valley ask of the meaning of such lonely life. Only very seldom does the yearning befall one of the valley, a youth who could free himself through his strength from dream and intoxication, to climb up into the defiant and free loneliness.

He smilingly takes his departure from his own, his gaze sees the expanse, he no longer wants to praise the narrow joy of the valley, he also no longer sees that those who accompany him cry for him like for a dead man. Those remaining behind, however, rip the clothing of mourning for the lost one, who jubilantly draws into the great war of life, and fearfully ask for the why of the strong protest against security. The great yearning does not explain the why to them.

The lonely ones are the guardians in the eternal fires of freedom. When it gets cold in the world, when ice and snow threaten to make everything living freeze, then they go to the summit of the mountain in order to light a fire under the high star heaven, which connects heaven and earth in a mighty glow.

And whoever in the valleys wishes to escape downfall, he sets off to climb the mountain of freedom. So the fire is the sign for those who watch in freedom and do not set down the sword from their hand. Fire is the enemy of everything weak, it burns up all chaff, everything rotten, in order to bind the noble all the more firmly.

In the fire, which awakens and preserves life, the lonely ones refine their sword, which they as warriors carry until the end of their days.

Hardened in fire: so is the sword the symbol of the eternal will for freedom, which is the lustre of the mighty shining which unifies the star heaven and the earth space.

And the iron which is hardened in the fire there is the best gift which the deep, secretive womb of the earth contains.

So in the sword is found everything high which the earth and eternity have to give, iron and fire, will, alertness and readiness.

'The sword is right and truth', so says an old German weapon's saying.

Worlds divide at the sword. If the sword rusts, honour dies, but then with it die right and truth. The lonely ones know that the lethargy of the lowlands has killed more hearts than the swords, therefore they do not trust the sleep-inducing daily routine, which calls itself 'peace on earth'. For with the clouds, which rise from the lowland, sneak in all the forces of darkness.

But why does the warrior reach for the sword?

As long as there is any thinking of the north, so long is there a consciousness of strength, which offers defiance nonetheless to the adversity of fate. The man of the north must know that even under the deepest ice life still slumbers, which the sun of spring is able to awaken. He must know that over the storm torn clouds the eternal sun shines. This faith is a comfort, is rebellion, is outrage. He does not bow to the daily routine of the condition. Strengths grow from adversities. And the sword, which the warrior forged, is nothing else than will to resistance rolled in iron. It is the deepest knowledge of the warrior, born from the eternal law of rebellion, which only the danger-surrounded north knows: that the final salvation lies in the sword! The sword knows no lie, so little as death.

Whoever has ever reached for the sword in order to challenge the fate 'life' to a duel, grew over the fears in the land of the final decision: into the land of freedom!

The first who once hammered himself a sword may have swung it only for the preservation of his life. But already the sword-bearer, who in the possession of his weapon felt superior to all the coming adversities, bound with his defiant knowledge the pride of being dangerous to the adversities. The consciousness of being able to inject fear put an unprecedented self-respect into the hearts of the sword-bearers and made them grow upward into warriors.

'He is honoured who defends himself', proclaims a weapon's saying.

As the sign of his honourableness the warrior wears his sword even when peaceful years have come to the world. And when the bounty of pleasure wants to seduce his sense, the warrior feels for the sword which reminds him of the splendid freedom of the dangerous life, in which all of the pleasures sink into the nothingness of insignificance before the sublimity of the deed.

Without sword the man is delivered to the fate of his life, with the sword in hand, however, he overcomes what had just seemed invincible.

The disposition of the sword, however, is the heroic readiness of the heart.

The sword is the last comrade of the warrior, when all around him have sunken into the night of death. As long as he carries the sword, he also carries the hope for the final victory.

So the sword gives the warrior news of life and fills his heart with defiant confidence.

The proud knowledge of the superiority of the deed over any condition makes the warrior again and again seek danger and with it the hour of test. The world no longer be worth living for him, if it became safe. Thus the essence of the warrior is not of peace, rather of storm. He despises the lethargic calm and loves the great unrest, which bears all revelations of experience.

The warriordom of man again and again yearns into the tempting expanses of danger. The warrior armed with the sword wants to experience everything, world and heaven, yesterday, present and tomorrow. Whither he penetrates, wherever his feet steps on new land, every-where he also carries the burning and shining torch of his freedom released from fear as message from the high hill of promise.

His life is a charge, not calm contemplation. The people of the valleys see in him a demon and hate him, because he smashes the idols of their security, which they call happiness.

They see in him the seducer of their sons, because he sings warlike melodies of yearning into their hearts.

'In the heart courage,

Defiance under the hat,
On the sword blood
Only so is it good!'

The weapon's sayings on the swords are kept short, hard, glorious, straight like warriors who thought them up.

And the songs of the warriors report of death, from which the courage of the brave took its terror.

Living and dying lie close together for the warrior. Today red, tomorrow dead! This saying is anything but a humble bowing to fate, rather it bears the admonishment to use the day for the deed, for death puts an end to the deed. The nearness of death, the intimacy with friend Hein, forces a concentration of the life will and so intensifies the life ardour, from which alone grow the great and desired deeds of freedom.

But is not everyone, who is of the blood of the warrior and has pleasure in the sword, a destroyer of life? So ask the people of the valley and fearfully whisper the warning that whoever puts himself in danger, perishes in it!

They know nothing about it, the people of the valleys, that every transformation on the heights is bound to the danger of falling. That every fond roaming into the distance can bring the downfall. That everyone who with full sails of hope and confidence has the ship of his life journey into the seas of promise runs the risk to go down in the storms of existence. The safe one certainly lives more securely, less dangerously, more harmlessly, without care or sorrow, but he also lives infertile. He creates no values of realisation, because he lacks the experience, precisely that which is won on the adventurous journeys of life in terms of insights, wisdom and certainty.

The abyss of horror, which for the people of security opens between life and death, is bridged over by the warrior, because in the knowledge of the law of existence they have come to terms with it that only through daring risk can the paths to freedom be explored.

Is any destination worth it, that the wanderer toward this destination along the way there loses his life? So speaks doubt in the hearts of the timid. For they calculate that the un-reached is no result! Warriors, however, are no cold calculators, they risk not for the sake of a prize, rather for the sake of their yearning.

The world has in the course of millennia become a vast field of dead. The law of casting down and new development determines that from what has died, in changed form, something new develops. Not even a straw dies without causing, promoting new awakening.

Warriors and cowards are covered by the same, eternally renewing itself out of dead to living, earth, and the weak mockingly say that death makes all equal. That is their comfort, that they may bury the traitor next to the loyal.

They know nothing about it, that while the graves scatter in the wind, the will for freedom, which once filled the hearts of the warriors, remains preserved as a

mighty energy of eternity and as a great glowing on the mountain in midnight takes up its residence. The names of the brave, however, become torches!

'Livestock dies,
Clans die.
You yourself die like they.
One thing only I know,
Which lives eternal: The glory of the deeds of the dead!'

That is the first and obligating teaching of the eternal life of the warrior, a teaching which could only emerge in the high north of the earth, on the mountain in midnight.

There is only one return of the dead in which the warriors believe: the honouring memory of brave deeds, which rip from the sky the clouds of shame, which once wanted to conceal the sun of freedom.

A folk is that, which its soul wants! The formers of the will, however, are the warriors. Thus the folk lives from their deed.

The will of the nation reveals itself in the Reich, for which the warriors fight and fall. Because they have dedicated themselves to the command, they renounce the choice of their lot.

Before the will of the nation, the just will for immortality, of which only a strong, warrior-like folk is capable, all the dead must take responsibility like at a roll-call.

If the will of the nation raises the question: 'For what did you die?', then the weaklings must be silent. They can give neither a reason for their life nor for their death, because they have totally surrendered themselves to the tempting bribe of the idol coincidence.

Only warriors can give an answer, in that they point to their deeds, which have served alertness, readiness, growth and radiance. There are only a few who enter into the single, the real eternity, into the eternity of the nation, because they have created values.

The glory of deeds and values separates the imperishable from the perishable.

Only whoever can give an answer at the roll-call, is just.

Who, however, is warrior?

Not he, who is only ready to sacrifice his life. There are dreamers, holy men and fools, who for a trinket will willingly throw away their life with the destructive rage of a suicide. Being able to die is still no sign for a superior being.

Not he, who out of obedience without objective bears uniform and weapon, in order to after a certain time again return to the security interrupted by involuntary service and for the rest of his life with a certain proud admiration think back on those years which he spent as a 'defender of the fatherland'.

One can only become a warrior from his blood, for warriordom is the exulting of the soul, which yearns for the distant glow of the mountain. It is the purified bearing of the man, which makes the yearning for freedom triumph over the temptation of security.

Warriordom is the life standard of the strong, who had dedicated themselves to risk. It is always being ready for struggle for the purifying and making-stronger realisation, the mobilisation against the adversity of fate, the constant standing under arms.

The life of the warrior is not 'happy' in the sense of a conclusion of peace with fate and condition. It knows more suffering and wounds, disappointments and depths than the life of the secure. But more than all the happiness of earth can give in satisfaction and comfort, the consciousness of his creative value gives to the warrior.

Defiant and proud is the warrior, if the secure are satisfied and happy.

Therein lies the courage of the warrior, that he, regardless of dangers, again and again takes the leap into risk in order to become stronger. He undertakes it from time to time to challenge stronger opponents to a duel in order to by the number of victories determine the growth of his soul. During this tensile test he must deal with it that he will one day be defeated. To make this demonic, primeval will to victory useful to the nation, is the final wisdom of the warrior.

To be valuable, is the goal of his existence.

The reference to the fulfilment of his duty, to his deeds, is his answer at the roll-call!

'We know of the folk's distress,
We know of the death of rifles.
We are the providers of space and bread,
We are the bearers of honour.'

- 2 -

The First Night Watch
Of the Honour of the Soldier

We sat at the campfire, my comrade.
It was one of those May nights, which is neither mild nor cold, since the mist of the earth is cool and compels us to huddle together.

The stars glistened clear and cool from their unreachable distance, and the whispering of the wind was occasionally broken by the bang of shots in the distance.

You had sung the song, which in our days of the wild assault against the superior enemy had again arisen, after one had once buried it with the last, lost houses:

'God be merciful to the mighty Kaiser pious,
Maximilian! he has come up with
An order, travels through all lands
with pipes and with drums.
Mercenaries they are called.
They do not feast and pray.
And figure priests and monks should do that.
They have their seminary
Many a mercenary, pious,
Has circumnavigated it in garden soil.'

And we had also become silent when you had finished. We listened into the night and pursued our thoughts, which hurried to the homeland which has betrayed us. From the homeland they returned and then moved toward the enemy and danger.

You know it, comrade, that our breathing was heavy, so that we had to make an effort to suppress moaning.

You felt for my hand. So, as if you wanted to find confirmation that we, who become lonely, had not been completely abandoned.

One called us mercenaries back then and wanted to reproach us with this name that we gave no rest to our lust for adventure and, out of joy in war, from which we did not find the path back, we did not want to give the weapons from our hand.

And we, who fought in the Freikorps, had taken for us the name, out of defiance against those who reviled us and out of comradeship with those who, centuries before us, when small nobles fought for the power of their house and let the Reich decay in the process, had found their homeland under the flag.

Mercenaries we had become. The homeland had turned away from us. The circles which wanted to earn money at any price called us disturbers of peace, who were no longer capable of any real work. Psychological victims of the war, course soldiers we were in their eyes.

We were cast out from the ranks of the secure. Our cockades bore colours which the state no longer wanted to recognise.

The war was over, it was lost. We had fetched our rifles in the dark of the night from barns and canteens before they were smashed. Our uniforms no longer meant anything.

The war was over, it was lost. And fools one called those who did not adjust to the condition of the time. One mocked that we lived in a past as belated romantics of the battlefields. We who were still left!

Prison waited for us, if we returned to the borders of the land we had set out to defend against any order.

We thought of that, comrade, in many a May night as the fire burned and our eyes looked toward the distant homeland which had become so strange.

Then, in the flickering firelight, your eye finally sought mine and you began to speak.

'One has denied us honour', you said.

Indifferent sounded your words, without bitterness, as if it were a minor realisation.

Honour!

When we lifted up the flag stomped into the dirt and shyly cleaned it with trembling hands in order to again rise it anew for the desperate charge, we believed to be the last and first bearers of honour.

And now? We were supposed to have no honour?

You saw the doubt in my eyes and put your hand heavily onto my shoulder.

'Perhaps we also really have no bourgeois honour anymore', you began again. 'Certainly we must force ourselves to renounce this last decoration of a dying society. What does the burgher understand by "honour"? For him it is nothing but a small garden in which he cares for his favourite flowers. He grazes on their sight and wants in no way to tolerate that an authorised person steps into this reservation. Look at the variations of such "honour" in order to recognise how false it is. There is a "class honour", a "family honour", a "women's honour", and the closer you look, the more clearly must you recognise that selfishness and vanity, arrogance and license are the real drivers of those "concepts of honour". Just look at

what they mean by "women's honour". Personally, those secure ones think any woman they liked and who is not cold, is their property. Only if another, a "rival" contests the ownership of a woman, do they see themselves in the conflict for the loved one a "matter of honour" and are ready to fight to the bloody end for "honour". Who wants to examine where the line is to be drawn between honour and vanity? We are glad that we are no longer entangled in such "honour business". For the woman whom we love and who loves us, has an inviolate honour, which fulfils itself in motherhood. Who wants to annoy the honour of the woman we love? But if one of the secure ones, who in the inactivity of his affluent existence cannot resist his base thoughts, stretches out his hands for the women of our love, then we strike him with the whip like we drive off a barking hound which blocks our path. But that is not a "matter of honour". Whoever would think differently would have to lower himself to the atmosphere of the lusting. A woman, however, who betrays a war-like man in favour of a lusting do-nothing, is not worthy of a real man. From such a woman we would separate ourselves. That as well is not a matter of honour, rather of cleanliness. I mean, our honour must be something greater, I want to risk the expression, something more noble.'

You fell silent and I knew that you now thought of your blonde, young wife. You had, even before the sun sank, in a battle pause, as we lied in a hollow at the edge of the village, shown me the picture in which your wife smiled at you. She carried a child in her arm, the other she held by the hand.

'You are right', I said, 'What should you have to fear with such a woman? Doubt and betrayal lie close together. And I think it is an insult to a motherly woman, if the man does not consider her able to keep away seekers.'

We had in the last days often spoken of it that we, as we set off toward the east in order to fight, had burned all the bourgeois bridges behind us. Family honour? Most of our family members had just shaken their heads at our plan and admonished us, for the sake of the family and in consideration of our own advancement, to renounce the "adventure". Everything which did not serve advancement, enrichment, "happiness" in the sense of security, was designated "adventure". And because we consciously wanted to distance ourselves from security, we had become "adventurers". The many "laws of honour", which the secure ones had set up for the protection of their happiness, had been damaged by our step. For this we were "without honour" in the sense of the secure ones.

We felt the perverseness and presumption of their thinking and despised it from the heart.

In the first days already, after we had burned the bridges and become lonely, determined how far we stood from security and their life rules, their morality.'

Again you spoke, and your words jittered as if with a secretive joy. 'With the surrender of our own life we also separated ourselves from the handed down concept of personal, bourgeois honour, which any dirty fellow can besmirch. We have realised that only the man who has more respect for the life of his folk than for his own has honour. Soldier's honour is no longer any private property, it has sworn itself to the fate of the nation. Look at the honour values of the secure ones. They pride themselves in their clean vests, even in the most notorious enterprises

they consider themselves decent as long as they have not committed any obvious crime. Do you understand? A scoundrel not caught is still considered an honourable gentleman, and a coward can, if a soldier expresses his contempt, turn to any court seeking protection in order to demand the defence of his "honour". What do we have in common with such people? Nothing at all, least of all honour! A conscientious objector can claim noble motives, love of humanity, religion, many concepts and expressions stand at his disposal and come to his aid, and the whole bourgeois world will be moved and claim that man acts from "noble motives". Nonetheless, in our sense he is still a man without honour, because he allows his folk to be raped. He is a base egoist, because he views his petty and pitiful private honour, which demands no sacrifice, to be more binding than the honour of his land. Compared to the nation such a petty private honour means nothing!'

I agreed with you, comrade. We had, as the handed down value systems collapsed, as the gods of the old, tired religions had died, set up for ourselves our own moral law. Not on iron tablets did we write our commandments. But in our hearts we buried deep the command: freedom!

Everything we related to this command, deed and thought, will and plan and above all honour.

The sword judges mercilessly, and the dangerous struggle values the man according to the law of soldier's honour.

Being without honour means according to this law: to evade the demands, which the nation makes. Means not facing the fight.

In our ranks fought old field soldiers, who performed their military handiwork with a self-evident calm. They did not talk much, and they also laughed only seldom. Their manner of expression was of terrifying roughness. Their songs were no way of high moral content. They smiled contemptuously at any patriotic manner of speaking. But they were everywhere there, where it was dangerous. They lived in a loud, wild joy, but they let even the most intoxicating drink get stale, if the thunder of guns announced battle. They ignored the most beautiful in order to take on the most difficult. The cold reason of the secure ones was unable to deduce the reason for the decision for danger.

The fire had already almost burned down, so that I, in order to get it going, had to stand up and gather wood.

Finally, you begin to speak again. 'The voluntariness, with which the soldier decides for the acceptance of the most dangerous duty, is the measuring stick with which his honourable bearing should be measured. And on the path of honour he remains, he who in the struggle with temptation makes the will triumph and inescapably, without paying heed to the countless temptations which seek to bribe him to preserve his own life at the cost of duty, fulfils the demands of the soldierly law. In the terrible struggle of the last years, amid the downfall of all bourgeois concepts, the sense of the old soldiers among us for the demands which live above the daily routine was sharpened. Who by the hour encounters death with all its terrors, he seeks and finds soldier's honour, before whose radiance the darkness

of death pales. Why, when the timid eagerly grabbed the welcomed opportunity to break off the fight, did the soldiers remain at lost posts? Because they were honourable, you understand. Honourable even then, when nobody was there to see dishonour in retreat. Honour is thus independent of praise and blame, it needs no witness, no external formula, no charter. It cannot be bestowed, it also does not need to be defended. The honour of the soldier is the idea of voluntariness to make the sacrifices which the life of the nation demands without consideration. Hence he has honour, who serves this duty.'

I nodded. 'How ridiculous in comparison seems to me that philistine concept of honour of the "clean vest", that petty private honour, over which the secured one watches so jealously like over a treasure which can be stolen from him in the night. How can a soldier have a similar fear as well! He knows after all that nobody can rip the idea of honour, for which he grabs the weapon, out of his heart.'

You laughed. 'What does it matter that the cowards, when we did not concern ourselves with the commandments of their terrible state, denied our honour! What does it matter as well if they put us, as they have threatened, in front of courts and throw us into prisons. They will label us criminals, will torment us and try to humiliate us. You see, they can exclude us from their benefices, their honours, from their prosperity, even from their gods, but they are not able to separate us from our honour, because it burns in our hearts after all and is always with us, whether we charge or whether we sit in prisons. Our honour can do without such honouring. Yes, it is even sensitive against honouring, because such honouring very often has a bribing effect and is probably also supposed to have that effect. Honour as idea, not as property, honourableness as service, not as privilege, so tells us our soldierly knowledge!' We did not keep secret that we found pleasure in the handiwork of weapons, that war appeared to us not only as a destructive power, rather also as a great judge over value and valuelessness. Without joy in struggle we would not have fulfilled our duty with such devotion like fulfilment of duty without joy must end in unbearable compulsion.

The battlefield again and again seemed to us to be the test of our heart. And we openly admitted that the danger became the salt of our life. With a shudder with thought of having to one day return to the apparent peace of the homeland, which was actually nothing else than a humble bowing to the arbitrariness of the enemy.

We had decided, in the event we were allowed to remain alive, to smash the dishonourable state and to erect a soldierly state, a state of our honour.

Not only war has formed us, we as well had wrestled from the war a higher purpose, a revelation of values and of the ideas which we bore. Waging war no longer meant for us only to endure war with its terrors, with its bloody pains, waging war meant for us beyond that to risk the great action of the heart and honour and even love this risk for its confirmation, which was given to our values.

We did not think of denying that we were warriors from instinct, and we were not ashamed of this instinct, rather were proud to know that it rose demanding from our blood and demanded the deed.

We knew too well, since we had to see it with our own eyes, that irreplaceable values, above all the blood of young people, was irretrievably lost in war, that an inestimable energy dissipated. We knew that in view of this folkish property it was criminal to unleash war out of whatever passions.

We had realised that wars may only be begun out of the last folkish necessities.

But when they sound the signals to battle, then the highest soldierly virtues flame up, and the hours of this fire can and must mean the highest experience to the genuine soldier, to the warrior. Should we be ashamed to affirm that we were proud to live in war-like times and to be able to recognise our heart?

You coined the phrase, my comrade, which justifies our pleasure in battle: 'The will for war should be born from the yearning for the overcoming of the lower instincts.'

There is a will to war!

One should not deny it and also not suppress it. But one should direct it.

Whither stems this will? The will towards danger? In every life cell is the will for rebellion, for unconditional desire to grow.

The statement of Greek philosophy: 'Struggle is the father of all things' is ancient Germanic. The struggle of every seed of grain for liberation from the shell, the struggle of every tree of the forest for light forces us to believe in the truth of that Greek wisdom. The struggle of male animals themselves stems from the natural commandment of the selection of the strong, the commandment for higher breeding at the cost of the weak. The primeval will for war is the best eternal affirmation of the life for the development of the best.

The great war on earth, these accompanying manifestations of all growth, is the constant continuation of a natural process, which is no catastrophe, rather a manifestation based in itself and an expression of the law.

It is no sign of primitive barbarism, if the man with the weapon seeks the enemy.

Why then does the healthy man go to war?

Is it the intoxication of the blood?

War is loved not as a political necessity, thus from thought, rather as a sorting, mighty event of nature.

War is sought not as an ambiguous oracle, rather as clear answer to the questions of the heart.

A time is spiritually ill, which misrecognises warrior-like primeval will and wants to extinguish the fire of warrior-like enthusiasm with pacifist or religious doctrines. Every pacifism, every peace religion castrates in principle creative manhood. Castration, however, is death!

The time, on the other hand, which understands to connect warrior-like primeval will with the planned, political deed, allows warriors to emerge in folks, who bring their nation to the highest development.

Where the yearning of the blood finds its fulfilment in duty, is life!

We spoke of the duel of stags, my comrade.

You had read in whatever bourgeois book that the stags fight in front of the female animals in order to give a vain display of their strength; to us this view seems extremely dumb and silly. Certainly, the man who wrote such nonsense was a dandy, who was accustomed to show off to his beauty with especially manly posturing. The duel of the stags is a sorting out of the weak. The strong wins the female animal and hence the right to procreation!

In any case the warrior-like primeval will is directed at the higher breeding of the strong remaining alive. How should a man dare to quarrel with the laws of creation, which reveal themselves in the natural beings? He would have to be arrogant and cowardly enough to think up religions in order to try, in the name of the invented miracle god, to unhinge the law.

The man who endeavours to remove himself from the pitiless demand of the life law is not more mature than the primitive, who in dull premonition reaches for the club, he is just sick and foolish enough to view his sickness as development!

We find the statement: 'The community of strong men, who are able to give face to the nation, must seek and find a great enemy in order to, in the fight with him, grow into immortality.'

The strong man needs hostility!

The night was lightened by the first dawn.

Your face appeared pale, and the flickering light of the fire made you look surreal, comrade.

'Hence we could have to be satisfied with our fate, that it had us become warriors at this hour, while the secure ones sleep.' After you said that, you made a defence hand movement, as if you wanted to erase this sentence, then you continued: 'I mean it is good, precisely in unworthy times, to know of his duty, that protects against being pulled into the whirlpool of shameful downfall, of being washed away, through desperation. Most people forget the commandment of honour, if they no longer hear any order.'

I agreed with you: 'The order awakens in many the slumbering conscience so that they, when they hear the order, believe their own inner voice has caught up with them. And they are good soldiers as long as the order is there. But if the order falls silent, then they are helpless and failed and go astray to seek the lost goal. The warrior, however, still hears the commandment of honour even when no order is given any more. He perceives the glow of duty, which has no language. He is by nature more awake and farsighted than the majority of other people. His voluntariness receives direction from duty, which leads to the saving deed.'

You nodded. 'We in the Freikorps have the duty to fulfil the commandment of soldier's honour in the fulfilment of our duty. We then have it easier than the forced soldiers, because we are obedient out of higher knowledge and deeper insight.'

We spoke of obedience and smiled, because the bourgeois world accuses us of disobedience. I myself had run off to the flag of the Freikorps against the explicit command of my surroundings.

And yet we thought we were obedient. However, not to the careful, the secure ones, who know how to quickly accept any done deed, even if it threatens freedom. In the beginning we heard a distant call, which came from the threatened borders, until we, who are obligated to the law of honour, were clear that duty demanded obedience.

You underlined the statement, comrade: 'Obedience is the will to the unconditional fulfilment of duty, which is posed to us by the law of honour.'

In this sense the gathering of the obedient occurred in the Freikorps. Hence it was easy to lead a Freikorps against any superior enemy force. Next to the Freikorps leader, who was legitimised as leader by the strongest will to fulfilment of duty, who was accordingly the obedience among the volunteers, it hardly required sub-leaders, who had to ensure the external obedience through their command over the systematic execution of the orders. The discipline of a Freikorps consisted primarily of the recognition of the superiority of the leader.

But that meant so much: a troop of volunteers is only worth as much as its leader fulfils the law of soldier's honour, hence stands in duty and in higher obedience serves the idea!

You had already served in the pre-war Imperial army, comrade, and had stood at that border where the external order fails and where 'obeying' ceases.

'The Freikorps', you said, 'is in its will, in its goal, in its obedience in itself coordinated. It is, seen overall, a concentration of warriors. A regular army, however, consists for the most part not of volunteers, rather of the commanded. The commanded must be put in ranks and columns, physically, psychologically they must become uniform, otherwise the army has no striking power. The army commander has great difficulties to overcome than the Freikorps commander. He needs, in order to get his army uniform, a large number of officers and sub-officers, who themselves not only accept orders in the greatest obedience, rather also ensure that the commanded execute the orders pitilessly and blindly. Their obedience alone is the guarantee for the success of the plans of the field commander, to whom trust and faith bind them.'

I objected that according to that the army had to be the most powerful, which possessed the greatest psychological and physical uniformity. The German nation, which basically grew upon a warrior-like folk, thus possessed the best army, because it had achieved this uniformity to the greatest extent.

'Naturally it is so', you assured me, 'we had achieved a very high standard of soldierly discipline, because we, if necessary, executed this co-ordination with severity. The man in the ranks was no longer a free personality in the bourgeois sense, rather he was a soldier, who through drill was welded together in the military formation into a unity, so that even subconsciously he obediently executed

every order. The uniformly executed movements already forced him to the realisation that he had become part of a whole, which was in the military sense flawless only if even the smallest part worked completely error-free. The army had to be clockwork. Through drill was achieved that this clock ran according to regulations. It required the hardest detail work until every part fit into the larger without friction.'

I determined to this that the prerequisite for the systematic running of this clockwork, however, was the willingness of the individual soldier, who had to make every effort so that any disruption would be made impossible.

'Correct', you said, 'in the end it again and again depends on it that a fighting spirit fills the troop. Drill can in no way replace spirit. The Imperial army often made the mistake to put drill first. The greater the tasks are, which are given to the individual man, the greater the responsibility is, the more it depends on his spirit, on his reliability, on his unconditional fulfilment of duty. Even in the large, splendidly drilled army in dangerous moments voluntariness plays a decisive role. The more we neared the end of the war, the more we realised that the fighting spirit is much more important than square bashing, which, as it cannot be otherwise, is unconditionally necessary for the preservation of discipline. But one must never forget that a troop that seems to function flawlessly must not necessarily have great combat value. But it must also be remembered that a sloppy troop seldom has value. The fighting spirit of a troop is reflected not least in its bearing, which, however, must not be the result of drill, rather of its consciousness of honour. Think please of the old Prussian, stubbornly drilled army, which perished at Jena and Auerstädt. Men like Prince Louis Ferdinand tried in vain to give the army a spirit, which would triumph over square bashing. The Prussian soldiers fired, advanced, loaded, fired, just as provided for in the exercise regulations. Their drill was so splendid that they stood on the battlefield like in the barracks courtyard. What at the time of Frederick the Great had been correct and possible, proved itself totally outdated at Jena.'

I interrupted you: 'So that means that troops must live fully in the spirit of the liberal ideals of its time, and that the ideas must also dominate the whole army leadership in order to give the troop real combat value.'

You smiled at my zeal. 'Correct! The Napoleonic army leadership was not up to the thoroughly decent, but intellectually and psychologically backward Prussian generals, and the liberal ideas of the Napoleonic soldiers believing in the idea of a new time proved stronger, as more grazing than the drill of the Prussian grenadiers. Napoleon could fanaticise his soldiers, and the Prussians no longer had a Frederick the Great, who for them was the ideal of Prussian will. Precisely Napoleon's victories proved how vastly important it is for the outcome of a battle that the soldiers have an unshakeable belief in the great tasks of their time and seek their honour in the fulfilment of the duty serving these tasks. Only when the Prussian ideas anew filled and enthused not just the soldiers, rather above all the whole folk, could the already almost mythical Napoleon be overcome. Here it was proven above all that the concentrated, passionate will to freedom of a folk is stronger

than any imperialistic idea, which after all does not grow from the blood, rather from deliberation.'

We spoke of how overwhelming in his psychological greatness, but also how revolutionary in his recognition of the invincibility of the folkish will, the affirmation had to be, which the Prussian General von Clausewitz made of the great moral driving forces, which dominate on the battlefield.

Clausewitz is to be seen as the modern founder of the teaching of soldier's honour. He added to the drill of the Prussian army the demands and realisations of Kant and thus allowed the Prussian soldiers to rise ethically far above Napoleon's armies accustomed to victory.

The brilliant Scharnhorst transformed the professional army into a folk army and thereby subjected the whole folk to soldierly duty and allowed it to share in the honour, which through the renunciation of personal considerations and desires lets people grow beyond themselves.

Freiherr von Stein began the great Prussian revolution, which beyond classes and their honour wanted to win the nation and its honour.

The newly emerged soldier's honour allowed a folk in 1813 to triumph in a rebellion of gigantic magnitude.

Prussia became a soldierly folk and was thus superior to Napoleon, who indeed wanted to command other folks, but not one folk.

It had become light.

The fire burned down. We looked toward the enemy and heard the echo of the shots becoming more numerous.

'It is absolutely necessary', so ended the conversation, 'that in every folk army of the future honour of the soldier is the dominating idea. But that means that every troop leader must take care not to stifle the warrior instinct through drill. His cleverness will prove itself in that he endeavours to recognise the bravest and demands something special from them. Through that he will, without giving it a special insignia, create for himself a core troop, which is able to again and again pull up the enlisted men. The Freikorps spirit must remain alive in the folk army and fill the best men, so that in the fulfilment of their duty through the voluntariness of their deed they provide shining witness to the honour of the soldier.'

We picked up our weapons and ran toward the fighting.

'Today we must march
Far into enemy land.
And the flag, which we carry,
Should be a new homeland for us.'

- 3 -

The Second Night Watch
Of the Loyalty of the Soldier

We had heavy fighting behind us, and our ranks were much thinned. Getting supplies was impossible, because the bridges to the homeland had been broken and the lackeys of a cowardly state hunted every soldier whose heart had bade him to come to us on the betrayed, final front.

We had pulled closer together and given ourselves the promise to hold together the more fanatically, the greater the hatred around us became. In front of us was the enemy, supported by the weapons of an entire world, led by fanatical haters of all German essence, encouraged by the love and the trust of an especially ambitious folk. We knew that we would first have to newly create a homeland and that until then we would at best be guests in Germany, if not downright strangers or outlaws.

We had long given up any cheap hope of rescue. Who was supposed to come to rescue us? And whither should we be rescued? We figured that Germany's honour's only still lived there, where we stood. There our flag waved, and we wanted to hold out next to it. That miracles do not fall from a merciful heaven, we as soldiers knew all too well. Great deeds come from great hearts, not from despondent prayers!

For us there was no other way out than ceaseless attack, which alone offered the possibility at some time to win a surprising success. That was the great adventure of our struggle, which sometimes seemed to us like a game with high stakes, but also with the chance for great profit.

Strangely elevated by our duty and sublime in the uniqueness of our soldierly adventure did we feel, so that we were proud in a time, when most had become tired and despairing, to be the last to bear freedom-bringing weapons.

We sat in the low beer room of an inn in a small village. It may have been shortly before midnight.

A candle, stuck in a bottleneck, provided just enough light that you, comrade, could read in the Nietzsche volume, which you always carried with you. But you soon set down the book and stared into the flickering flame. We spoke of it that

the attack against the Annaberg had taken place, although shortly before the leaders in this enterprise had to give their word of honour not to attack in any case.

You suddenly laughed aloud, so that I was startled. 'Do you still remember that in the bourgeois world there was an honour regulation, according to which anybody who broke his word had to take his own life? And we today see in this violation of word of honour a justified action, because it served the fight for freedom.' 'Our rebelliousness just has other laws', I confirmed.

You nodded. 'I think of the well-known old German saying that all honour comes from loyalty. That in this time of disloyalty we are the loyal, of that we have already spoken. There is no doubt about that. And our honour we get confirmed through the fulfilment of duty to honour, we live from this knowledge. This knowledge gives us the confirmation of our struggle, the courage for constant attack. But today people will stand up in Germany and call us perjurers, word-breakers, dishonourable.'

'We have triumphed', I interjected, 'and that justifies breaking word.' You shook your head. 'No, the victory is not the essential thing. Our attack could have broken down under fire. And then? Would our opponents then not have been right? No, not the outcome is decisive here for the judgment of our action, rather solely the thinking. We must have the pride in any case to stand by this breaking of word. We serve a higher loyalty, a loyalty to an idea, to a nation. And for the sake of this loyalty it must be possible to make any sacrifice. Are we not ready to risk our life? Are we also not determined on our own to eliminate the traitors against Germany? Who knows whether the time might not come when it is necessary to swear an oath to the republic in order to save the weapons for the fight for freedom. I would be ready to swear an oath in order to break it at the first best opportunity, if the higher loyalty to the idea required it.' I must have been startled for a moment at these words, for you put your hand across the table onto my shoulder.

'I know', you continued, 'that it might sound horrible. But consider how easily we might be placed in front of this possibility. For a rascal government it would be easy to bind brave, loyal men through an oath and to thereby perpetuate the unjust system. The higher loyalty, to which we have sworn ourselves, thus stands above any forced oath. Even the treasonous state considers its oath indissolvable. The higher loyalty, however, declares us innocent of the charge of breaking an oath, yes, in certain moments it demands from us breaking word. Think of Yorck, who broke his promise. Think of all the great upheavals in history. Did not all or at least most of them come from the breaking of an obligation to something unworthy? Cowardly and traitorous states try to chain people to an unworthy condition through an oath. The violation of this oath, however, is supposed to lead to a new order of values without any hypocrisy. Small hearts shatter on such a conflict, but soldiers grow upward in this deed to the final, lonely height of a conscious and loyal humanity. Only the strong are capable of such a vast sacrifice. Their ascent is the ascent from the lowland of slavish, daily routine, their rebellion

is the liberating resistance against a crushing compulsion of injustice, their elevation is a reflection on the true values of honour, and their revolt is the assault against the walls of treason.'

We were silent for a while and reflected on our thoughts. My heart beat faster at your words. Certainly, today we were still rebels with our thoughts and deeds. Perhaps already tomorrow we would be justice bearers of a free Reich. In the final analysis, we told ourselves again and again, solely the final psychological success determines the image, which history tends to draw of a revolutionary deed. Our task consisted, if we dared it, to view our deed as worthy of history, therein to preserve the endangered soldierly values. We felt obliged to remain faithful to the idea of warriordom, and this idea for its part compelled us at any price to oppose a reduction of the Reich.

'Breaking word', so I summarised, 'as a rule only occurs, if the soldier no longer sees any other possibility to face the danger of the destruction of the Reich other than through revolt, which leads him to a breaking with the legitimate powers, who through their foolishness, through their cowardice or through their obvious rascal corruptibility plan to purchase their life with the renunciation of right and power. But then it was always these legitimate powers, which had become cowardly, which made themselves guilty of breech of loyalty in that they despised the commandments of honour, and the soldiers-who in the knowledge of the compelling necessity of their action and in proud self-justification and self-responsibility cast off the chains of the blind oath, which only very superficially and in appearance wanted to bind to the decline-and-perish doomed fate of a faithless and dishonourable force-were the executors of the liberation will of the nation. It is accordingly no sophistry, when we say that the loyalty of the soldier at a given time downright demands breaking word, yes, that it must force him to rebellion against decadent systems.'

The candle flicked jittery. You took a small scissors and carefully trimmed the wick.

'The loyalty of the soldier is the strongest piece of a decent and just state which is conscious if its duty, but also the most horrible threat to any treasonous state which is born out of cowardice and baseness. I am not surprised that the Weimar Republic is anti-soldier. Because it is itself disloyal, it must reckon with our breaking word, and if we did not denounce obedience to it, we could ourselves be held accountable for disloyalty.'

You looked into my eyes a while checking me out. Then you continued.

'Perhaps one could now tease us with the reproach that we erect a philosophy of soldierdom. But we are anything but bloodless dogmatists and theorists. We just have to look at duty, the borders and the expanses of our action in order to be loyal in this knowledge. We distinguish ourselves from the mercenaries, who fought one time for this and another time for that, by the passionate concern of our heart so that we do not deviate from the path of higher loyalty. The mercenary

was bound by the contract, which he concluded with his employer. Contract loyalty is his very small, external loyalty. And whoever thinks he can bind us by oath to an unworthy assignment, wants to degrade us to mercenaries, but we consider ourselves justified to kill him with the same weapon which he gave us so that we would protect his arbitrariness with our blood.'

My breath quickened as I heard these words.

You tapped your fingers on the table.

'Perhaps this teaching sounds horrible. It isn't. It is just. It is only revolutionary, because it topples the unjustly established apparent values. Soldiers will always be the alert conscience of a nation, because their loyalty seeks the confirmation, and this seeking drives off the sleep and all indifference. The times of Germany's degradation were always also the time soldiers had to leave the field on which history is made.'

I agreed with all my heart.

'I believe that Germany will fall into the deepest night, if we retreat from the flag and become tired. Even if our assault remains without success, our presence is nonetheless important, because it speaks a soldierly, honourable language. Hence we must persevere in all suffering, in all disappointment, in all disgust.'

I interrupted myself. 'Why do we speak of this? Is all this not obvious?'

You shook your head.

'Obvious is everything and nothing. Who knows whether prosperous times will not come up again, in which people want to forget the suffering which lives next to all genuine loyalty. Then the people of yearning and premonition will come and present questions to us. It is good that we now already know the answer and do not need to search in the chest of memory.'

The loyalty of the soldier, so we had realised, proves itself in overcoming. Mountains of temptation tower in front of him. And all the reasons of bourgeois reason want to convince the warrior to reject the dangerous path of overcoming, which is surrounded by the horrors of the abysses, and to settle in the comfortable lowlands of security. But what drives the soldier to heed the storm signals of his warrior-like fate and close his ears and his heart to the whisperings of bourgeois reason?

The great deed, which awaits fulfilment in the future, emits a unique energy, a living pulse, which makes the hearts of the warriors restless, which makes them beat fast and implants in them a yearning, which shows the warriors the path to fulfilment. The instinct of the soldier scents not only the danger, rather perceives the call of the hour. That is the secret that in dangerous times the warriors recognise the right moment, since fate wants to be shaped into history. And: only the soldiers are the formers of fate!

'Comradeship', you said, 'is the summation of the soldiers, who affirm the dangerous life of the deed and who see their fateful profession in the fulfilment of the duties and demands of this dangerous life. Comrade is the person whose soul bears the features of the warrior-like will. There is no comradely relationship between

the brave and the cowardly. Not the uniform bears the insignia of soldierdom, rather solely the deed-ready, brace heart. The uniform is only the symbol that soldiers stand under an order, which as the prerequisite requires discipline. The shared suffering then reveals the first selection of those who have overcome themselves and the terrors of suffering. The greatness of the dangers and the constant impeding of the fulfilment of duty set off ever more distinctly the genuine warriors from the band of the commanded, and finally stand on the mountain of freedom the lonely ones, the selected ones, the guardians of the nation and care for the fire of enthusiasm, which illuminates the night of indifference.'

'Comradeship', you continued after a while, 'is the community of the loyal, who know of their responsibility, but that means that they know how to give an answer to the calling of the hour. The echo of their heart is deed without reservation. Only whoever combines his knowledge with the deed, is able to lead a life of complete loyalty.'

I pondered your words. And while you began to quickly pace around the room, I continued your idea.

'One calls us activists as opposed to the burghers passively watching the downfall. An activist is accordingly the soldierly man who overcomes the unworthy condition with his mutinous and rebellious action and relieves passivity with motion. His activism is the result of the loyalty of his heart, which calls him to fight for freedom.'

You had opened the window. The sweet, heavy night air poured into the room, and a soft wind moved the flame of the candle. Our thoughts had long already went further. We had spoken of the fact the war with its majesty overcomes petty vanity and allows only genuine values to be valid. The bitterness of death is too mighty for flattery and the follies of bribable vanity to flourish in its vicinity. Had not the war, viewed quite externally, taken all the flitter from the colourful uniforms and dressed the soldier in the single, earthy grey? Sons of the earth from which they had been born, from which they fought, bled and died, had the soldiers become again. The earth was not just the place of the fighting, it gave refuge and protection in life and in death. All glitter sank to the ground, everything which in essence did not belong to the struggle lost itself in the shocks of the serious and noble struggle until the purified, the essential, the warrior arose, who only respected his like and in the formation of comrades fought tenaciously, defiantly and loyally without the oath of his heart having needed a formula. Our conversion had come to the question of soldierly compulsion. We Freikorps people were without exception volunteers. We knew that the cowards called us fools, who risked their lives willingly and without compulsion. Now it might be true-we were not able to decide it-that the soldier gambles for a higher goal. This goal is freedom, and the risk is his life, which he must risk again and again. It might be true that the soldier gambles with death for his life. And the real warrior senses the attraction of danger, and it should also not be denied that he somehow loves it. But the soldier is never for that reason a suicide! Without risk of life the final goal of the

nation, the free development of its life will, can never be achieved. The nation requires the risk of that self-sacrificing life of the soldiers, who as the final freedom of their action strive for the bond to their warrior-like duty. It requires them in order to achieve eternity in this world.

You nodded. 'For a long time already there has been no warrior caste. The soldier of our time lives in the twilight of daily life until duty calls him at the right moment to wander on the height of his life. The Reich of his yearning is hidden until the dangerous hour makes this Reich glow up in the hearts of the brave. A hidden front of activists already rises up in daily life. The front grows from the will of the duty-conscious soldier, not by order.'

'The soldier obedient to his responsibility knows that we cannot withhold the right of arms from the brave without precisely the most worthy members of this state dying or having to rebel. He knows that, beyond the military duty of all men useful to the state service, service duty is required. To serve everybody is obligated, who lives in the community and expects that the community carries him. Without this having to serve of the individual, a community would very quickly perish in the fight of all against all. Military duty is only a segment of the common service duty. A state healthy in itself gives each man the possibility produce proof of ability through service. It thereby also gives into the life of the individual the hour of confirmation and thus the possibility of selection and growth through the will.'

'A tired and sick state, which out of consideration for the comfort of its citizens does not make service duty a law of its folk, always remains dependent on the arbitrariness of the growth of its members. It is thus prevented from educating people, forming them and thereby making them useful.'

I agreed with you. 'Look at the states of the great Germanic folks outside of the borders of our Reich. Their people have the same blood in their veins as we. But because the warrior-like passion in their blood died when the will for unconditional freedom was numbed, those states became old and peaceful. Only a few volunteers from their lands fought in the World War on our side. The battle cry of the north no longer reached the heart of most. They felt safe and happy in their peacefulness and perhaps also more just. They wanted to know nothing of it that they could have been very easily pulled into the downfall of the north, if the Jewish chaos had come over Germany. Their neutrality was no cleverness, rather weakness and short-sightedness. Because their instinct had become tired and dull, they sought their salvation, that means their advantage, in "neutrality".'

You smiled.

'Is there any neutrality at all? I mean, this word was coined by traders. The warrior does not know it. Where wars are waged, ideas also fight. And the ideas in turn demand instincts for fighting. But that's where disagreement comes in. Who can be "neutral" when it is about right and freedom, about downfall and slavery? The short-sighted and those lacking instinct, the undecided and the cowards may still be the more decent ones among the "neutrals". By the far largest portion of them, however, are the vultures of war, the corpse robbers and jackals. Neither good nor evil are the "neutrals" in the moment of danger, in the hour of

decision. But when the dice have been thrown and it becomes visible where victory stands, these traders of life take the side of success and endeavour to praise this side as just and noble and thereby give their corpse robbing a moral sign.'

'So it is in the great world of politics, and in the smaller one of daily life it is also no different. Look at the secure ones. What are they other than "neutrals" of fate? They suppress with the help of their religions and morality teachings the warrior-like instincts in order to achieve genuine "life wisdom". This wisdom, however, calls them to step on the side of success, to avoid the decisions, to howl with the wolves, that means with the current majority. To accept given facts and in any case to save their own bacon.'

Your face had contorted. Embitterment and disgust could be read in your features.

'They want to take from our folk the warrior-like instinct and thus the view of honour and the readiness for unconditional fulfilment of duty, in that they convince it that right of arms and service duty are remnants of the Middle Ages, unworthy of an enlightened humanity. Shame on these undecided by calculation!'

'Shame on the traders of hesitation!'

'Whoever is loyal to his blood, hates "neutrality", despises calculation. Of loyalty is the man of decision, of affirmation. The warrior is no booty-seeker, victory stands too high to him for him to desecrate it with hope for enrichment. His conquest crowns itself with honour, whose glory is not darkened by the trader's greed for profit.'

We thought about it that greed can also inspire people to deeds. But that distinguishes the warrior from the bribable, that they do not stop in order to plunder, that they do not waste their time with enrichment and personal advantages, that they do not satisfy themselves. For the satisfied are incapable of further fighting. It is a trick of war to allow the enemy capture assets and then wait whether he will satisfy himself without instinct and fall into a deep sleep. If the warrior succumbs to the temptation, it is easy to slay him on top of quickly won booty.

Victory is one of the many tests for the loyal.

The honour of the soldier protects him against revelling in luxury. His renunciation of satisfaction and satisfied security stems from a higher insight, a purified reason.

The cleverness of daily life might give itself to smug satisfaction over a possession, but the warrior knows that even the greatest and apparently most secure possession dissolves, if people surrender to a sweet tiredness.

We sat long silently.

The damp twilight made us shudder.

We were glad when comrades finally came.

'See, whither we now march,
Is the end of these days.
Is the land full of blood and iron,

In which only we men rule.
If you had to lose us as well,
Teach the sons these sagas.
Teach the sons our melodies,
So that they remain true to us.'
'One day they will then know,
If they walk our paths
And find the distant lands,
Which we once acquired for them,
That the fathers had to die,
In order to accompany the sons.
If they connect themselves with us,
We have not died in vain.'

- 4 -

The Third Night Watch
The High Love of the Soldier

We did not hide that we felt dread when we thought about the future, which would one day send us away from the battlefields into professions which did not know how to deal with our disposition, with our yearning, with our love of the dangerous life, with our self-responsibility toward fate.

Schiller has always been right with his words: The soldier alone is the free man!

The small fears of life, the concerns of the profession, the secondary aggravations of daily life: in their totality they form a wall which is big enough to block the view of the open sky.

Struggle first taught us to pay little attention to the small personal distresses. It helped us to find ourselves within our own heart and to measure our significance with the ruler of duty. We had recognised who we were. Duty and deed had become the poles of our thought.

And that was supposed to one day no longer be?

One day we were supposed to again allow ourselves to be measured by the ruler of usefulness, which we were supposed to bring to daily life and its institutions? Supposed to again direct ourselves according to the agile and cunning? Supposed to participate in their contemptible competition for the advantage of the minute? Struggle had educated us to no longer conduct ourselves according to the opinions of those who thought themselves capable in life, if they managed to register external successes. We had found our ruler within ourselves. We were proud and self-conscious enough to conduct ourselves according to ourselves. The high courage of the warrior, as we felt, as we lived it, had nothing to do with arrogance. But to despise the petty in order to serve the great, seemed to us to give a nobility to life. First the extraordinary, the dangerous, put spice on the food of existence for us.

In our life there was neither boredom nor helplessness, it was much more filled with a unique tension, an exultation of constant readiness.

Despite all the hopelessness of our Freikorps enterprise, which seemed to approach its bitter end, the return to the homeland and to us humiliating conditions seemed like an impending doom. We could understand that many of our comrades

now fought with an unparalleled tenacity and received their bullet with a certain relief. We ourselves defended ourselves against the feeling of fear of peaceful, pacifist ideas which whispered to us that the soldier's death is a proud and desirable, welcomed escape.

Whoever has once lived in the freedom of the soldier, has lived consciously, for him any safe existence has something intimidating about it. He waits in the years of tiring peace hourly for the signal to battle. For him the years of peace are only bearable in the hope that one day the dawn of danger, of coming deeds will rise.

The night was uncannily grey. The sky was full of rain clouds so neither moon nor stars were visible.

We stood on field watch, my comrade. Not far from us rose a fresh mound, which covered the dead body of a comrade who had fallen the day before. The wind whispered around the grave.

Now and again we cast a shy gaze at it. Our voices were low. I myself did not rightly know whether I softened my voice out of regard for the dead or out of carefulness due to the close enemy.

'Whoever falls now does not have to see the homeland and the misery.'

You involuntarily shook your head at my words.

'Death as an escape is cowardice. One should not call it and not seek it. I hate the chorale of the pious: Come, sweet death! Death should find us ready, but not more. We must withstand our fate in its full greatness, we have no choice. Courage is only there, where we take life with all its entanglements in order to shape it according to our will and according to our realisations. What do you know then of what awaits us in the future? What do I know of it? We can only always be equipped, that is all. But that is also the final life wisdom of the soldier.'

I put up my collar, because I was cold.

'The state will hunt us, if we should return to the homeland. It will outlaw us, shove us into the deepest distress.'

You made a contemptible movement.

'Distress is only there, where the person doubts himself. Poverty and persecution can also produce manly defiance, the rebellion of the hearts and thus the mobilisation of all real values. We must just learn to create a new homeland for ourselves in the middle of homelessness.'

After a while you continued, comrade.

'Our homeland is there, where our heart is, and that is with Germany, which despite everything is there. It is just hidden like the moon, which the clouds cannot conceal for all time. We return into a bleak, foreign land, which cannot be any more foreign to us than any other foreign land. But that is what it is about, that in this nearby strange land we carry our warriordom as light. And we bring along our thinking as a living legacy, which demands and forces us to awaken and to call, until the strange land again becomes homeland. We must plant our conquest as a seed into the German earth.'

My heart was heavy, and your words did not manage to comfort me.

'Hasn't everything been in vain then?'

You addressed me with hard words.

'Be ashamed of your despondency! Do you not know then that for a soldier there is never an in vain? No grass grows in vain, no flower blooms in vain, no deed is in vain, no idea is thought in vain, no heart has ever glowed in vain.'

Then your voice became softer again.

'We have just grown out of thinking about the happiness of which the secure ones dream. Let the others become blessed in their dream, what do we care about that. For us being happy no longer means: finding satisfaction in pleasure. Being happy means to us that we serve our idea, that we are allowed to fulfil the duties which grow out of this idea. That is, amid all the disappointments of daily life, the elevating knowledge of our high love, that we are minstrels of our millennium. We sing into the today still deaf ears of our time the message of the coming splendour of the soldiers. Is this mission not more glorious than all distress can be crushing? We go into the whirl of our present with the proclamation: I am happy, because I am allowed to serve! This message lets us hold our heads higher, comrade. The glow in our eyes is the reflection of the world of pride in our hearts. To the cowards this glow may seem demonic, but we know that it is the radiance of the great light of that sacred mountain at midnight. As long as that glow is still in our eyes, it reports that we are able to live a life of freedom amid all the fearful. We want to take care that we do not lose the glow.'

We spoke of the fact that it would be our task to train young men into warriors. Not that we wanted to teach them weaponry. For that other instructors were required. Rather we wanted to pull their souls out of the whirl of pleasure and give their hearts direction toward the land of freedom and of noble duty.

We still did not know where our steps would direct us and where in Germany or out in the hostile world we would one day eat our bread. With us, however, should come the knowledge of the greatness of the liberating deed. To proclaim this knowledge should be our assignment.

'Perhaps', so did you speak, 'in future times Germany's youth will again enter the barracks in order to practice use of weapons. For this handiwork drill will also be required again. I know it well enough from the Imperial army that very often the young soldier initially is afraid of the weapon, yes, that he views the weapon as a burden, which he begins to hate, and seriously thinks it only serves for roll-call. The fear of the weapon is admittedly not so great that it can suffocate the pleasure in the warrior-like deed in soldierly hearts, but it is nonetheless powerful enough to turn the undecided into enemies of danger and to paralyse the will for valour. The instructors in the barracks are certainly not always in the position to awaken and to form the warrior instinct. They will frequently have to be satisfied, through discipline and instruction, to achieve a uniformity of readiness and the greatest possible mastery of the military means.'

'That beyond the love of weapons-which comes from the knowledge of the fact that the weapon is the decisive tool for the victorious conduct of the struggle for freedom-is implanted into the hearts of the yearning, is our infinitely significant political task.'

'We must make sure that the chain of warrior-like will to revolt, which sees in the sword the order of the soul which has become steel, is not broken. We lonely ones are the bridge between the fighting Prussia of yesterday and the soldierly Germany of tomorrow. Hence we do not die in vain. Hence our struggle is more than an example: it preserves the spiritual life of the nation!'

I reflected, and it seemed to me that a glow stood over the fresh grave. What would that be for a glow over Germany, if from all the graves which cover the bodies of those who had once fallen for freedom a glow arose? Never again could night come over Germany.

But was it not enough, if in times of darkness warriors would speak to the boys in order to make their hearts glow, so that the soul with its finest vibrations was able to perceive the glow of the graves?

We were there, I believed, through our example to give a clear goal to the courage of the coming ones. And the high love of the struggle with the weapon should constantly keep awake the instinct for warrior-like readiness, for the highest expression of politics and protect it from any straying.

'We must ourselves be that thorn of discontent', I said, 'which is able to torment the body of our folk, the state, in satisfied and cowardly times. We must prevent the body, even if by force, from surrendering itself to lazy rest, which lets instinct and will die. We have again and again sung that old song of love of weapons.'

'I have desire in the wide field
to fight the enemy
indeed as a brave war hero,
who is loyal and honourable.
Well, the flag waves!
All well to him, who stands by it!
The drums resound far and wide
Lively, lively to the fight!'

'One might for long years yet view us as troublemakers, curse us or smile at us, until one begins to see that a folk dies, if it no longer has warrior honour, and that a nation without the freedom of the soldier is not able to live.'

You nodded.

'Every state conscious of its responsibility toward the nation must know how to create tensions, for solely from tensions emerges the fertilising river of ideas. But the warrior lives in his time, so that these tensions find a settlement. That the warrior in the process consumes himself, is his fare and his calling. His greatness lies therein, that with his high song he transfigures his lot, that he is able to take the terror from the suffering. Look at the youth of a state, which does not live

with tensions: such a youth must decay or wander to a distant misery. On all battlefields of the world it senselessly bleeds to death in the service of foreign folks. Not the youth is at fault, if it chases this adventure, this decoy-bird of danger. The guilt is born solely by the mercenary status, which rests on a deception about the genuine face of the world and the powers moving it. In that we fight for the honour of warriordom, we fight for the eternity of the folk, that is the pride which calls us to attack and to overcome any unworthy condition. That we overcome the temptation of daily life, calm in its security, and the seductions of pleasure, which offers the joys of painless happiness in the corner, elevates us into those regions of soldierly freedom in which to breathe is the privilege of the selected ones. This elevated life, this soaring into the inviolate sublimity of noble loneliness is the aim of our high song.'

Above our conversation the low-lying rain clouds had been ripped apart by the refreshing wind. Clear and cold, the moon shined from the sky and bathed the world around us in a pale, greenish light.

We fell silent and looked toward the enemy.

The War of the Warrior

Der Krieg des Kriegers: Gedanken im Felde

- 1942 -

- 1 -

Awakening

Much earth and sky separate us from the yesterday,
Where we march, is loneliness,
And where we seek, is darkness
In front of the new land.
Our feet are hurt and tired
And very heavy.
Our eyes burn in the night.
Like torches, they glow toward the battle for us
And shine.
No one knows, when his hour comes
Tomorrow.
The sword knows the painful song of death.
Soon the blade is red with blood
In the fight.
We must wander for Germany's space
And freedom.
In the expanse, a fire burns,
It calls us to the fight for space and land
For Germany.

- 2 -

Our Faith

The decisive events of the last years have let understanding arise, even for the most unsuspecting, that Europe and, beyond that, the whole world finds themselves at a world historical turning point.

The rise of National Socialist Germany for the development of its own power and most own essence was supposed to be prevented and the German folk definitely destroyed by the armies of the dying Christian-international millennium.

The unprecedented daring and the Führer's instinct – sure, swift decisiveness have thwarted the plan of the old powers and in an unequalled victory opened the path into the future for the revolutionary freedom ideas of National Socialism.

We stand at the beginning of the greatest era of German history! The Germanic Reich of German Nation, of which the Führer spoke, will assume a form, of which our fathers could not yet dream anything.

For every away German, it is the highest honour and the greatest duty to work with all energies of heart, of intellect and of hand, on the realisation of the Führer's ideas. The Reich of this world, Germany, is our homeland! The actual struggle for the keeping pure of our ideas is our spiritual test.

We want no heaven that is not Germany, we need no saviour, who is not a German! What we need, is the realisation of our heart, of our essence, and the defence of our German consciousness, so that the concepts of duty and honour grow into each other even stronger.

- 3 -

The Reich

As long as there is at all German thought, German consciousness, a German view, for so long is there also a longing for the Reich as reality, as life expression of the German race.

They were probably the loneliest, the most endangered, the most accused of heresy, but they were also the most German, who despised paradise and heaven, in order to live – and to die – the fight for the Reich of this world – for the nation of the German homeland.

We owe it to these few, these chosen, these sublime, that the yearning, even in times of darkest hopelessness and most painful absence of prospects, remained alive as a spark of freedom, which began to glow precisely when the night lowered its shadows upon the souls. The spark was still able to show the goal to the seeking.

The torchbearers of the German idea were without exception heralds, promoters and fighters of the Reich. For there is simply no German idea, which as reality would not have striven to summon up the Reich.

There may have indeed been times in which Germans dared only to dream of the Reich, yes, perhaps only in this dream and from it were they able to live a secret life. But already where the thought of the Reich was hidden as deep mythos in the heart of the aware, the dream was increased through the spiritual readiness.

If the Reich idea threatened to recede from the world of conception of German human beings, a time of terror of intellectual and spiritual confusion, a time of chaos, of lack of direction began. Instinct, the soul's compass, the admonishing and warning voice of the blood, then seemed to have been lost.

The demand for the realisation of the Reich stimulated the energies of whole generations to unprecedented achievements in all areas of art and of science.

What would be our spiritual and racial feeling, what would be the whole property of our gene pool without the Reich idea? It alone is the guarantor of the truth and truthfulness of the blood.

The total National Socialist revolution has taught us to recognise that there can be no German reality at all without the Reich. To be able to live and serve this reality in warlike readiness is the greatest pride and the deepest self-awareness of our soldierly generation.

And we German soldiers know that only the thought of the Reich – of the yesterday, the today and the tomorrow of our generation – is able to give our weapons of death, which we wield, the sole blessing that we have recognised as effective: the blessing of the voluntary bond to the great duty, which is called Germany!

- 4 -

We have heard the Führer!

The radio truck has driven up to us in the forest. Already an hour earlier – hardly that we had received the news the Führer would speak – we shaved (lacking water, one can very well use coffee) and cleaned the uniform.

We now have war with England and France as well! It will become a difficult struggle and we in no way surrender to cheap optimism. But the faith in the Führer's genius is unshakeable. Our enemies have no leader and hence no political faith. We cannot imagine that they over there, our enemies, know at all for what they fight for. Hence they are soldiers without passion.

We will – simply because the Führer has taught us the style of a political existence – fight more persevering, more fanatically and more ruthlessly than our opponents. We have taken a great pledge: Either Europe will belong to us – the purified, hardened in itself, Germanic stamped Europe – or we will disappear from the stage of world history, such as the enemies of German freedom hope.

That the future belongs to us, is certain to us. Certainty that we owe our Führer. To fight in such certainty, is for us soldiers of 1939 the highest, manliest, most warlike happiness, for which our sons and grandchildren will one day envy us!

What a difference to 1914!

- 5 -

The German!

Who can
Guess the love of
The German?
He climbs down
To the very old mothers
Of the earth
And asks them
About the Why
Of their kindness!

Who may
Recognise the yearning of
The German?
He gazes down
Into the pulsating ancient basin
Of the well-springs
Which nourish, preserve
And escalate eternal life on earth!

Who may
Fathom the essence of
The German?
He scoops out the sea
And measures the sky's
Mighty bend!

- 6 -

'The soldier alone is the free man'

The free decision of the will to deed and duty overcomes life's fears.

It was in the last days of August in the year 1939... These days were hot enough that they were able to still provide warmth to the nights. And we soldiers, who laid in the broad forests on the Reich's border and waited for the redeeming hour of action, were thankful to be allowed to experience the star clear nights like a very rare gift of fate.

The few of us who at the last moment had left the desks and factories and gone into the field, gained in these nights access to the narrow and closely guarded district of the comradeship of the young.

In the low four-man tents, which we erected in the thicket – carefully camouflaged with moss and twigs – a candle stump burned, in whose yellow light the one and the other comrade still wrote a letter to the dearest one, to the mother, to the friend, simply to the human being who for him was the embodiment of the homeland, with whom he wanted to hold a dialog one more time before the decision.

But mostly, we sat in front of the tents, the back leaning against the tree trunk and the gaze raised to the stars, in order to send our thoughts to the stars of the homeland and to the tomorrow of the combat. We were men of the severest reality, the reality of war, men who disdained revealing their feelings in conversation and preferred to expel with a dry joke any emotion, but above all, sentimentality.

Only when we, accompanied by the sounds of harmonica, softly sang our songs, the simple, unpatriotic, phrase-lacking songs of soldiers, did a quiet yearning or a soft melancholy probably slip into our heart. The yearning for combat and the test and the melancholy of separation or even of premonition. And then the one or the other found words, to which we listened or which we took up in order to make them more important and binding through our own thoughts.

In one of these hours, it now happened that the harmonica player – after he had already accompanied in many a song – began the melody of Schiller's immortal song: 'Cheer up, comrades, get on the horse, get on the horse.'

We sang the stanzas of this song and were then silent in order to pursue our thoughts.

A soft laugh suddenly sounded in the silence, which peevishly startled us.

A young comrade, who had previously stood leaning against a tree, straightened himself with a jolt and walked around a few steps. Then he laughed once more and shook his head: 'The soldier alone is a free man? I can still remember a time when it went: to the wall, march, march! And that on command we laid down, crawled and carried out all kinds of curious orders. What does drill have to do with freedom?'

For a moment, we all laughed, for there is no soldier for whom drill had never been an aggravation. But then we got serious again.

Had Schiller not suffered under a totally spiritless compulsion, which to him – one of the most revolutionary German poets – seemed unworthy and unbearable, so that he viewed it as no longer compatible with his soldierly honour? Had Schiller not even fled from the suffocating dilemma, from the embrace of stubbornness?

And precisely this revolutionary Schiller wanted to see solely in the soldier the free man? Was this not a screaming contradiction, an unbridgeable chasm between idea and reality? The answer to our questions, we found with Schiller himself.

'Who can look death in the face,
the soldier alone is the free man.'

The soldier's freedom hence begins only then to become reality, if he is able to elevate himself in the experience of combat to that greatness of the will, when the thorn of horror is taken from death through the courage of the heart.

The freedom of the soldier accordingly has its realm in the sublimity in the soul not to be darkened by any terror.

Where it is able to vault over the abyss of horror, where it decides for deed and duty over all petty reservations of cowardly life preservation, the soldier dissolves himself from the lowlands of the daily, advantage-bound, bourgeois thinking of supply and enters into the realm of freedom from fear, where alone the great and liberating deeds are born. So did Schiller feel, and so did we feel as well!

'Life's fear, he throws them away!'

And with the fears, the soldier also throws away what the bourgeois human being, the secure person, has set aside in terms of reservations in heaven and on earth, and what he calls his private sphere!

The unreserved doer, the man of the final decision, elevates himself where the burgher collapses before the horror-filled reality of death. Over the ruins of that bourgeois world, however, the soldier strides as victory over the fears.

Our heart became wide and thankful at this thought.

We had assembled for the final decision.

We felt ourselves as the executors of the warlike will of our nation, which once, in the years of disgrace, had been brought to the brink of desperation by the cowardly and bribable creatures of the fears of this life.

We knew that we were the Führer's followers, who himself thought and acted as a German soldier.

We were National Socialists, whose worldview had been born on the battlefields of the great war, when horror forced people to the decision whether they wanted to be slaves of fear and hence of decline, or freemen, who recognised duty as the greatest relic of this world.

The Reich of the Führer had been created from that so often summoned and so often wrongly understood front spirit, which, however, is nothing else than the ultimate realisation that in the hearts of the brave glowing, passionate will to the liberating deed is able to become political reality through the sacrifice-ready fulfilment of duty.

Beyond dream and mood, this reality had become our German worldview.

Now we laid in the forests and waited for the command in order to prove that our idea, the idea of alert and knowing soldiery, had to be stronger than that empty drivel of the tired and old Europe.

> 'And if you do not risk life,
> Never will life be won for you.'

We wanted to gain a new life, a life in a greater, in a soldierly Germany, in a Germany that was worthy of the highest sacrifice.

We did not know what the next day would bring us. We only surmised that difficult tests and hard challenges awaited us.

And we hoped to be strong enough at the moment of decision to be able to pass the incorruptible court of history.

For a long time, we sat silently after this conversation and our thoughts rose up to the starts, which had already shined in sublime inaccessibility over the yearnings and deeds of our fathers and forefathers.

When then finally the harmonica player took up the song again, we sang it full of reverence:

'Cheer up comrades...'

- 7 -

Comrade!

Comrade!
Now we have again become
A grey Front!
You in the south, I in the north!
And the old, wild songs,
Which the fathers sang in battle,
Who walked in the path of death,
Are also our heart's language.

Comrade!
The great cause
Is the shining beacon:
Germany! Freedom! Eternity!
And the Reich of this world!

Comrade!
Who of us falls
In the great, horrible murdering.
You in the south, I in the north,
Becomes a part of eternity,
Which shines, demands, compels there,
So that the grandchildren one day sing,
Just like we who went out
And weighed their heart in combat.
Germany! Freedom! Eternity!
And the Reich of this world!

- 8 -

The School of the Test

We have all experienced it again, we who have gone to this war, that an uninterrupted chain of victorious battles simply does not await the soldiers, and that the struggle does not consist of only jubilant charges. Yes, that war also must not unconditionally adorn the soldier with laurels in the end, and that only in very rare cases does it know a radiant heroism engulfed in the applause of the multitude.

When, at the end of August 1939, we laid in our starting-points, our thoughts again and again orbited around the coming battles. Would they become battles of attrition like back then in the World War? Would we now soon lie in fields of craters, in trenches, in dugouts?

The first exciting weeks had flown by.

Now we knew how bullets whistled, how the shells burst, we also knew how soldiers die.

But the war looked different than we knew it from the portrayals of those who had fought from 1914 to 1918.

This war, our war, was a hard, swift strike, was a charge overrunning all obstacles and was then a seemingly almost endless waiting.

This waiting, however, became the school of our test. In the long months, we learned what it means to prepare a decisive blow: the will was schooled and concentrated for the hardest action.

The final perfection in the command of the weapon was achieved. The tension grew from day to day, from week to week, from month to month.

We waited for the attack order as for the redeeming word.

In that time, we became hard. We gained the realisation that we were the decisive instrument in the Führer's hand. We had a revolutionary task to fulfil, that we were allowed to be National Socialist soldiers, executors of the nation's political mission, of the mission that only the Führer could give.

The months of waiting served the final, the total mobilisation.

Countless hours, we sat in the circle of comrades, bent over maps and books, and spoke of the Reich.

We recognised the great difference between 1914 and 1940. Here a comradeship grew, which was a community of the will-bearers of this revolutionary war.

The best soldier seemed to us to be the one who could bear the most passionate will and the clearest realisation into the coming battles.

The war experience was shifted from the plane of the fighting state into the sphere of the idea.

The reality of total war had picked us up and transformed us soldiers into warriors.

May 10th brought the elemental expression of this transformation: where the warrior filled by the idea assembled for the assault, the walls of concrete and iron shattered. The strength of the spirit triumphed!

From this struggle, we soldiers carry the realisation into the future that the Reich of the Germans will be a Reich of the total will. Even in peace, we will remain soldiers, who wait for the order for creative and shaping action.

- 9 -

Waiting

We soldiers have learned the hardest discipline: the waiting!

In the beginning, it was only a waiting from day to day, then it became a waiting from week to week, from month to month. A waiting that strained all the energies of the body and soul. Almost to the boundary of the unbearable.

The army's moral value proves itself in the duration for which it endures such tensions. The soldier's spiritual greatness proves itself in that he does not keep only his weapon, but even more so that he keeps his soul clean.

Every indifference ends in neglect. Every neglect summons up the danger of decay.

The Führer gave his soldiers an unprecedented confidence, when he sent them into a far greater danger than that of battle: into the danger of waiting.

He knew of what spiritual greatness, of what strength of self-overcoming the German soldier is capable.

It is said that this war is a war of nerves. Decisive, however, is the spiritual substance. To nurture it, requires constant mobilisation, ongoing readiness, continuous 'lying-ready-for-the-leap'.

The ancient Greeks called fate the 'Kairos', the 'right moment'. Whoever grasps it and understands how to shape it, is actually able to shape fate into history.

This 'fate-strategy' bestows upon the war of our time its actual and essential features.

We soldiers have learned to wait in order, at the 'right moment', to be the decisive weapon in the Führer's hand. The clearer the realisation, the harder the will, the stronger the discipline, all the mightier becomes the success, all the more overwhelming will the victory be!

- 10 -

The Fate of the Soldiers

It was one of those nights of this unforgettable winter; the fierce frost made the step in the snow sound metallic and the iron of our panzers got so cold that the hand twitched at the touch of the grip as if it had grabbed glowing steel.

The sky had already become pale and the stars had lost their radiance when we, coming from rounds, entered the guardhouse.

The small oven still crackled, and we added plenty of coal before we sat down on the small foot-stools in order to gratefully drink the steaming tea that the comrades handed us.

We did not want to lay down. So we lit cigars and began to relate.

It was now already half a year since we had mounted early one morning and turned on the motors in order to drive into enemy land.

Only half a year?

The plenitude of experiences was so great that we thought we had done nothing else for our whole life than to fight! And many a one among us had previously been in Spain, had fought in a foreign land under a different sky, under the flag of another folk, for the idea of Europe's new order. Names fell of lands and states, of folks and cities. Madrid and Vienna, Prague and Warsaw. And around each name round a wreath of memories of unique and unforgettable experiences.

Sometimes our voice became softer, when we spoke of this or that comrade, whom the earth now covered somewhere out there.

Soldier fate!

The term suddenly stood over us like a question, demanding answer.

What is the fate of the soldier?

Is it only the waiting for the order, whose execution can have both as result, glory or death? Is it only the obedient wrestling with the unknown and uncertain power of fate, which lets the one pass through a thousand adventures unscathed and rips the other apart before he can fire the first shot at the enemy in the first attack?

What is the fate of the soldier?

The soldier who saw comrades fall, who often enough felt a fearful premonition in his heart of the proximity of death, sees in fate not that dark, destructive power of which the superstitious are afraid, which the fools aim to uncover and which the stupid want to evade through oracle.

For the serious soldier, fate reveals itself as a gigantic dual, which life and death wage with each other. A duel that – whatever the result may be – must be endured honourably and bravely.

The human being of security thinks himself safe through the sly calculation of all possibilities. He expends effort, fear, and worry in order to be 'equipped' amidst the adversities. The soldier knows that there is no evasion of the duel. The attempt would be not only cowardly, it would also be useless and foolish. Hence he pitches in and compels the moment through the deed.

Being prepared bestows upon him the genuine feeling of security and superiority.

His fate is not called death! That would be a horrible, paralyzing thinking! His fate is called struggle! But this means escalated life! This means being alert! This means being smart! But this also means risking the high prize of life!

Fate?

The soldier fights in the awareness of duty, which carries him far beyond the narrow thought and the fearful calculation of the secured. He knows himself as executor of an idea, to fight for which means proud happiness.

We spoke of how the war of 1939 ever more drew us under its spell.

Were we not – despite cold, sometimes tiring waiting – with joy soldiers?

So many a one among us thinks in quiet hours about his wife, about his children, about the hardly imaginable joys of a coming peace. And too gladly does the soldier let his yearning orbit around planes of the work of a producing, hoping, and shaping.

And nonetheless, the thoughts very soon return to the war, to his duty and hence to his fate.

Fate?

And although the labour pains of this war also drove us ourselves into distant lands and to foreign people, we have always surmised and known that we are the bearers of our folk's will. Of the will for freedom! Freedom, however, without just order and order without bond to duty, does not exist. Hence whoever claims to fight for freedom must also be a fighter for the genuine order – for the just order of values, deceitful phrases should not be his freedom feeling.

Because we soldiers have sworn ourselves to this freedom idea, war revealed to us its law, which we aim to fulfil from full heart.

The love for duty lets us no longer 'endure' war, it instead turns with all its bitter possibilities into an honouring service for us.

We thought about the hour of departure. None of us wanted to hear patriotic expressions, and each of us convulsed with disgust, if he had to read the base flattery from the secure.

We did not want to be 'revered' at all. We ourselves, after all, are bearers of honour!

Back then, we already felt that we went to a war that would bring the decisive battle of whole worlds. This war – this, too, is a part of the 'fate belief' such as we understand it – is a milestone of our great revolution of our folk, which has risen

up to find itself! Hence we have devoted ourselves to this war with all fibres of our heart.

Fate?

This war should let Greater Germany, which we have sought in our yearning as long as we were aware of our soul, into the homeland of our folk.

This idea, which assumed form in a warlike reality, has become our fate.

In order to do justice to this duty, we have mounted. And we will not dismount until we can report the execution of the iron command.

We?

That is not you and I. The foreign earth may well cover us then.

We, that is the soldiers arising again and again from the great river of the folk, who carry the same blood, the same yearning, the same will as you and I. The brothers and comrades of the same 'fate'.

We had not noticed that the early sun had cast its bright red upon the sparkling and glistening snow.

- 11 -

Between the Battles

The shocks of the war release values in the human being, which in calm times would have never come to the surface of the consciousness.

The senses of the soldierly human being are sharpened, his judgement becomes surer, his taste incorruptible. The human being of war is faster in his resolutions, more radical in his decisions.

So it comes that great wars brought not only political decisions, that they were often more so the beginning of mighty spiritual transformations.

War opens up human hearts.

The saying that it makes spirits become brutal is a pacifist lie!

Not only because he has sufficient 'time' does the soldier read. Basically, even in days without fighting, he has no time. But indeed, questions arise in his soul and demand answer. They are serious questions, sacred questions, which are born in the proximity of death, questions that want to have no religious comfort, rather a strong manly certainty as reply.

The war of 1939 is total. It grips the whole folk and the whole human being.

It hence also demands the total decision.

Art is decisively influenced by the spiritual soul transformation of the soldierly human being.

This is proven in the creative art in the years that follows the struggle with arms. But also the taking up of art, the view of art, the sense of art are fundamentally influenced anew. What before the war still wanted to be considered as 'entertaining', can seem unbearable in the war and even more so after the war.

A new yardstick is found in the directness of the ultimate danger: the yardstick of honesty!

This yardstick is radical!

The front soldier no longer knows any lie, any consideration for 'convention'. He hates the phrase and scents with his sharpened instinct everything false, everything sick, everything that is only appearance.

The soldier has the right and the freedom to demand clarification. In this sense, every aware soldier is a revolutionary!

'Society novels', which may have been a preferred spot in bourgeois houses are not heeded by the soldier. He who wants to live in shocks, does not want the flight into unreality, rather affirms only the art, which is itself escalated life! Even

more clear and set is his position on the theater. The concerns and problems of an enjoying philistine do not interest him. The front theater must hence also not make the attempt to 'present' random 'theater plays', which are only 'spectacle'. But indeed, the soldier wants to know and experience 'what the world means'!

Not the actor – and be he the most prominent one – stands at the focus of the soldier's interest, rather the proclamation of the uplifting and demanding idea. Only if the artist is herald of a life-intimate idea, does he become comrade to the soldiers.

There is no real war literature!

For what is generally written and read about war, is portrayal of battles.

The actual experience of war, however, is not the intoxication and the frenzy – hence the brief hour of the attack – rather the overcoming, which lies in the conscious giving up and casting off of everything private and secondary, not belonging to the totality.

Renunciation marks the features of the front-fighter, not intoxication. Also not the horror.

But no writer is able to write about the process how these features imprint themselves.

So the front-fighter is a pronounced opponent of the 'war book' oozing with courage of heroes, which spread the erroneous opinion that the soldier's life is a continuous, exciting adventure!

For the achievement of victory, for perseverance, 'enthusiasm' is less necessary than instead the hard and simple soldierly spirit no longer subjected to mood swings, which benevolently expresses itself in that it forbids the use of patriotic phrases.

The sole, private and personal compensation, which the soldier feels with gratitude, is the mail. Here he is addressed by his most own name, here he feels the distresses and the joys of which he knows that they are reserved for him all alone. Hence he also wants to read nothing of 'encouragement'. Such cheap speeches by people who have a solid roof over their head disgust him. Perhaps he wants to know what it looks like in the village, how it goes with the horses and cows or which work comrades from the city have gone to the field. Whether they live, whether they have written. What the children are up to. In short, he and no one else wants to be asked, he and no one else should provide answer.

This is certainly no remnant of individualism, rather instead the proof that, even in the uniform, there is still a personally feeling, personally responsible human being, who wants the questions and cares of the heart to be removed from him by nobody.

- 12 -

‘No more beautiful death in the world...’

‘No more beautiful death is in the world,
Than who is slain before the enemy,
On green heath, on open field
May not hear great laments.’

If we soldiers think back about the friend, the comrade, whom death has ripped from the community of the comrades, which had formed over the course of many weeks and months – in the barracks first still hesitating, weighing, probing, in the long period of waiting already more compelling, demanding, laughing daringly, then it is like a waving over into that warlike reality, which encompasses us and does not let us go again, even when the days of the struggle are past.

In this warlike reality, the fallen comrades are alive like us, whom death spared. The community is again closed, and we experience in it once more the decisive hours when the heart was weighed and when the will was able to overcome the first paralyzing horror. Dying is only part of the fight. So it comes that the dead soldier does not seem strange among his living comrades, like otherwise a dead person among the living. ‘As if it were a piece of me’, it goes in the song.

The soldier who fulfils his mission and approaches his goal, fulfilment, knows that this goal is surrounded by death. He must stride through the zone of death. There is no escape. No detour, no exception. The relentlessness of this reality compels him to enter danger with open eyes. His path would be meaningless, if it did not mean the fulfilment of his goal: his folk's freedom, which simultaneously encompasses his troop's honour and his own honour.

He wields the weapon, which is supposed to bring the enemy destruction, and knows that the enemy also aims to destroy him: a clear, manly decision, you or I! This decision lets no sympathetic sentiments arise.

Each fallen comrade teaches us that we, too, could rest in his place. The certainty of death's proximity robs him of the terror of the unexpected, of abruptness. But nonetheless, death does not become enemy for us.

If the soldier really speaks once of 'friend Hein', then only to attest that his courage is greater than the fear of death. For to see in death a fried, already forbids

him the love for life and the loyalty to his comrades. Death puts an end to the working. Hence it is always a destroyer. And nobody, for whom his deed is sacred and valuable, wants to joyfully leave his duty. But how great must be the love for duty, how powerful loyalty is able to radiate, if the soldier on the path to the goal does not shun death. The soldier looks the enemy of life in the face and overcomes the fear of him.

Through the overcoming, the soldier grows upward to the actual victor. He stands beyond life's fears. This is his freedom. It is the air of summits that he breathes.

And he despises the people of the lowland, who out of fear of death dare no decisive and liberating deed. The soldier does not risk his life senselessly, for that the action is too lofty – it is unique! But the soldier also knows that the lots that fate distributes are indiscriminate. There is nothing more unjust than death, which often rejects the oldster in order to fall the lad. But that the soldier does not ponder the meaning of the misfortune of his fate, rather brings about the decision unconcerned on forward run, is his greatness, his sublimity, which stands beyond the fearful sophistry of daily life.

'...May not hear great laments!' When we stand before the graves of our fallen comrades, we feel the mission, the struggle, the will for destruction, the hope for victory of the fallen as inheritance and legacy to be taken with us into the decisions, which lie before us.

And the most beautiful prayer that a soldier can speak at the dead comrade's grave goes:

'You can count on me!'

For that, after all, is the most sacred task of warlike reality, to bring the great change into the world. To make the world of sacrifice worthy in that the order, the better, more just life, for which the soldiers died, is brought about. And the dead soldiers speak the most urgent language, the language of iron duty, which calls for fulfilment. An admonishment emanates from soldier graves, which fills the folk's heart with restless yearning: to win victory, which crowns the sacrifice with the sacred Yes. To be worth the sacrifice, is the test of the heirs.

The German folk then celebrates its Heroes Remembrance Day consciously, when the spring wind blows over the graves, when from the old, according to the eternal law of the universe, the new develops. For those who have fallen, died for life. Not a weary, despairing In Vain complaints over the hills. Why do we tend to fire salvos over the grave? Indeed only to provide testimony: your fight, you dead comrades, continues through us to victory, destroying, crushing, making breaches, future promising, winning eternity for the folk!

- 13 -

Duty and Conscience

Nine tenths of war consist of dirt, of waiting, waiting, waiting...
But the tenth tenth – danger, action, overcoming – is the salt of the earth, which spices man's daily bread.

Soldier's humour?!

It does not have the least to do with the usual stupid expressions, the dumb jokes and brainless barracks tomfoolery. It has also never become ‘literature’, just as little as it is suited to be repeated.

It is the amused, fierce laughter of men who have passed through the greatest shocks and have the right to comradely pat death on the back.

The close neighbourhood with death and danger makes the soldier indeed not indifferent to the questions of life and death, but become simple and calm. His calm is often – very unjustly – confused with ‘unfeeling’. The warrior is the German human being who became significant!

The sole exciting fear that the soldier feels is that of, due to a failure, possibly becoming despised by his comrades. To have won their respect through the proof of his competence is his highest satisfaction. The soldier no longer knows the narrow concept of private bourgeois honour, he seeks in his loyalty to his nation's honour.

In the daily routine of duty, which plays out far from the public, which awards no medals and pronounces no praise, the soldier's real bearing proves itself.

The master of war is the thinking and knowing, the political soldier.

The philistine shatters on the brutalities of war's manifestations.

But the stubborn lansquenet also confronts them dumbfounded.

The simplification of life, for which the soldier in war is not, say, educated, which instead confronts him as compelling demand and seizes him, is the folk's true fountain of youth, the bodily and – what is more important – simultaneously the spiritual.

Discipline and drill hold a soldierly community together.

Authority is the backbone of the command.

As important as these demands are, they are out-shined by the greatness of the personal overcoming, which the soldier summons up, when at the dangerous moment he pulls himself up for the deed.

In such moments, he grows upward to warrior, to aware bearer of his folk's honour.

The warriordom purified in danger is the alert conscience of the nation; it carries the front spirit into the homeland and makes it the exemplary and binding bearing, the life ideal of the youth.

The soldier knows of the necessary folkish duty, that next to the graves of war must stand the cradles of young life, if a folk does not want to triumph itself to death!

Dying becomes easier for him, if he can think about it that his blood lives on and that, with this blood, all his yearnings as well remain alive.

Children are the most beautiful heroes' remembrance!

- 14 -

The Reich's Splendor

The Wind,
Which blows over the fields,
Carries the song of the Germans
Into the world
And the sun,
Which shines over the mountains,
Covers German land
In golden radiance.
Germany!

From the expanse
Of the flat east
Arises your Reich
Into the mountain land of the south
To the glaciers and valleys
And dancing brooks
In the north
Roars and thunders the surf
Of the eternal sea
The demonic verse of yearning,
And in the west
Between wide rivers
And dark-shimmering canals
Spread meadows and fertile crop fields.
Germany!

Blast furnaces and deep shafts,
Ploughs and hammers
Forges and spades,
They all sing your song,
The song of the Reich,
Which arose to reality! –
And women stride
Over German earth,
Upright and devout.
Motherly expectation rests within them,
They await the hour
Of eternal life,
Which they donate to the Reich
Yearning
And warriors defy
In pride in the weapons
To bring the decision,
Of the Reich's splendour
Immortal monuments
Of victory to create
Germany!

The rebellion to power,
The great awakening to deed,
The brave will to the final decision:
What would mean the hour
Of fate,
Had the Führer's
Producing spirit
Not come over the Reich
– fulfilling the people?

- 15 -

Soldiers Remember the Mother

We have all had a mother,
Who led us out with tears.
When we said good-bye to her silence.

We have all had a mother,
She spread out her arms as if protecting,
When we came to her with news of our departure.

And today, when we think about the mother,
She steps far away from a forest edge
And waves and greets and calls
And carries a white handkerchief in the hand,
Which is completely saturated from her tears.

But when we wipe the veil from the eyes,
The image at the forest edge blurs –
We hear clearly the lethal hissing of bullets
And grip the rifle in our hand.

- 16 -

Yearning

Many hundreds of kilometres away
My thoughts go forth
To you, you, my bliss
Secret queen.

I see you, I speak to you,
I feel your young blood
And everything is for you and me
So near, so easy, so good.

So many an hour you give me,
When my yearning burns,
So many a night I am with you,
Which distance separates us.

And when the first dawn shines,
The soldier already marches,
For whom the dearest one cries bitterly,
With him his comrade.

- 17 -

The Reich in Yearning and Reality

As long as an alert Germanic instinct exists at all, the Reich finds its expression in the yearning for the union of space and race.

Far from all mysticism and infertile romanticism, German man has fought in all centuries for the hard reality of his right, for the realisation of his ideas and yearnings.

Ideas are not to be grasped as numbers and dates. They rise up from a folk's soul and are shaped by the passion of the sensation, by the deed, into reality.

We know today probably more than sufficiently the abundantly doubtful fates and reports, embellished with miracle stories, of those ruinous twelve tribes of Israel. We are knowledgeable of Hellas and Rome, but we have previously heard very little about the German struggle for life right and folkish reality.

What we do know today already of Theodorich, that mighty Germanic leader, a long time before Charlemagne, what do we know of all the great heralds and singers of German splendour, of the martyrs of Germanic freedom? A darkness lies over the time of the Germanic awakening. But not the darkness of folkish lack of history, the faceless anonymity of primitive primeval folks, it is instead the horrible darkness of a space in which all sources of light were violently destroyed. An ‘objective science’, a slave to folk-hostile powers, has tried to extinguish even the tiniest rays of light of memory, so that today we can, only carefully probing, wander back into the land of origin of your soul and of its yearnings.

Ludwig the Pious, who certainly did not receive his surname, because he fought especially persistently for German freedom, systematically destroyed not only the ‘pagan’ works of art, rather he tried to exterminate everything that somehow reminded of a time that reached back before Charlemagne.

A long time already before Charlemagne, Theodorich fought against the great adversary, the Pope, for the folkish right and the earthly justification of the great Germanic folks: for their space and for their freedom!

He wanted to create a homeland for the young race of the warlike north, for the brave conquerors of the Balkans and of the Mediterranean, for the defiant men of the light, who were too proud to kneel before gods and men. Theodorich's Reich was supposed to extend from the coast of the Baltic Sea to the lands of North

Africa. This was not, say, the dream of a power-hungry conqueror, whom greed drove; this was instead the clear political will of a statesman, drawing from the realisation of his folk's life necessities the energy for will and deed, who had the courage to claim total power in his Reich. He contested the Pope – back then, the strongest political power – any right to co-governing, he wanted to know a free folk living in his mighty land. A folk whose Reich should be of this world!

Step by step, he achieved the realisation of his plans and he was close to the goal of his struggle, when an abrupt death snatched him away.

In the myths and legends, in the songs, sagas and stories of the folk, however, King Theodorich was resurrected again as Dietrich von Bern, as the eternal caller, proclaimer and admonisher, who – similar to the eternally wandering Odin, the white horse rider, by day and even more so in the whispering and rustling nights of the wide forests and the endless plains – did not let the souls of his folk's alertness and yearning come to rest.

Theodorich, Dietrich von Bern, who grew into the embodiment of all freedom yearnings, in his image later absorbs all the other Germanic heroes and leaders. We find in his countenance traits of Odin, of Arnim and Siegfried. He is the good spirit in the mountain, he is the faithful Ekkehart; all the fighters and heralds of the Reich of this world affirm him: Vogelweider, Hutten and Fischart.

The yearning for the Reich and the faith in the final realisation, in resurrection and return of Germanic greatness, interlaces the songs, the calls and even the stammering of the free spirits of the German folk. The great suffering for freedom has been able to kindle the passionate seekers and heralds of our race only to even brighter and greater flames. From this deep passion, from the demonic of our German blood so hated by the darker powers, did they all emerge, the great German state creators, the Heinrichs, the Ottos to the Great Elector, to Frederick the Great, to Bismarck. Even in the times of the darkest and most disgraceful betrayal, the spark of yearning has never been extinguished.

We soldiers see in the Führer the unerring passionate German human being determined for ultimate hardness, who – across the centuries – has absorbed all the legacy and the great obligation of our blood into his shaping will and fulfils the great, eternally alert command of the history of our race: To build the great Germanic Reich of the German nation out of the eternity of our glorious history no longer to be darkened by any power of darkness, which can be deduced at all from the primeval beginnings of human culture and extends into the eternity of coming generations of free German human beings.

We soldiers feel the happiness to be allowed, through the deed with our sacrifice, to help work on the realisations of our folk's most daring ideas and the most elevating dreams. We understand today why our folk was again and again driven into warlike entanglements: for the dark powers of the world, it was about once and for all extinguishing the fire of freedom. But we felt ourselves called upon, in defiance of the night of hatred, to radiate the glow of yearning into the world, and the Reich, for which we have fought and bled, will be the refuge of the true freedom of this world. Our children and grandchildren will be given space and honour

and grow from eternity to eternity for as long as alertness and knowledge, readiness and loyalty, constant and incorruptible men exist, who allow neither satiated rest nor hedonistic comfort to arise. Hence it is necessary that we Germans remain a folk of warriors, for our Reich is a soldierly Reich.

- 18 -

The Discussion of Death

We had driven our panzers into the forest. Carefully, we camouflaged them with fir greenery. Then we scrutinised the weapons, oiled here, de-oiled there, once more checked the ammunition and magazines, took a look at the optics and convinced ourselves in the end that no cotter was missing in the chain bolts.

New we had time to wait for the order for action.

Only very gradually did the thick fog dissipate. Moist and chilling, it penetrated through the tent canvas and the overcoat. We let our thoughts wander home to those who are close to our heart.

And we thought about the enemy – and on the near decision!

The early song of the birds became, the more the sky in the east reddened, more full and passionate.

Then one and the other of us found the words.

The soldier's thoughts usually orbit around two poles: around memory and expectation. And it is often so that a wild laughter rips all the dark veils from the soul, just like a ray of sun disintegrates the fog.

We spoke of this and that comrade, whom the grass now covered. And when soldiers speak of dead comrades, then they did not do this with lamenting words, rather so as if they spoke of one who had only gone on leave and will soon return.

Comradeship is something present, which death does not extinguish. And the dead comrade marched on with his company, through Poland, up in the north, against France, against England, everywhere whither the command leads the living.

The grave is only an admonishment that a soldier's life has elevated itself into the realm of the idea.

And the dead soldier shares in everything that the comrades experience in beauty and in suffering, because no soldier can think or speak only of himself alone, rather only always of the totality of his troop, which is a unit of experience, which can suffer losses and may be replenished with reserves, without losing its character. Not the individual man bestows his face upon his troop, rather experience forms him in the framework of the unit, gives his face the features of determination and hardness. War's majesty never reveals itself to one individual alone, always only to a totality of comrades. But the alert and aware among them will be

especially gripped and shaken and thereby led deeper into the revelations of the essence of that war itself.

One of the first revelations, however, is that death wears a noble countenance. That the ghost figure with hourglass and scythe is a medieval lie. Death also does not come to the soldier as the long expected or even yearned for redeemer. But he is also not the soldier's enemy. Instead he is the great antagonist, with whom the soldier throws dice for the decision of his fate. Without zeal and without great fear, in the calm of the heart, which can ask, when the bullets whistle:

'Is it intended for me
or is it intended for you?'

This calm of the heart is truly no dullness, it grows instead out of the certainty of that realisation, which says there that the highest goal is achieved only at the highest risk.

But what else is the highest goal than freedom?

Freedom, on the other hand, is only born in the hearts of militant people, who from the strength of their will overcame themselves and hence fear.

If then freedom assumes a form, it takes residence in the middle of brave folks, whom it burns the watchword 'folk and state, race and Reich' into the heart.

Weak souls do not hear the language of freedom. They also lack the will to shape the watchword into deed. Only the valiant is the command transmitter of freedom!

He hears the message and girdles his sword for the decisive battle. The flag of freedom should be hoisted on the highest battlement of the castle of this world!

The rungs of the ladder, however, and the planks of the bridges, which lead over walls and chasms, are the bodies of the comrades, to whom the command meant more than the distress of their heart.

The falling man passes the flag on with his last strength. From hand to hand, it wanders so, until one young morning the early dawn light makes it shine from the battlement.

So no fallen soldier also leaves the reality of the struggle. And just as little is the final victory solely the work of the survivors! Command and duty link, in memory and expectation, the soldiers, the dead and the living, to the comradeship, which is indissoluble. This knowledge is more liberating than the thinking about dying can be paralyzing.

'Over graves forward!'

So says a Prussian saying.

The soldier knows that there is no upward without grave and that all the peace apostles, who dream of a 'development', of a 'progress without sacrifice', are vain fools or bribed traitors and deceivers.

The soldier knows how to report of an eternal life. His eternal life, however, stands beyond heaven and hell. Men who were seized by the same fate do not believe that they can be separated after death, the one here, the other there. They are present as long as the command of freedom glows in the hearts of the people

of a folk. They are present as long as the command again and again demands soldiers to duty and deed.

They are present in the eternal comradeship!

'Start motors! Mount!'

The command tears us from words, which had not all been pronounced. A good portion of them we had only thought. From the towers of the panzers, we wave to each other. May the command come:

'Ready for battle!'

We were ready!

- 19 -

The Discussion of Peace

The spring sun shined warm enough that we – covered in our overcoats – at noontime bedded onto the green grass of a meadow, stretching our limbs thankfully and pleasantly.

So we laid there: the arm tucked upon the back of the neck, the eyes directed into the grey-blue sky. The distant clouds carried our thoughts into the homeland.

Homeland! For us soldiers, it is more than a geographical concept. Even more than father's house and family. Homeland is for us the embodiment of everything to which our heart clings in earnest and joy, in passion and dryness, in duty and yearning. And when we speak of the homeland, our thoughts are also aimed at the future, which one day, when this war will be over, should open the gates for us to a new land of the deed.

We say future, too, when we mean peace.

For the soldier who stands under arms pronounces the word peace only with great shyness.

'Later', this is how we indeed speak, yes, later. What all will be there then! And then the one thinks about the girl of his heart, about marriage and family bliss. The others dreams of the profession, of work. The third probably thinks that he has much to catch up later, which – when the war called him – he once missed.

When we went into the field at the beginning of the war, under the impression of the first stormy weeks, under the assault of the overwhelming experiences, we had no room for the 'later' in our thoughts. And when, during the long, hard winter, we spoke of later, then we thought of the war-like deeds, which would await us in the spring.

But now that spring had come and with it the German victory in Norway, the later again assumes firmer outlines in our thoughts.

In our yearnings, we already dare to approach the day that brings Germany peace.

Peace!

For us, more is tied to this word that the thought of proud victory celebrations, of happy reunions. Peace is for us the obligation to so shape through hard work everything that we have conquered in hard fighting that it becomes an eternal possession of our folk. In the process, not only what has been achieved is of importance, rather even more so it is about to solidify and turn into the nation's

spiritual property, what hovered before us in the fighting as yearning, what became new stimulus for us, when we feared becoming weary: the great, free Reich of all Germans!

We had gone out to win, under the Führer's flag and command, the nation's life right and to create for our folk the homeland of this earth denied it by the enemies' hatred.

The consciousness of serving this new and just order again and again lifted us from the soldierly daily routine into the height of the warlike idea, had let us, during the fighting, to contemptuously throw away all the memories of bourgeois security, of calm and safety. – But not, when our warlike instinct puts into our heart the certainty of a mighty German victory, we soldiers, whose pride is the glory of our weapon, dare to give our thoughts to the wandering clouds and to think of the days of a new great duty.

Before us lies the land of the future. Not a mysterious land. Not a land of exciting adventure. But indeed a broad, open land. A land so bright and blossoming like these spring days. A land full of the laughter of children. A land that needs our fists and our will. Above all, however, our heart.

We will remain soldiers for our whole lifetime. We also want to be nothing else than soldiers. Soldiers of duty, of honour and of loyalty. Men who know only one yearning: Germany.

And we will always stand under arms: under the arms of freedom, which do not let us become dreamers, which keep us more alert than ever. When we soldiers think of ‘peace’, then we mean the ultimate readiness to conquer eternity for our folk.

- 20 -

A Father Ponders Over the Cradle

When I look at you in your cradle,
you smile at me.
I and you, we are of one blood,
my boy.

You feel it, and I know it.
You may later curse me
or thank me for your name:
You cannot escape your blood,
my boy.

And you have warlike blood.
You will seek the battle for the sake of its beauty,
and for the sake of honour you will never waver.

Who knows, if you do not one day stride fighting across the fields,
which have drunk your father's blood.

If you then have a thought for me
and silently adorn my name with flowers,
you do not need to be ashamed of those tears,
which you, shyly looking around, quickly suppress.

Perhaps a comrade will also bury you next to me.
We both, after all, are links of the chain,
which bind us from grey prehistory to the future.

Hence, my boy, be like I have been,
so that whoever one day finds you on the battlefield,
that person knows that you have also been worthy of the We.

You clench your fists, my boy?
Rightly so!
The hand that opens
drops the sword.

Open hand, my boy, is not worth much
in stormy times.
Sword and reins slip
from the open hand.
Hence clench your fists, my boy!

The Warrior Revolution

Die kriegerische Revolution

- 1943 -

‘You lonely ones of today, you expelled ones,
you should one day be a folk;
from you, you who have chosen yourselves,
a select folk should emerge: –
and from it, the overman!’

– Nietzsche

- 1 -

Departure from the Bourgeoisie

There was once a time – we wish to say this again upon departure, because we not need be ashamed of our forefathers – when the term burgher had a downright revolutionary ring to it.

Burgher!

Therein laid the defiance of free men who said to hell with the nobility and clergy, the privileges of the princes and the dogmas of the narrow-minded! They followed their path with determination and valued the people of their surroundings according to what they were in reality. And the cities that these burghers built for themselves were towering fortresses of freedom, which thwarted so many campaigns of booty-hungry princes and so many treacherous attacks by power-hungry priests. Because upright men lived in the cities, men who esteemed honour more than leisurely change, a blossoming of culture could begin, before whose radiance we today still stand with reverent admiration.

Not only Sickingen's castles, the many free cities as well were 'hostels of justice', which provided the men of science and research, the heroes of truth, the heretics and the seekers, the inventors and those isolated by the torment of creativity sustenance and shelter, peace and protection of honour, and – if necessary – armed support as well.

When we think about a man like Willibald Pirckheimer of Nuremberg we see a burgher such as can hardly be imagined more capable, honest, learned and knowledgeable of life.

Such burghers one day carried the torches of freedom into the night of obscurantism!

Or we remember the Hanseatic League!

There we meet for the first time a whole band of daring burghers, of fellows who simultaneously had head and heart at the right place.

Hardly had Lübeck become the capital city of the Hanseatic League, when an unprecedented goal-conscious, clever and successful eastern policy began, which was not conducted by shopkeepers, rather by merchants who were not royal in the deepest sense of the term: Wisby, Riga, Dorpat: the city founding of these

valiant, master merchant burghers holds its own against the city founding of the greatest emperors and kings of the world.

The bourgeois city constitutions give testimony to a real order. An integration of the individual into the community and a system of values that classified the individual and the community according to its true values. But that – was once!

The time of the free, upright, in the best sense of the term burgher is long past.

The Thirty Years War put an end to the bourgeoisie or was at least the beginning of the end.

The main reason for that was certainly that the burgher was replaced by the shopkeeper, who was seduced by possessions to pleasure and by pleasure to effeminateness; and by effeminateness to arbitrariness and indifference. The shopkeeper was hated by the rebellious peasants, just like the passionate knights of Hutten's type had to hate him. But certainly, the upright burgher was also hated by the obscurantists who promoted the counterreformation. For the character-firm circles of the bourgeoisie were fanatical haters of the Papists and just as passionate supporters of the reformation. Not solely out of love for Lutheran Christianity, rather much more so from the political realisation that Luther provided the opportunity to escape the compulsion of the church regiment hostile to folk and Reich.

The absolutism of the princes ensured that the bourgeoisie lost its political power, and the absolutist princes were encouraged by their father-confessors to put an end to the 'rebellious' cities spiritually. But the cities thereby lost their documentary will for culture. Nobody still thought about building the proud city halls – testimony to a wonderful self-awareness. But nobody also built the towering cathedrals and churches, for they were less the expression of pious, humble faith in Christ than witness to the strong, pomp-loving communal will.

The burgher indeed still fought against priests and princes for his rights, he still insisted on his old freedom and reminded of his services: but he has been put on the defensive!

During the French Revolution the bourgeois could for a short time gain some revolutionary momentum: the 'third estate' put itself over nobility and clergy, and it was an honour to hold the title 'burgher'. The privilege of the nobility had been broken, not only in France, rather in the whole of Europe.

The burgher was proud and thankful that he could serve as an officer in the army, that he could become a public official. He also paraded his education, which he believed would make him 'free', and he felt safe, if he could amass a protective wall of possessions.

The earlier freedom of the bourgeoisie had become the liberalism of the nineteenth century!

And this liberalism had lost the spiritual compass of its instinct for genuine freedom!

The instinct-lacking bourgeoisie presented the worst sight of decomposition: conceit and pretension here, cowardice, lack of composure and growling there!

The drawing-room became the centre of 'education'. But education had become literary talk. Jews and 'charming' Jewesses faked world pain. The fatherland became too small for the bourgeois soul. It now saw the world as homeland and 'humanity' as brotherhood. The instinct-lacking bourgeoisie happily joined Freemasonry and laughed at the upright man – who had maintained his instinct and saw through the miserable swindle of blessing humanity – as 'backward'.

To be 'modern' meant to fall for every soul catcher in order to participate at any price, to be there, to be able to put in a word, as all these bourgeois expressions go.

The uprooted bourgeoisie sought golden ground – since it no longer had any real ground beneath its feet.

And in order to obtain this very unthankful, very transitory, very mobile ground, it wanted to have its peace and quiet, nothing more!

Under one of the most un-Prussian kings of Prussia, who was even about to give broad authority to ultramontane influences, the expression was coined out of fear of tumultuous conflicts with the 'street':

'Calm is the first civic duty!'

This calm was supposed to contain the renunciation of any political formation of will, yes, of any political view of its own, for the king in question had a dangerous inclination to 'medieval romanticism', as Bismarck politely called his absolutist illusions.

The bourgeoisie – sick in itself – voluntarily went a step further: it saw in calm its first civic duty! The state was to make sure that everything remained nice and calm, so that acquisition could continue undisturbed. The less the state undertook wars, great construction projects, armaments, social reforms and the like, which cost money – and money could come primarily only from taxes, but taxes had to be unpleasant for free enterprise, since they took a certain percentage of the profits and thereby took away the citizen's right to use the money himself –, the more favourable inclined was this citizen to the state! So it came to pass that the bourgeoisie gradually moved into those character-lacking, the so-called 'centre parties', which are neither fish nor foul, and engaged in happy business dealings with the corresponding governments, as it is called in the bowdlerised and Jewised shopkeeper lingo. These parties – whose crowning was an 'Economics Party', which saw the solution of the German question, and beyond that, of the European question, perhaps even of the world question, in the 'economy' – live on in our memory as a caricature of the bourgeoisie. And what has become of this bourgeoisie?

'You burgher' has become an insult of special severity.

This is not the place to say that there are still so-called 'decent people' among the worst philistines. Just as little should the question be pursued here, why one does not totally exterminate this decadent bourgeoisie. (Perhaps only because the burghers can still have good sons and daughters!)

It is simply about presenting in all clarity that the time of the bourgeoisie has come to an end, even if it still knows how to camouflage itself so skilfully. Even if it conforms with devout phrases – naturally just outwardly – in order to thereby have a softening and equalising influence on the 'wild and immature revolutionary elements'.

And here a line must be drawn!

Distinct, sharp and brutal.

The bourgeoisie lacked its instinct and made the mistake to confuse lack of character with life-wisdom. It sought the success of the day and invariably ended with corruptibility of every kind. That made it fail.

In the decisive hour it had to sense that neither education nor possession, neither religion nor 'morality' make free, rather only the deed born from will, characterisation and realisation!

But the decadent bourgeoisie always painfully avoided precisely this deed.

'Whoever puts himself in danger, perishes from it!'

A typical bourgeois expression, an expression from safety, from which one can easily grin, if others take on a dangerous act, after whose execution the burgher tends to step in as the heir, of one or the other, of whoever was killed!

'Understand nothing and fail at nothing!'

With such thinking, there would never have been a Hanseatic League. But a pensioner existence could be comfortable with it.

'One must howl with the wolves!'

A typical picture of the stupidity of the dying bourgeoisie. Well, if the wolf was black, then one piously bent one's knee. But if the wolf was red, then one played up one's 'open-mindedness'.

Peace is what the burgher wanted, peace at any price! But that he finally had to pay the price himself, that did not worry him, for he had prescribed to the formula: 'Don't worry!', and this formula forbade him for all time any thought about tomorrow, about the day after tomorrow, about the future. His 'life-wisdom' forced the burgher to make peace with the conditions, even the most unworthy ones, in the hope to still be able to do business here as well.

So the burgher swore any oath, regardless of whether to dear God or to his great opponent! And in the end he still felt insulted, when nobody trusted him anymore!

We take our leave of the bourgeoisie. But precisely for this reason, we deliver his eulogy for him, but not from the reconciliatory and false standpoint that one may only say good things about the deceased!

Precisely we young Germans who come from decent, honest, bourgeois parents have the duty to say in all clarity why our parental home became too confined for us.

All of us have at some time entered the world of war in order to find new paths that should lead to freedom, not to sustenance.

We have had to free ourselves, initially from the good advice of those who want to help us gain a 'secure existence'.

And the bourgeoisie has protected itself in every respect. It downright lives in security. On heaven and earth, there is no longer anything that cannot be insured.

The suckling was guarded against any future painful surprises by means of baptism.

Even the godparents, who are supposed to make a kind of pledge before the baptismal basin, did not fully believe in the effectiveness of this insurance.

But they took one comfort home with them, that it also could not hurt!

A precious thought!

And one scolded us young, rebellious, restless and yearning people for being thankless, for laughing about it – and going our own way!

We had no reverence for the pension thinking of the bourgeoisie. One was angry with us for that.

This bourgeoisie would have been able to go on vegetating for all eternity without noticing that it had long since died intellectually and emotionally! It 'lived' like an over-aged tree that, long hollowed out inside and full of worms, deceives itself and the world, because it can still produce a few leaves here and there, but can be crushed by any storm.

That is how the bourgeoisie lived in fear of the storm!

Just no change!

It indeed felt the ground shake beneath its feet, hence it also had a superstitious fear of any political or economic, of any emotional or intellectual shift of weight.

Suspiciously, it observed the swelling of the socialist workers' movement, its approach with avalanche-like speed.

The worker threatened peace and security! Hence he was an enemy of the bourgeoisie! Hence the state had to proceed against this enemy by all means!

Kaiser Wilhelm I, even lowered himself to the statement that the soldiers would have to fire on their parents and siblings, if necessary.

So everything was considered 'state-preserving' that could be used to oppose the socialist movement, that was ready to take action for 'throne and altar', these foundations of the bourgeoisie state of peace and quiet.

'The folk needs religion', that is what one heard in the circles of bourgeoisie fearing for its security. The burgher himself no longer had any religion, he was 'enlightened', too 'educated', he joked in his drawing-rooms and did not himself think at all about going to church or even partaking of the Lord's Supper.

But religion had to be preserved for the 'folk'. And 'folk' was everything that did not belong to the bourgeoisie, to the 'elevated strata'. This folk – one already used this war with contempt and lack of value – had to be pious in order to be reined in better.

'Be subservient to the authorities.' A nice statement, behind which every lazy monarch could hide.

A statement from which his silly 'by God's grace' could be derived. And the church helped him in this swindle; for it was 'state-preserving', that is why it received its great subsidies and special rights.

That the worker thereby became a proletarian, did not 'interest' the burgher anymore.

The worst reproach that a burgher could make against an opponent was to call him a 'disturber of the peace'. Peace and quiet came as it were under police protection. And 'disturbers of the peace' were the political revolutionaries who definitely did not want to accept any 'reason'.

Reason also became an empty slogan of the bourgeoisie. 'Reasonable' was the one who 'fit the circumstances', who had 'worn away his horns', in short, one who had surrendered the weapons of his youth, of his courage, of his will, of his spirit to the boom of daily life, who had been broken on the cross for the 'right of a pension'. The political revolutionary was 'impossible', he was society's outside, whom one avoided like a plague-carrier. It would be best, if one immediately locked him in a lunatic asylum, at least the 'family' would not have to be ashamed of him then. For in the decadent bourgeoisie, the mentally ill person was, after all, an interesting 'fashion'.

One treated differently the little revolutionary of the drawing-room, the Bohemians, the cultural gypsies! They were, after all, so 'interesting', so stimulatingly different from the others. One coddled them, one passed them around from family to family, so that they could present their perverse 'ideas' to the husband, to the wife, to the child.

Or when a 'noble Pole' popped up, who championed a political idea that did not appear to pose the slightest threat to the bourgeoisie, then the burgher really thawed out, he let himself be moved to tears, then he even opened his wallet!

Bismarck suffered a lot from his emotional pack of burghers; his measures against the ever more impertinent and rebellious Poles in the Reich's east were frequently seriously threatened not least of all by the 'politics of the drawing-room'.

Oh yes, the bourgeoisie was 'charitable'; if it was about building a tasteless church somewhere, it was immediately on hand. It gladly contributed to an orphanage, and it never looked away when it came to building an idiot asylum for the genetically ill, who for the greater part came from the circles of the degenerate propertied bourgeoisie, in order to assist these 'poorest of the poor'. It was, after all, so noble to do good.

But when the workers stirred, then one called the police. The worker was supposed to be modest and not so pretentious! Why didn't he go to church, where it was preached that all the treasures of the world are nothing compared to the bliss of paradise!

Yes, religion! That is why the burgher preferred to donate money to the people's mission or the Salvation Army or to the home for the homeless!

We have experienced the parties and groups enough, who proclaimed on their programs: Social? – Yes. Socialist? – No.

And who seriously believed to have fooled everybody in the modern era as well.

We want to remember this failure of the bourgeoisie of our day, when we draw the final line of separation between yesterday and today, simply because the greatest danger for our Reich could lie in an emotional and intellectual return of the bourgeoisie condition!

- 2 -

Things Must Become ‚Different'...!

After 1918 we experienced, each day more distinctly and consciously, that an old world, namely the world of the bourgeoisie, the world of the monarchy, the world of the church, had collapsed, and that a still remaining part would occasionally collapse belatedly.

Nothing was spared by the collapse, not even the foundations.

We experienced that even the oath that the bourgeoisie had sworn to its imperial ruler became a farce in the hour of decision. Nobody seriously thought about letting himself be killed for the flown Kaiser.

We also experienced that the 'proletarians' timidly held back and did not think at all about seizing power.

A total vacuum – worse than chaos – had set in.

A time of helplessness.

There was still nothing there that could be built up in place of the collapsed bourgeois world.

It was shown here for the first time with terrible clarity, with brutal soberness, where things must lead, if the 'proletarian' had no fatherland. In reality, he was no longer interested in the state at all. He had been so uprooted and transformed into a worker-nomad that he had also lost the political instinct and viewed the questions of union, the questions of 'class', as urgent.

A really state-forming and politically thinking worker class had not arisen in the struggle against the bourgeoisie.

Where the worker was expected as the heir and even more so as the will-bearer of the future, the 'class fighter' stepped in, who was not up to reality. And he was not in the position to replace the vacuum with his spirit.

The once healthy, action-ready, socialist German workers' movement had become a literary matter!

This realisation must also be made.

The 'proletarian' had failed just like the liberal burgher: both lacked a sense for reality.

Perhaps the poisoned corpse of the perished bourgeoisie had poisoned the proletarian movement! That would have been a terrible revenge of the bourgeoisie, a fateful revenge, because the bourgeoisie was not at all aware of this act.

But it is superfluous to reflect about that; it suffices to ascertain that, in place of the expected and downright justified rule by the worker, the union secretary appeared!

And the union secretary had not been a worker, neither in origin nor in his development. But least of all in his attitude.

The union secretary was a failed burgher, a member of the 'bourgeoisie', neither fish nor fowl. No doer, rather a negotiator.

What a miracle that Jews pushed in, that they felt themselves born for precisely these positions that required not the 'intelligent', rather the 'intellectual'.

And from 1918 onward, one negotiated as one had done in the past: with claims and demands, with compensations and payments, with protests and renunciations. The state in its totality seemed to have become a union matter.

And the union secretaries who had come to the top of the government eagerly searched among the ruins of the bourgeoisie world for building material – perhaps for a new world? No way, their ambition did not go that far. One sought emergency solutions, and so arose from all possible and impossible ruins, which in no way belonged together – on the contrary, they resisted every attempt at integration – the 'state of Weimar'.

This state was in its attitude – if one may classify the sustenance thinking as such – bourgeois, for it limited itself to making agreements with the individual interest groups of the parties and of the economy, which were supposed to have a positive effect on the mood of the populace.

A satisfied mood was supposed to hide the gravity of the reality: Here we felt the legacy of the thoughtless and duty-forgetting bourgeoisie, which even before the World War stuck its head in the sand. Only with the difference that before the World War the bourgeoisie had an external bond through a certain concept of honour, which had indeed been much ridiculed and in part turned into caricature, but which nonetheless exerted a certain compulsion, which was suited to prevent the worst excesses.

The evil manifestations of the period of inflation, which brought the final sell-out of the last emotional and moral values of the bourgeoisie, fully proved that a revolution had not started in 1918, rather only a shift of power to the union secretaries and a more and more proletarianised bourgeoisie.

In the folk – which is not to be equated with the populace – the realisation grew that somehow 'things must change'. A yearning went through all strata and brought people, namely the youth of all camps, together.

But by 'change', one person imaged one thing and the other something else.

The simplest thing was the basic idea: Before the World War things went better for us, hence we want to create a condition that is similar to the pre-war period!

They were not the worst, but also in no way the cleverest, who thought like that. They wanted to rescue themselves form the vacuum by keeping a lookout for a land that had, however, already perished. In their simplicity, which often had something touching about it, they joined a consciously reactionary current and thereby became, however lackeys of treasonous powers. The powers were treasonous, because they wanted to act against the law of history, which does not tolerate a resurrection of a once outlived condition. Even if, with the help of bloody suppression, the development seems to be restrained for a moment.

It was no coincident that the representatives of these simple people consisted for the greatest part of court preachers, clergy, and military dignitaries, of dismissed and angry officials.

It was so easy to wait for the apparent blossoming of the Wilhelmian period as opposed to the vacuum of the republican era. The youth, however, was not in the ranks of these simple people.

Much more dangerous were the groups who intended to bring about the necessary change through a 'conservative revolution'.

The concepts of conservatism and revolution cannot be combined.

The only advantage the 'conservative revolutionaries' had over the coarse reactionaries was a better grasp of reality.

They indeed saw and surmised wither the law of history drove the development, and they at times managed very skilfully to make use of the language of the revolutionaries. But ultimately, they made the attempt to couple the bourgeoisie with the unavoidable revolution in order to then salvage the bourgeoisie as 'state-preserving substance' into the new time, and on the other hand to take from the revolution the passionate clan, to make it 'tame'. The bearers of this view were no revolutionaries, they were at best supporters of a reform idea. But there was nothing left to reform, for the old, perished world had deserved its death. Also, it could not and may not be called back to even 'modernised' life by any 'reform'!

Finally, the 'conservative revolutionaries' would have only achieved a temporary improvement of the condition, but never been able to create a new world.

If one researches the background of these groups, one very soon realises that all the manipulators only had one interest, to weaken the coming revolution and to confuse the ideas.

They intentionally threw together all the revolutionary ideologies of Paris, Moscow, and Rome in order to make the coming revolution harmless – the German revolution!

Things were supposed to become 'different'.

The activist groups of the deceived 'proletariat', robbed of their revolution, hoped to be able to finally overthrow the period of the bourgeoisie by creating chaos. But they did not have a concept of what was supposed to follow. They sought to apply the example of the revolution in the east to Germany. Without seeing that the structure of the German folk was completely different, that Ger-

many needed a German revolution. The proletariat felt like a slave and intentionally proclaimed the slave revolt on the pattern of antiquity. His spiritual bearing was dictated by an unprecedented hatred against his exploiters and a fanatical rage against the groups that had in 1918 carried out a revolt of the bourgeoisie.

There were also groups of rebellious, politically unenlightened young people, who simply wrote 'overthrow' on their banner.

The overthrow is an accompanying manifestation of the revolution, and there is no revolution that does not have the effect of an overthrow. On the other hand, a person who overthrows is not necessarily a revolutionary, for whether the ruins that an overthrow has as a result by themselves create something new, is very questionable!

Between the 'overthrow people' and 'reactionaries', conservative revolutionaries', 'chaos politicians' and what else they are all called, there were swarms of groups and mini-groups, of individuals, honest people and traitors, proud people and bought people, who all contributed to making the path of the German revolution more difficult.

They only performed one service: they brought tension into the coming new world and forced the people who had set out to find the German of tomorrow to discussion, to clarification. People without instinct and unsure people were held back from them, so the real revolutionaries could represent a natural election.

Much has been said and written about the meaning of the coming revolution in the decisive years between 1918 and 1933.

And there was already again a group of intellectuals who attempted a 'literary' evaluation of the revolution, which means, to turn it into literary gab. The events of the year 1933 have thwarted these revolutionaries on paper. When we remember the attempts of those years, we see how necessary the clarification of the questions moving us is, and how great the danger can be of making the meaning of the revolution vague by again letting it become gab!

- 3 -

The Revolution to Find Ourselves

Throughout the centuries of painful German history, there shines the yearnings of the best and noblest Germans for the Reich, for German reality. And German history is full of examples of indignation, of revolt, of reform, of reformation: there is only one example that we do not find in all of previous German history, the example of revolutions!

Indeed, we have had revolutionary thinkers and researchers, statesmen and peasant leaders, kings and soldiers, but to a revolution belongs, aside from the great leaders, also men and women who follow, who let themselves be moved by the leader's idea to the decisive deed; belongs the folk that dares the great leap. We Germans are no folk of revolutions!

The reason for that is that through the centuries we have not only been a peasant folk – there are certainly revolutionary peasant folks, and ownership of property is in no way a prerequisite for conservative thinking, this basic misconception must also be cleared away – and the mental character of our folk is also by no means tame, rather that we were a so unbelievably unprecedented disunited folk, both geographically and especially emotionally, so that a German image could be created out of the mosaic only through difficult fights.

So we were saved up for our revolution, which will become the most modern and comprehensive one. Will become! For we still stand at the beginning of our Reich's evolution – the end goal of our revolution – and it still cannot be foreseen when our revolution will be ended!

But what is a revolution?

We have first delineated what it is not: it is not to be confused with its outward expressions, with overthrow and rebellion!

Revolution literary means: turning around.

We want to examine this term.

A raft, for example, that is overloaded, turns around.

In a revolution, the foreign and incompatible incrustations that have emerged over the course of centuries are burst, so that the primeval substance of the folk is exposed. The path is thus laid open for natural growth.

Now it becomes clear that an injustice does not, even through a thousand years of compulsion, become right. Becoming accustomed to this unworthy condition proves insufficient to continue this condition.

The natural right of the folk for life and free development is the strongest motive for this 'revolution', and it depends on the energy and consciousness of responsibility of the Führer, the executor of this folk will, whether the revolution proceeds with a mighty jolt – which has as a result bloody chaos and brutal excesses – or with a clear, superior discipline.

The folk will alone is not capable of a revolution, it can explode in destructive rage, it can take terrible revenge, but it cannot do more. Only the folk's leader shapes history out of the revolutionary fate. He carries out the folk's will in that he makes his will, which is the concentrated folk will, the law of the revolution, and burdens himself before history with the responsibility for the folkish fate.

We Germans are somewhat attached to the concept of order. We say of a person – whom we esteem due to his straightforwardness, due to his strength of character – that he is 'in order'. And we 'put in order' something that has somehow been disarranged. Even the world! Not out of swooning idealism, rather from the realisation that we ourselves can only have and live in our order, if our surroundings are also in order. Order is only possible within the framework of the whole, there is no partial order, such as, for example, there is no partial health. The health of one limb is secondary, if the heart or the head is not in order.

We Germans want to find ourselves in the revolution, our natural, unspoiled nature, we can call it our creation-order, our mission. When we have found ourselves, the duty faces us to create order, an order of values, a life-order, or whatever name we want to give it.

The breakthrough to order is hence our revolution, seen from the totality of history!

But how did the German revolution come about?

It was not preached to us by an angel. No dear God chiselled its commandment into stone or iron for us.

It does not come from a revelation, rather from what has been suffered and experienced.

When the World War came to an end, it had long since held the great court over the German.

Not a court of God.

Rather a court, before which every German was asked about his 'justice', about his proper place in the order. A court, before which each had to account for his action. The beginning of the World War had shown that the young bourgeoisie in its best strata was fully capable of enthusiasm. The enthusiasm frequently had something exaggerated, something frantic about it.

But nonetheless, the young bourgeoisie proved that – even if it had not previously known how to live consciously – it could die very decently.

When we examine this fact more closely, we come to the realisation that the strata of the bourgeoisie directly involved in the war underwent an unprecedented transformation. Through the suffering of the war, it has initially lost its bourgeois nature. Everything that life had previously had to offer in terms of pleasures and charms had become unattainable to the soldier from the bourgeois-camp.

But it very soon became clear that a life without these pleasures and charms was bearable.

The war made the requirements seem insignificant, it let them be reduced to the lowest common denominator of simplicity. The next realisation that the war provided was that for a solider, it did not come down to the certainly nice values of education, rather that for him the – previously viewed as barbarous – characteristics of discipline, readiness for sacrifice, courage and comradeship were required.

The war transformed the battle-capable strata of the bourgeoisie, yes, it melted them down and shaped them into soldiers.

And these soldiers no longer fit into the old bourgeois world. They frequently could not even spend leave in this atmosphere, which had become unbearable for them, and they realised, not only instinctively, that their homeland was among their comrades.

The war showed here that it was not only able to expel the previously held apparent values, rather that it was able to give new values to the people transformed by it, or, more precisely, to give back to them a value thought long lost: instinct.

Instinct let the soldiers to over the course of the war ever more clearly realise that the time had come for a great transformation, for a turn around.

But the numerous groups of the ‘proletariat’ as well, which – loyal to their international position – had been opponents of ‘militarism’ in every form, hence especially of compulsive military service, became, as soon as the war drew them to it, gripped by the great transformation.

They experienced through the shared distress that – beyond all international theories and ideologies – there was indeed a fatherland of all those who are of one blood, independent of whether or not they affirm this blood, this fatherland. For the enemy bullet did not choose among the soldiers. And the soldier was now the bearer of the fate of this fatherland, of the nation, which suddenly revealed itself as a reality. So the war elevated the men from the bourgeoisie in the same manner as the men from the proletariat onto a new platform of community of fate.

That was the beginning of the great transformation.

And just as the dying bourgeoisie could no longer understand its sons, the sons had grown away, been removed from it, so could the proletariat as well no longer bind its sons.

The experience of the war undertook the reevaluation and gave birth to the new Germany, the land of the sons. And these sons lived in the warrior land of

comradeship, in a land that had its own laws, own forms of life and death, own appraisals and its very own style.

While the new Germany came together, the Germany of yesterday continued to vegetate. The great political will, which would have been able to lead the Germany of yesterday toward the warrior Germany of the future, which would have been able to draw the whole Reich into the beginning to turn around, was not present.

The Germany of yesterday continued to live its morbid lifestyle and denied any warrior lifestyle access.

It is no fairy-tale, rather a bitter political truth, that the war of the soldiers was betrayed by the intoxication of the homeland.

In the homeland, that means in the safe rear area, sat the rotten, spiritless, unthinking bourgeoisie, loyally paid its taxes and war bonds, prayed piously for victory and waited for the 'miracle'. It had no energy to do anything more. It could not even defend itself against political insects brazenly crawling over its body. The proletariat in the homeland, was in the hands of the union secretaries, who now for the first time and with all passion enjoyed the intoxication of their power.

'All wheels stand still,
if your mighty arm wants it.'

That is how one of their nihilistic songs goes. It was less a mighty arm that could stop the wheels – the gears that drove the machines that supplied the soldiers at the front with weapons and ammunition – than whatever Jewish mind. But the 'proletarian' lost sight of that, for he had lost his instinct.

While the new German emerged in the field under the experience of the great severity of war, and the comradeship of those shaped by a shared fate led its dangerous life, the homeland was shaken by disgusting interest fighting between the attacking union proletariat and the helpless bourgeoisie.

There were also conflicts in the field to endure.

Not everyone who went to war was transformed, the war did not shape everyone into warriors, into conscious bearers of soldierly duty. It did not let everyone enter comradeship. Not everyone was worthy of the brotherhood of fate.

There were many – and at the end of the war there were even more – who were only unwillingly forced into the new world and who were, as it were, homeland people on leave.

These half-soldiers, these intermediate citizens of two worlds, had to be expelled from the comradeship, if they were not to poison it. And comradeship thoroughly took care of the process of expulsion. It no longer had anything in common with the 'shirkers'.

The core of the soldiers, which came together in comradeship, was small, but healthy and firm.

A type of warrior emerged such as no poetic image can portray more powerfully: a face that had become square and hard through deprivations, lack of sleep, through tremendous physical and emotional stresses, through blows of every kind. A gaze from eyes that sought the enemy with eyes that had become narrow,

lips that were pressed together and only seldom still opened for a laugh. The face framed in the grey of the steel-helmet. The body covered in a torn, soiled uniform. On the belt the pistol, the hand-grenade, the spade.

And this warrior lived from month to month, in summer and in winter, in the trench, in the dugout, in the bunker, was always in readiness, constantly faced death, horror and pain.

Here a humanity emerged that embodied a new reality that was so shocking that even the loudest shouters of the homeland fell silent at the sight of such a man.

When the World War came to an end, the last separation between both worlds emerged.

The homeland again took in the half-soldiers and passed them along – without them having been transformed, melted down, changed – to the groups of the bourgeoisie and of the proletariat. But the boundaries of these groups had already become blurred, and during the first years of the post-war period they flowed into each other more and more.

The half-soldiers convinced themselves that they had a lot to 'catch up' and contributed a lot to the total inner decay of the homeland. The 'worker and soldier councils' recruited their replacements from them, and the half-soldiers were splendidly suited for 'soldier' union secretaries.

Only the men of the comradeship, the warriors, the members of the new Germany, did not take the path back.

Because they had found their own, fitting, real order, they did not subordinate themselves to the arbitrariness of the homeland.

Some of them went with the Freikorps to the east in order to, with the comrades, secure a new homeland on conquered soil, others began to settle or otherwise tried to make their way in life in an honest manner. They rejected all the temptations of the old world. They did not repent!

Now one of those men, who in the war had experienced and suffered the new reality, who were able to consciously remain apart from the world of both the bourgeoisie as well as that of the proletariat, one of them, who had grown into the sphere of the new Germany, is the Führer of the German revolution, Adolf Hitler.

He had to have been a front soldier, he had to have experienced the war in its hardest reality, he had to – as a simple soldier, who was allowed no alleviation – have taken upon himself the most difficult tests of endurance, in order to be able to measure the distance between yesterday and today.

If we understand that, we can comprehend the revolutionary might of the statement.

'I, however, have decided to become a politician.'

Here, the warrior, who – in experience and suffering, in overcoming, in the concentration of the will – elevates himself to a German who has become politically conscious, capable of a totally new view, of a new appraisal, of a new order, of a new reality, in order to thereby save the Reich from the 'homeland' by making

the spirit of the front the law of the German Reich. And the warrior revolution hence leaves the sphere of ideas and enters the realm of reality! The spirit of comradeship – the federation of the honest, of the brave, of the incorruptible, of the doers – should give political shape to a new Germany.

Germany should become German!

In these four words lies the whole 'program' of the warrior revolution, the revolution to find ourselves.

But what is German?

Again, the answer can only be provided by the soldier, who has experienced and suffered how dreams, theories and ideologies pale before reality.

The realisation gained in the war goes:

The essence of the German only fulfils itself, if the German – far from any reservations – is faced with a task that demands the utilisation of all his energies, physical, mental and emotional. Only through tremendous exertion of tearing himself away from everything that pulls him down does the German become aware of all his energy. He finds himself and recognises his immeasurable strength, by means of which he can, through its clever utilisation, organise his world in defiance of all opposition.

What is Germany?

Where the German has found himself, he realises with a shock how much he wasted in deeds and thoughts as long as he was alien to himself. And he recognises all the forces and powers that have managed – with much treachery and clever words, with all possible pretences and claims, with temptations and threats – to divert him from this path to himself and to lead himself into a distant and foreign world.

He rises up against these forces and powers, and – even if they may seem too dear – rips himself free of them, in order to walk his own path in the whole meaning of the expression.

The second realisation gained in the war goes:

In simplification, in becoming simple, lies the prerequisite for the strongest concentration of the will.

The over-bred intellectual turns reality into a complicated, opaque structure of questions and puzzles and thereby buries the core of the truth.

Soldierly thinking, however, is not simple or primitive. It is healthy and natural. It has no desire to leave reality, rather the opposite, to fully measure reality.

And the third realisation gained in the war goes:

The yardstick of reality – newly created through the regaining of instinct – must be applied to all manifestations of life, of politics, of the state, of the folk.

Not the war, rather the simplified and natural bearing that has been born in the war, must be carried over into 'peace'. The folk must become soldierly. It must begin to live based on soldierly thinking.

Then the question 'what is German' can also be answered. For the German who has found himself in the war realises that his essence is at its core since ancient times soldierly, warrior-like. And that a treasonous, cowardly world once set out to 'tame' him, to rob him of his passion, of his demon. The rebellion of his

yearning blood was supposed to be rendered harmless by damning his blood, by demonising his glorious demon!

The German is in his racial origin warrior-like.

For the German comes from a land with a very hard reality, from a land in which, out of the roughly 360 days in the year, about 300 days are darkened by rain, fog, snow, storm and clouds. And only about sixty days belong to the sun. The race that grew in this land had to have a boundless faith in life in order to endure this hard reality. And it has to summon up glorious defiance in order to affirm this life. A devout certainty was also needed that – despite cold, despite snow and ice – the sun would return victorious in the spring and summer in order to expel death with its life.

Certainty and sublime defiance have been the character traits of the Germans since ancient times. They have remained the features of the soldierly bearing of Germans.

Among the features of German folk character are also desire for conflict and danger, the pluck that for fun can bring proof of strength and courage without asking for reward.

Plus there is something else: one of the character traits of the Germans is holding watch, standing before the mast, the yearnful searching in the star-filled sky, in the clouds, the listening to the rustling of the wind-stirred forest. There is hardly a folk that is so flooded, so permeated by the universe, so moved by the law of nature, as the German folk.

But precisely the inner tie to essence, to life passion, gives the German by race no rest, rather the unrest that carries within it all growth as life-seed and unrest itself. It tolerates no standing still, rather always pushes for change.

The German who experienced the turning around of his essence is no longer ‘good’ in the bourgeois sense, rather truthful!

That is a huge difference! For a genuine person is passionate, daring, even wild.

The civilised burgher, who unjustifiably calls himself a ‘cultured person’, is afraid of the essential human being and would like to dismiss him as a barbarian. He no longer knows that any culture can only emerge from the genuine essence of a folk that fulfils the laws of its race. Therefore, there is also no such thing as an international world culture, rather only a culture of the race.

War makes these boundaries – which have become somewhat blurred during the lethargy of long, satiated and lazy time of peace – recognisable again.

And war teaches that only that folk can fight triumphantly, which knows how to consciously mobilise the values of its race.

Reflection on one's own value is the unavoidable prerequisite, without which a war goal as well cannot be proclaimed.

War has taught all that to its pupils, its disciples.

The German soldier, who experienced his revolutionary transformation in battle, no longer saw in his view of the world the narrow, very arbitrary and hence also in no way permanent boundaries of the state, rather become acquainted with the world as a sum of races and folks, who – more or less consciously, more or less bravely, more or less cleverly – struggle for right, freedom, space and life.

This realisation did not shock him. At most, as a consequence he threw over the 'doctrine of love' and 'religions' ballast, which had up until then had the effect of emotional burden, because they tried to veil the facts of struggle and to hide and theorise away the reality of life.

The soldier took his own position. That was his revolution! The penetration into essence freed the German from the illusions previously confusing him. His world was thereby admittedly 'ridden of magic' – and only the obscurantists, who had up until then lived from this magic, can regret that-, but it became honest and genuine.

If one asks a soldier about the meaning of the struggle, he will – if he is a conscious warrior – not speak of the defence of 'throne and altar', rather he will say that he bears arms for the development of his folk, for the life-right of his nation, for the order of his race.

And he has thereby found his yardstick.

He no longer knows any 'being good' as such. For him, everything is tied to his folk as purpose. A valuable person is a person who puts his value in his folk and for his folk. Whoever carries his value into the desert, is a traitor!

A simple morality?

Yes! But an honest one!

Only anonymous powers have an interest in another morality.

Let us just take some examples!

Thomas Mann, a traitor, complains with many phrases about the results of the warrior revolution of the Germans. He claims that we Germans unconditionally want to become barbarians again, and yet are in the world in order to be loved!

What would that look like?

We would have to throw away our weapons, sink our ships, surrender our living space – so dearly bought with our blood – to the Poles, Czechs, French, separatists and church princes and who knows who else, become defenceless and – let ourselves be loved! As oddly perverse this 'being loved' is, we remember quite well from the years after 1918!

We would then again become a folk of 'poets' and 'thinkers' in the bourgeois sense.

As a folk of 'poets' and 'thinkers', we would again dream our Reich in the clouds and sicken emotionally and mentally from our yearning. But – we would be 'loved'!

In reality, there is no 'love' at all among folks, for the world is no garden in which pining folk lover couples leisurely stroll. In the world there is a respect for the strong, honest folks true to their nature, and contempt for the others!

That is a reality, which the warrior revolution has taught us to recognise!

Only weak characters, who prefer the hot house atmosphere over stormy reality, can view that as a regrettable slide into 'barbarism'.

On the other hand, that the hot house atmosphere is not only unhealthy, rather downright genocidal, is something we have experienced in the bourgeois union secretary attempt of the League of Nations. A collection of unrealistic fools here attempted to practice a 'world politics of love'.

We likewise still remember the catastrophic nonsense that came out of it. That this League of Nations also made the infamous attempt to turn obvious injustice into right through gradual acclimatisation, has not been noticed by all observers. And even fewer people have noticed that the money of wealthy powers – hence bribe money – was used to make propaganda for this acclimatisation, because, after all, the majority of people have an almost superstitious fear of getting to the bottom of things or of thinking an idea through to its end!

We know that the League of Nations was not founded by soldiers, and that says everything.

It was an instrument of power of corrupt England and hence a production of the bourgeoisie of a period that was stuck in the 19th century and hence belong to the manifestations of the old world.

The new world of the soldier was just emerging, since the warrior revolution of the Germans still had to take political shape.

Another example!

We still remember exactly the 'humanity movement' that Freemasonry promoted. Everything was supposed to be the same which had a human countenance. Sentimental citizens came in droves in order to participate in such an obviously 'noble' work! Out of sheer charitableness they did not notice that they were nothing but tools, stones being chiselled for the 'Temple of Salomon'. They did not sense that they were being taken from the basis of the nation, emotionally robbed of race. And this faceless humanity, whose temple was supposed to be built, was a wild conglomeration of the bastardised and the deformed.

That the bastardisation was even presented as 'progress', shows the decadent alienation from reality of all those who let themselves be baited.

The warrior revolution puts an end to this nonsense.

That here as well the natural is again restored, can seem regrettable only to the mentally ill or certain anonymous power-politicians.

No 'idea', not even the most perverse and decadent, is conceivable as manifestation without power-political intentions. The secret leaders of Freemasonry were very real power-politicians!

The warrior revolution, however, teaches its people to think within the framework of nation and race, and to suppress any attempt to make a breech in this unity of the folk or to bring confusion into the thinking of the populace. It is understandable that the supporters of the warrior revolution, and especially its executors and leaders, attracted the loud hostility of the beaten, anonymous power-

politicians. The screaming that resulted is nothing other than the well-known 'stop the thief' of the swindlers! The new German has no thought of joining any supra-governmental groups, movements of federations: his thinking has become too natural and essential.

That is why the anonymous power-politicians are so very outraged, because the leader of the warrior revolution has taken from them the people, the victims, the building blocks!

They still, again and again, make the vain attempt – if they knew the German reality, they would forget it – to separate the Führer from his folk.

Conditions are similar with the church – the individual denominations are unimportant in this context. The church proclaims – whither it claims the authority, is not relevant here – 'God's' will. Unfortunately, this truth is not proclaimed through the mouth of angels, rather by people, who despite all consecrations still remain just people. Even the absolute word of God – presuming it exists – is thereby made human and loses its divinity.

Since the church does not want to be race-bound – if it were, then it would be the product of the Jewish mixed-race, for despite all silly attempts there is neither an Aryan old nor an Aryan new testament – it must proclaim the 'humanity idea'. The heralds, the priests, invariably become agents of a very real political power that wishes to steer the world according to its will, which it stresses, even though without proof, is the same as the will of the God it proclaims.

The warrior revolution thwarts this plan as well. Not out of 'hostility to religion', rather out of self-conscious love for the folk, which makes it a duty to fulfil the law of race and thereby to serve order, which the agents of the church as a world power would have to recognise as 'divine'. That the alleged 'mission order' – proven to be a rather late New Testament forgery – arose from the church's strive for power, is generally known.

New German man consciously rejects the mission order and devotes all his energy to the folk, from which he cannot – as Paul wishes – remove himself. The political kingdom of God on earth, the church, has no claim on him anymore. The rage of those disappointed power-politicians is understandable; it just should not describe precisely the supporters of the warrior revolution, who erect the lawful order, as 'godless'. For they thereby disrobe precisely their God of his creator dignity and his creator identification!

We see from these few examples how much the warrior-revolution, through its reflection on its standpoint, must attract the hatred of the old world and the rage of all non-folk politicians. But it cannot and may not, – for the sake of truthfulness as well, and without endangering the work – evade the hatred and the rage.

The warrior revolution has united within it the new man, he no longer stumbles between dream and deed, nor between two worlds! He has his feet on the ground again, he has found his home again. The deeper he can sink his feet into the ground of reality, the closer he thereby gets to the sources of knowledge, the

more steadfast does he defy the attacks of his environment. Since his transformation took place through a conscious warrior revolution, he does not hesitate for a moment, he does not wonder whether he should escape the furious attack by the opposing powers through an 'obliging' bearing. He does not want to 'oblige' himself at all, quite the opposite, he has realised that any connection between the dead and the living cannot awaken the dead – to believe that is a matter for unrealistic dreamers – rather the opposite, it must lead to the killing, to the poisoning of the living.

This reflection is naturally followed by demarcation that makes any mixing of the ideas impossible.

The question 'what is Germany?' must be expanded with the question 'who is German?'

The German who has found himself through the warrior revolution has found a very simple, but all the more reliable yardstick.

For him, German is only the person who also has the courage to draw the conclusions from the knowledge of German essence. Precisely that elevates Germandom from the 'literary plain', from the basin lowland of discussion.

The warrior-like man does not judge according to very cheap 'good will', and even less so according to the sentimental 'good opinion'. Whether a passive dreamer means well or not, is totally indifferent to the warrior-like man. Life-value decides, and whoever – despite 'good will' – is not able to perform a good deed, to transform his will into work, that person simply has no value!

Comradeship is only possible where people fight for a goal, not where they dream about ideology!

The dreamers and gabbers have their 'cliques', which we know all too well. Comradeship has nothing to do with such cliques. It is superfluous to undertake more demarcations here!

People come together in cliques in order to 'become' something through petty intrigues that have no lasting significance.

But in comradeship, men stand together who fight for an idea, which totally fills them, that calls and compels and demands them, so that they feel themselves to be executors.

No German lives in cliques. He also does not make use of them.

Only he may call himself a German, who is ready to shape his nature in the deed.

We have too often experienced attempts to 'philosophically' dissect German essence – and to theoretically distil out of German man either a completely over-educated idiot or a spiritless ascetic – to not set about freeing ourselves from theory through deed and from dream through reality.

Just as the solider does not allow himself to be patted on the back by any philistine with the words 'comrade', the aware German also forbids the familiarity of all possible negative or even anti-folk elements with the term 'folk comrade'.

To the populace belongs – this is one of the realisations of reality – very many fellow-travellers, very much ballast in the form of undecided, indifferent people always bored as a result of their own inner emptiness, whom one can, even with the best will, at best call German-speaking fellow citizens.

The real German will always keep a proper distance from them. He will also never try to 'convince' them with words, overrun them with propaganda or convince them. For where there has once been an inner vacuum, no new tension can be created through persuasion.

But whoever wants to live in the new world of the German, this is demanded by the men formed by the warrior revolution – must not only carry tensions within himself, rather also be able to provide tensions to his surroundings.

The new Germany must be a folk body laden with energies. For only the most energetic folk – emotionally, mentally and physically in the same way almost bursting with life-joy and action-readiness – is in a position to conquer its place in the struggle for a new, revolutionary order and to hold it.

Reality does not spare the dreamer, even if his dreams are ever so dear: the awakening demands the deed!

There may be folks that are so fat that they can no longer participate in the shaping of the world. Such folks must reconcile themselves to being shoved and pushed back by strong, youthful, attacking nations, in order to at least still be useful as building material, as foundation!

The German does not want to allow the law of action to be taken away from him. Due to the shocks of fate to his folk and his race, he has awakened to a very dangerous liveliness, to a, if necessary, ruthless reality.

Only whoever is ready to fight for reality – which, after all, also brings the achievements of all the yearnings of the best of the folk – may hence call himself German.

There is no being who raises the claim to be valuable, who does not simultaneously aim to deduce a life-duty from his basically still quite cloudy 'life-right'.

Consciousness of value heightens consciousness of duty!

The revolutionary has frequently also won his consciousness of value from consciousness of duty. Yes, a compulsion that wants to stop him from doing his duty – which arises as ethical demand from the fulfilment of the commandments of reality – could trigger revolutionary thoughts in him. The warrior revolution has indeed written upon its banner the final and most sacred concept of duty, which only the soldier can win in the decision, as the 'program' of the revolt led by it.

And so it is that only that person may rightly feel and name himself a German, who affirms the warrior revolution of the new Germany.

There is no longer any possibility of discussion about this with bourgeois elements of the old world.

The statement:

'The Führer is Germany' can only be comprehended by the people of the new order, who know that the most lively will, which the Führer embodies, is the concentration of all soldierly deed and all soldierly yearnings.

The leader idea cannot be explained otherwise.

The bourgeois world wants to judge: 'Whoever does not want to do his duty, can always still be a private person. And as long as this private person does not: "do anything wrong", he is to be respected and protected as an honourable man.' The new world sees in the person who does not want to fulfil his duty a traitor and refuses him any honour.

That can only be decided and carried out by the leader who simultaneously has the trust of all the people who have been transformed and shaped. They trust in his justice, but also in his immortality! For there is no loyalty without relentlessness. Loyalty would be dishonoured, if the traitor were not eliminated!

There is no honourable team that tolerates a traitor in its ranks.

All 'administrators of justice' must come to terms with this warrior-like reality. They must also come to terms with it that a warrior-revolution recognises no 'neutrality'. Here it is about decision, about clarification and explanation.

The 'neutral' – who in almost all cases just lies in wait in order to join the obvious victor at the right moment and thereby participate in the booty – is shoved aside or even trampled. His death is noticed only with contempt!

That is certainly not an appraisal that the warrior revolution only undertakes externally! Quite the opposite!

Precisely the 'contemporaries' – who want to enjoy the period – have the same pitiless yardstick of justice applied to them.

Whoever wants to escape with his reservations from the total reality of the revolution, undertakes nothing other than a flight from duty. Hence a desertion!

And precisely for that, warrior thinking does not have the slightest understanding.

In war the comradeship of the aware and the decided, of the eternal volunteers, invariably separates itself from the band of the lukewarm, who – as soon as the danger is over – always tends to join in when the booty is to be divided up!

Comradeship forces the decision, it alone is able to give a face to a whole team.

It is the core folk from which the rivers of energy flow to the whole troop.

Comradeship stands beyond any thought of opportunity; and no opportunist comes to it – simply because every danger carries with it a risk, and the danger that accompanies war and the warrior carries the greatest risk, death! To the community of folk that has found itself in the revolution belongs only the person who in truth affirms – with his whole will and with all his passion – the nation and its reality, the Reich.

Community rests on decision, not on the coincidence of birth!

Nobody is born a German, at best, he comes into the world as a member of the Germanic race, as Aryan. He only becomes a German, when he gains consciousness of his blood, when he decides his will for the fate-community of the German nation.

The so-called 'coincidental Germans', in their lethargy and irresponsibility, do not have the slightest right to hide themselves behind the shield of the 'folk community' and to raise a claim to 'security'.

The 'coincidental German' must be thankful, if the aware German – let us call him the 'German by will' – tolerates him, if he allows him to lead a comfortable existence, which is, after all, only made possible by the sacrifice of the warrior-like German.

That comfortable life is contemptible to the German by will and not desirable for even a moment. That the coincidental Germans do not infiltrate the Germans by will, is the concern of the state, which is responsible for the preservation of the order created by the warrior revolution.

In contrast to the democratic coexistence of people of coincidence and people by will, the warrior revolution has an aristocratic principle.

Through the order of value there emerges a very clear election, which is crowned and concluded by the Führer.

And this selection – the hardest warrior substance of the nation – is simultaneously the most ruthless champion of the revolutionary idea.

It knows no compromises, no half measures, it is anything but 'darling'.

Its essence consists of truth.

That is why the selection gained by the warrior revolution is the true conscience of the nation.

- 4 -

The New German

The German revolution – the revolution to find ourselves – is not as stormy, not as violent, not as bloodthirsty as the revolutions previously known to us from history.

We already spoke of it.

The German now strides more cautiously, but also more consciously, reflectively, towards the re-shaping, toward the reevaluation, toward the creation of a new order.

That lies in his nature, in his thoroughness that is ultimately rooted in the soil and conscious of responsibility.

All the greater, however, is the depth of the effect of the German awakening: the face of the earth will be changed!

The opponents of the German soul have never been unclear about the German possibilities. Quite the opposite: they watched suspiciously all currents and movements, all beginning of thinking and feeling that was true to its nature. According to the words of the Bible, that eliminated any native folkish development.

'A flock and a shepherd.'

Any free spirit that did not want to affirm the herd or even dared the attempt to break out of the herd and to lead its own life outside the – herded and emotionally deformed, but also mentally stupid – mass, was threatened and warned and driven back into the herd.

The supreme shepherd of the church had a huge number of dogs who laid in wait in order to frighten any careless little lamb with barks and bites.

Let us just look at the Dominicans – Domini canes – the Lord's dogs!

These very bloodthirsty canes have for centuries practiced a terrible psychological terror by means of heretic-hunter and heresy courts. Researchers and thinkers, poets and artists, life-affirming, aggressive men and mother women have become the victims of the domini canes, who intervened at the wave of the shepherd.

The supreme shepherd had – corresponding to his shepherd thinking – given himself the task of taming mankind!

But that could only happen, if the people had been robbed of their humanity. One obviously did not speak of 'taming'. On preferred to say 'pacification', praised

'eternal peace' and made saints out of the people who had most thoroughly disposed of their humanity.

That the tamed person had to be a person without passions, a person without life-feeling, a person without pride and dignity, a person without the soaring of the soul, is explained by the shepherd's fear of the 'natural'. The natural, the native grown stands beyond the arbitrariness and the mood of a shepherd or a gardener.

Man – a tamed pet!

That was the goal of the herd mentality and of the shepherding will.

But the pet was a creature without horns and claws, a harmless humble creature robbed of its will and its freedom by the arbitrariness of the shepherd.

Is it not the greatest mockery of mankind that the supreme shepherd preached and suggested to his believers the sheep symbol?

And is it not a sign of shocking psychological and spiritual low point, that people finally sank so low that they could not brag enough about their sheep condition?

Lion and eagle were supposed to be pushed out by the sheep!

By the sheep, which lets itself be sheared and slaughtered by its shepherd, by the sheep, which by right is respected as neither the smartest nor the bravest nor even as the noblest animal!

The taming process of mankind is the most repulsive event in history!

Gradually, by ever more refined means, man is weakened, depersonalised, humbled, violated, terrorised and hypnotised. Blood and race, honour, pride, manhood and womanhood are devalued through the taming. And the broken, violated person then thinks he needs salvation.

Outside of the priest – the shepherd, who, in the interest of his power, is suited by the humility and the stupidity of his flock – only one other knew of the intentions and background of the taming process: the Jew. For the Jew has been since ancient times, his Bible bears witness to it, a master of psychological suggestion.

And so it is then no miracle that one of the cleverest Jews, Chaim Bückeburg, who initially called himself Harry and later Heinrich Heine, one day reveals his thoughts about it.

And Heine is carless enough to state in his treatise 'Of the History of Religion and Philosophy in Germany':

> 'German philosophy is an important matter that affects all of humanity, and only the latest grandchildren will be able to decide whether we are to be scolded or praised for first working out our philosophy and afterward our revolution...
>
> The German revolution will not turn out milder and gentler, because it was preceded by Kant's Critique, Fichte's transcendentalist idealism and even natural philosophy.

> Through these doctrines, revolutionary forces have developed that only await the day when they can break forth and fill the world with horror and admiration.
>
> Kant adherents will appear, who even in the world of appearances do not want any piety, and who will pitilessly plough the soil of our European life with sword and axe in order to exterminate the last roots of the past. Armed Fichte adherents will come on stage whose fanatical will can be subdued by neither fear nor self-gain.
>
> But even more terrifying than everything else are the natural philosophers, who actively intervene in the German revolution and who would identify themselves with the work of destruction. For it the hand of the Kant adherents strikes hard and sure, because his heart is not moved by any traditional reverence, if the Fichte adherent bravely defies every danger, because for him they do not exist at all in reality, the natural philosopher will be terrible, because he strides with a tie to the primeval forces of nature, because he can conjure up the demonic energies of old Germanic pantheism, and because then that battle lust awakens within him that we find among the old Germans, and which does not fight in order to destroy, nor to triumph, rather simply in order to fight.
>
> Christianity – and this is its most beautiful service – has somewhat tamed that brutal Germanic battle lust, but it cannot destroy it, and if one day the taming talisman, the cross, shatters, then the wildness of the old warriors will again rush up, the senseless berserk rage of which the Nordic poets sing and say so much.
>
> That talisman is rotten, and the day will come again, when it pitifully shatters. The old stone idols then arise from the forgotten ruins and rub the thousand years of sand out of their eyes, and Thor leaps up with his gigantic hammer and smashes the Gothic cathedral...'

What the Jew Heinrich Heine describes here a hundred years ago is no 'prophesy', it is instead a nightmare created by the bad conscience of the suppressor and deceiver.

Popes have also had nightmares, dreams in which they say how the anaesthetised and chained giant upon awakening broke his chains as if they were spider webs.

Priest and Jew: both had to fear the awakening German, hence they allied – unified by the common fear – again and again in the taming work, in the will for destruction.

What the priest aimed to do with excommunication and curse: to force the German to denounce any free thought, the Jew did in his own way: he slandered with mockery and ridicule all the values of our race, portrayed character as life-alienation, loyalty as stupidity, decency as backwardness, bravery as narrow-mindedness.

Priests and Jews feared the rebellion of the Germans. Their educational work, their 'mission', toward Germany consists of making the Germans harmless.

Through gardening-like detail work, the drive of the soul, of the spirit, of the blood was supposed to be tied to the leash of dogma, the 'morality' of a prescribed moral code, until native growth was finally overcome and instead of an energetic tribe the garden bed appeared!

Over the course of centuries the horrible, life-hating training has brought successes, which can only be eliminated by the warrior revolution.

But that despite all that the substance remained preserved and basically undamaged, is the service, which cannot be esteemed enough, of the soldierly men and of the instinct-sure women of the German past.

Aside from our bloodline of ancestors, we can look full of pride at a spiritual-psychological line of ancestors.

The yearning for freedom, the love for nation and hatred against the tyrants was passed down from generation to generation.

Yearning, hatred and love were alive in our folk as in hardly any other folk on earth. But no other folk has also had, like ours, to wage a thousand year defensive battle for its life-right.

If we Germans are by nature a folk of searching unrest, the hereditary struggle has contributed greatly to heighten this inner unrest of our race, to make it more demanding, more lively, more aggressive and more dangerous.

If we examine our spiritual line of ancestors more closely, we see – and even if it is with shock and surprise – that there is actually a continuous heresy, that we are still heretics by blood. Even in our gene pool, we carry rebellion against the spirit-restricting compulsion, outrage against psychological subjugation, rebellion against any attempt at taming.

We carry within us the blood of the men and women who loved life and the truth, naturalness and reality more than they desired to become saints.

The blood of the ascetics and nuns, of the miracle-searchers and the beyond fans is no longer present in our gene pool, it perished without a trace with its carriers.

So our folk could summon up ever more energy from century to century – amidst all persecution and suppression – expel the unreal and the unnatural, and thereby produce a hardened race that through experiences became knowing.

And the new reality of this race, the Reich, will through the warrior revolution be free of any occult fog, of any psychological narcotics.

One will no longer be able to ensnare any realistic German with church bench snares and sleepy, tired melodies, and any attempt to make him flee this earth with ladders to heaven will meet with the liberated laughter of the German who has become awake and ready.

Amongst the Christian crust a well, the spark of yearning has always smouldered through the centuries. It has never gone out completely!

Meister Eckhart's fiery breakout to mysticism as well was one such expression of the yearning for freedom.

And always, when the storms of wild events roared across the German lands, the spark ignited into a bright blaze.

The times of reactionary silence following the storms tried every means – with black coats and scarves, with cowls and robes – to suffocate the flames.

But the spark remained preserved, and mistrust remained awake on the other side.

Through centuries.

We Germans were always faced with ambush, always surrounded by overseers and whips.

But in one thing, the enemies of German freedom have erred: the German who has, through the revolution, become awake to reality and hence to power, does not plan to pounce on the old world with a berserk attack, and tear it down.

The old world will collapse all on its own under the thunder of events!

The German does not need to lift a finger. He only needs to shake off the enemies clinging on his throat and to work on the order of his Reich. The energy he radiates is strong enough to make sick, rotten and tired structures collapse.

When the sun shines, the ice melts!

But we also understand why, even before our warrior revolution, the enemies were only able to look at Germany with horror: that is how people may look up at a volcano that has not erupted for a long time, but inside which shakes and growls again and again give evidence that one day the eruption will come!

The revolution to find ourselves occurs with elemental force.

Whatever resists the causal development, is crushed!

Not out of destructive rage! The enemies should know that again and again. Rather as a naturally necessary consequence. For whoever goes about resisting the causal development, is a criminal, a denier of reality, a slanderer of genuine and truthful order. And it is not advisable to reach into the gears of history forming itself – beyond arbitrariness – from will, law and order!

It is no coincidence that the English statesmen – the creatures of arbitrariness loyally devoted to the priest caste and chained to the same illusion of infallibility – designate as a 'religious war' the war that flamed up again in 1939.

Religious war?

In the history of folks there are hardly decisive military conflicts that are not deeply based in world-views. Pure religious wars – wars of the denominations – however, are also unleashed by the obscurantists and their lackeys.

And there is no religious war that is not a war of aggression by the obscurantists.

The Thirty Years War was a religious war fed and financed by France, whose military – not spiritual – conclusion in the Treaty of Westphalia was supposed to seal the political impotence of the German Reich for always.

Pius IX. – the Pope who indeed saw the political church state perish due to his own fault, but who as compensation carried out the shifting of papal power into the sphere of political idea – also hoped to be able to transform the war of 1870/71 into a religious war against Bismarck. When this plan failed due to the discipline of the Germans, who had just awakened to political thinking, and Bismarck's diplomatic skill, the 'culture struggle' instigated against the Bismarck Reich was supposed to be expanded into a religious war.

When German resistance collapsed in 1918, the priest side spoke the words:

'Luther has lost the war!'

Thus the World War of 1914 was also viewed by the obscurantists as a religious war!

And when today the same war agitator circles say that the war of 1939 is a religious war, then we know that the obscurantists are on the attack.

Not on the defensive!

But whom do they hate then?

And what do they hate about us?

Not the tamed, gentle pet. Not the effeminate burgher who has lost his instincts!

They hate the warrior-like German, who has awakened, seeing and conscious of reality.

We Germans could have 'eternal peace', if we renounced our reality, if we sacrificed our Germandom, if we castrated ourselves psychologically and spiritually, possibly also physically, in order to have any future – we could – a terrible thought! – live a slave's life, calm and safe, in Abraham's lap, a sheep existence in the herd, in the stall, if we would become untrue to ourselves! If we could decide to depart from this world!

One would gladly promise us heaven, if we would just take the step to suicide!

But we do not only wish to die, if we feel a jubilant desire for life and a burning duty to reality, then there is only one choice for us, only one commandment: to become completely German, to find the path to ourselves. To lead a life of growth and readiness. In short, to affirm the warrior revolution, to transform ourselves, to become total Germans!

This new German is feared by the obscurantists, the terrorists of the soul, the slaveholders of the old powers, the suppressers.

The new German man, who frees himself from the dependency of the sheep-breeding, keen on wool 'shepherd', who breaks out of the suffocating vapour of the stalls in order to feel the air of freedom blow, who throws away the leading-string in order to stride upright and independent into the new day, this new German man is hated by them.

And the obscurantists stuff their ears in order not to hear the victory songs of the young men. For these songs – so totally different from the chorales of the tamed – tears their soul.

They also cannot stand to listen to the marching in step of the battalions, the mighty stride of those with coat of arms and weapons. A stride that sounds so very different from the intoxicated dance of the procession!

The uprising that the German has dared to find himself had to – since the rulers of the old world ordered the war of annihilation, the 'religious war' – invariably be military.

The military uprising, which is our fate, which we are in the process of shaping into history, lets us wield the weapons of freedom with a joyous and confident certainty never surmised by the old world.

The thundering and roaring of the motors which carry the airplanes to their targets – the hearts of the enemies – triggers our shouts of joy.

And who is not swept along by the charge of our attacking troops?

Who is not moved, when he follows the path of destruction that our panzers drive?

The old, hostile world trembles on its hinges and rocks in its foundations before our warrior revolution. The new German man, however, strides as victor into his Reich!

The new German man!

He has become a union of will and deed. No longer does an abyss gape between conception and reality, between yearning and fulfilment. The shadow of fearful reservation is daringly leapt over!

Is the opposite of being tamed wilderness? Barbarism?

It is superfluous to argue about it.

Only one thing do we want to openly affirm: we are not ashamed of our passion!

Proud Hutten spoke according to his nature these words:

'I want to step forward just as I am!'

Where we still have shortcomings and imperfections, we do not want to cover them with the black cloak of Christian charity, which, after all, is basically nothing else than a flirting with 'sin' and a vain game of the passive, plaint weakling.

We want to learn to expunge our shortcomings and overcome our imperfections until we are full Germans. We want to learn from our mistakes and purge the reservations, the selfishness. We want to be proud of our passionate blood that has produced such glorious fruits of culture, such wonderful victories of character.

That is our defiant affirmation!

How does all humanity, all denial and defamation of our nature turn to dust!

Being German: the highest nobility of the will of our race!

Our passion will not perish in the intoxication of feelings, not be dragged into the dirt by the unleashing of our drives.

We are protected against that by the compass of our political instinct and the iron bond to our duty, which teaches us that we must be valuable. But that means to put our value in the service of the nation!

Tamed pets, however, have no value of their own. They are only objects of exploitation.

Hence passive creatures!

We now have no fear of our inner demon. Quite the opposite, we affirm it!

Four hundred years ago Hutten spoke the demonic words before his Kaiser:

'My faith is the love for my folk!'

In this sense, we representatives and champions of the idea of the warrior revolution are the most devout people of our millennium.

And from this faith arose the noblest deeds of this time.

From this faith, we live as the examples that will one day become the content of the heroic songs of coming generations. Our yearning will in the future no longer orbit around a paradise as the final place of security. We will not moan for salvation and through stammering want to try to reconcile with an enraged, angered, offended God of the Bible doubting his own imperfect creation.

We know that the great, eternal, inalterable law of the universe – we call it God – has put us in this world, in this German world, so that we can shape it according to our nature and ourselves, not arbitrarily, rather according to race growing from the law.

The Reich is the homeland of our will and of our deed.

In it lies our eternity.

We think of this eternity, when we enter decisive battles.

In memory of this eternity, we can calmly close our eyes after the final battle, if we have done our duty.

We call that: 'Die in peace!'

The consciousness of work done and duty fulfilled makes dying easier for us.

So the new German man stands in the world differently and he also leaves it differently!

We cannot and do not want to dispute this with anybody. Whoever no longer understands our language, whoever cannot fulfil his heart with our thoughts, that person is not from our world. But we cannot convert anybody to it.

If we just look at the buildings of our time, we see our art: does there still exist a lost to the world, oppressed and abandoned person who, in ducked and bowed desperation, imprints the stamp of his exhaustion? The warrior-like person with his pride, his defiance, his world joy and his life passion has found his style, which expresses itself in the buildings and pictures for centuries!

The cool and conscious and yet passion-filled reality doctrine of the New Germany cancels the swooning world of feeling of the fanatics of the beyond and the ruined world of those desperate due to their fear of sin.

A reality doctrine of order and justice fills us and lets us gain distance from all utopias of bliss and from all occult veils over the truth.

Duty is not just the command of the hour, rather of the millennium!

That is the psychological point upon which we must reflect at the beginning of the warrior revolution and to which we must, again and again, align ourselves.

So does the Germany of tomorrow arise.

Only today do we fully know how to appreciate the legacy of constant heresy, by achieving the yearning of the lonely through our deed and through our Reich.

The yearning has taken shape, that is the rapturous consciousness of our time!

Schiller once hurled these words into the face of his generation:

'The soldier alone is a free man!'

That could be stated by a poet who had suffered to the point of desperation under the rigid military drill of the Karlschule.

By that he did not mean the 'military soldier' trained to function like a machine, rather solely the warrior who is ready to throw away 'life's fears' and 'who can look death in the face'.

He meant the warrior who in fulfilment of duty is able to rise beyond himself into a realm where only the genuine values are esteemed, where appearance pales before the majesty of death, and with it all lie, all hypocrisy, all greed.

In Schiller's time only a few understood these words, only the young, the ready, who had sworn to take revenge and who secretly loaded weapons in order to kill the oppressors.

And one of the most lonely Germans, who perished from the cold of not being understood, Heinrich von Kleist, could shout the titanic and resistance-crushing, annihilating words:

'Strike him dead! The world court does not ask you for the reasons!'

But the enemy who was supposed to be slain was named Napoleon, and he was the mightiest tyrant who had ever invaded Germany with troops.

The bourgeois position accepting the conditions went: 'One must come to terms with the circumstances.'

Only soldierly thinking does not stop halfway, it goes to the end, to the final consequence. And that is: For the sake of the freedom of folk, destroy the enemy!

Who the enemy is, how he behaves and how strong he is, those are questions that only demand an answer during the execution of the command, but which can never frighten away the will.

Warrior thought thinks one thought through to the end!

Hence the carriers of this thinking are activists, because at the end point of their thought stands the execution, the deed.

They do not simply satisfy themselves with a sigh, they also do not clench their fists in their pockets.

They are the storm troops of their idea.

When Frundsberg, the 'father of his lansquenet', enthused by the freedom ideas of his time, and especially impassioned by Hutten's warrior-like lines of thought, had realised what tremendous damage Germany had suffered from the Popes over the course of the centuries, he henceforth carried a golden rope in his pocket in order to hang the Pope!

Frundsberg was by no means the most capable or most intelligent man of those years, but he had a pure and honest character, and he was ashamed of neither his love nor his hatred.

Within the framework of his mental ability, he thought things through to the end. He did not know the life tactics of the clever, who always flee the consequences and who use their dialectic reason in order to make a quick turn like a rabbit that wants to escape its pursuers.

The clever went so far as to feel character to be ballast and the consequences of thought burdensome!

The New German knows how to bring his reason into harmony with his character.

He is so disciplined and capable that his deed is able to keep pace with the idea.

That, too, is proof of the totality of the New German man. Being able to keep pace prevents him from losing himself in the illusionary words of utopia or fantasy. The reality doctrine is – since it stems from the law, from the order, from the natural – so plain, so self-evident, that in future days one will smile with disbelief, when one explains that we of today first had to win a warrior revolution in order to find our way back to the natural and the self-evident.

But perhaps one will then also recognise how tremendous the conversion, falsification, terrorisation and suppression was, so that a revolution was recognised as necessary in order to produce the change!

Perhaps one will then also realise with reverence what mighty psychological energy and what deep self-reflection were required in order to carry out their turning around and – instead of winding up in chaos – producing the German order.

And still another thing should be said about the new German: his bearing is not only self-aware, but is, above all, folk-conscious.

But that means that the German man asks of every deed whether it can be exemplary.

The German of the future hates anonymity, which still holds open an escape, a path of flight into the 'private sphere'. He has the courage to stand in the light and hence upon the judgement of the public.

Great courage is necessary for that as well as an exceptional joy in responsibility. And not least of all, a brave honesty and brave self-knowledge. The question of conscience of the future will be:

'Are you at all worthy to be a German?'

And this question makes one restless again, makes one search of one's own mistakes and for new sources of energy, makes one grow beyond the unevenness of the mistakes.

The tormenting thing, the thing about this question that often drives almost to desperation, should and can only be lifted by the elevating indication of an increased performance, of a liberating deed, which may become example and guidance.

That may encourage the circles who think that the warrior revolution would produce an era of primitivisation. But we know that the demonic passion for deed will produce an unprecedented height of culture, an unsuspected development of all areas of science, of research, of technology and of civilisation.

And, above all, deep spiritual reflection and contemplation.

- 5 -

The Path to the Future

We men of will think – so we say – our thoughts through to the end. We shape them into a deed.

And our Reich's expressions of will are exemplary deeds, are the fruits of knowledge.

When the meaning of our warrior revolution is comprehended in the purpose of creating the new German, we then have the right to ask what beginnings, what attempts exist up in the present day to find the capable people in the folk in order to put their values in the service of the Reich.

The warrior revolution has an aristocratic principle: the most capable person has not only the right, he also has the duty, to be chosen.

State thought in our Reich is logical. From the start to the end, it is shaped by the principle of selection.

So marriage is not a private matter. The church united bastards, congenitally ill and people unsuitable for marriage and blessed any union as long as it was entered into 'before God's eyes', that means, if the man and woman bowed to the power of the priest.

For the church, marriage was a matter of power, it wanted to get the family under its supervision, its dictatorship. It hated both the denominational 'mixed marriage' as well as the non-church marriage. The child from a union not blessed by it was considered 'extramarital', an 'unblessed' marriage as concubinage.

Bismarck already had to fight for the state's right to marriage as the basic cell of the folk. He created the 'civil marriage', the ratification of the marriage contract in front of a state official, and no church marriage could take place, if the 'civil marriage' was not first proven through notarised documents to have taken place.

That was already a revolutionary deed, a deed that opened an important breech in the church's system of terror.

The church blessed any union between Negroes and Whites, between Jews and Europeans. But if, for example, a Catholic man wanted to marry a Protestant woman, the priests cried out that that would be an abomination in the eyes of God! Now our state does not ask about the denomination, it is totally indifferent about it. It first asks about the German blood, about the genuineness of the German or related gene pool, and about congenital health.

The state wishes to so prevent congenitally ill offspring and to create a healthy, life-capable folk.

We know that this thought and action is conscious of responsibility and hence 'pleasing to God'.

The anti-life marriage concept of the church has led to many thousands of unhappy children having to spend their whole life in institutions, where they are a burden to themselves and their caregivers, but, above all, to the community.

The guilt of the church is not diminished by it erecting many institutions in order to create a Christian home for idiots. These establishments – whether they are called Bethel or by other nice, Jewish, 'pious' names – only deprive the healthy of assets and means!

In our state, marriage is a matter of the whole folk, and the state as guardian of the life order of the nation watches out so that the substance of the race is not weakened through frivolous marriage unions.

Because it is consequential in this responsibility-conscious thinking, it also eliminates the danger of extramarital procreation of elements endangering our race in the state body. The Nuremberg Laws and the Law for the Prevention of Congenitally Ill Offspring are revelations of the state's will for responsibility.

Hence there exists a very great prerequisite so that healthy children are born in a healthy marriage.

The child is the most sacred task of marriage. Hence the state combats any attempt to restrict births. Abortions have the most severe punishments. The will for child is promoted, ethically and practically, by all means.

Here it is shown especially clearly that the Greater German folk state created by the warrior revolution possesses a greater consciousness of responsibility toward the order of creation than the church.

For the church sees in the child the result of the 'fall into sin' and had to come up with the baptism of the child to have a counterweight to – fortunately always returning, always making itself visible gain – 'original sin'.

The 'most sacred' marriage, according to the doctrine of the church, is 'Joseph's marriage', the marriage without child!

We have already become so natural in our thinking that we consider this church doctrine to be an especially crass spiritual and psychological aberration.

The state takes care, with the most generous means, so that every healthy marriage may enjoy the greatest number of children.

The laughter of children that resounds through our folk is the best proof for how considered, how clear, how life-heightening our thinking and actions have become.

That is no primitive barbarism, that is living consciousness of responsibility, that is eternally thinking!

The state promotes the child in every way in which a culture-folk is able.

The child should grow up on sunny ground, in pretty and clean surroundings.

Corruptors of youth – precisely the church has always had a large number of them in its ranks – must be neutralised.

As soon as the child develops to where its reason begins to stir, the school takes it in and takes care that its intellect is educated and its soul is guided toward everything great, noble, and beautiful that our folk possesses to such a great extent.

Instruction should open the child's heart for Germany, and expand and deepen its reason in order to one day serve the nation.

The parental home must make sure that the child is 'raised' in the truest sense of the term, that the talents and character advantages are awakened and nurtured.

The state youth takes the young people into its ranks and teaches them to live, to think and to act in the community.

A smart and thought-out youth education makes sure that the young person becomes accustomed to training, discipline, duty, right and responsibility. Youth legislation watches out so that the young person, who can slip and stray, is protected against going astray and losing himself unwanted.

But if it turns out that a young person has a criminal instinct, then the young community already expels the unworthy and makes him without rights, without effect.

A barbaric law?

No! Rather a testimony to the highest consciousness of responsibility!

The young person who has passed through parental home, school, state youth and Hitler Youth, provides a great guarantee that he is able to become useful to state and nation.

Work Service and Armed Forces demand proud and loyal fulfilment of duty.

It is a hard school of life, through which the young German must pass before he can take up his struggle for existence. But also a school that firms the will for heightened performance.

The most talented, and in terms of character most reliable, pupils are selected already in their young years in order to receive an especially thorough education in the Adolf Hitler Schools and the National Political Institutes.

The state wants to gain for itself the most capable minds and the most passionate hearts. It hopes, in this manner, to spot and to secure the future leadership early.

The physical and mental demands are high and will be notched up even more in order to create the prerequisites for gaining a real elite.

It will be the greatest pride of German parents to be able to entrust their children to the state and thus to the future of the nation.

But the state also knows that leadership talents also develop again and again outside of the possibilities of state selection in the schools. Therefore, it leaves nothing undone to also locate this elite – the elite of those who could already present proof of their ability in practical life – to promote it and to thereby make it even more valuable.

The Reich Occupational Competition, for example, annually selects the most talented from among millions of young people. They may see the Führer, may speak with him, may account for themselves and become entitled to being promoted according to their wishes and talents, their inclinations and interests.

The Langemarck Foundation, for example, enables talented elementary school pupils to acquire – in folk schools and selection camps – the necessary scientific prerequisites to study at universities and colleges. All the costs, those of the subsequent study as well, are paid by the institution.

There is no state on earth that, like the German, paves the way for its youth to rise, and that offers it all possibilities for the development of its abilities.

But no state on earth also possesses such an action-ready, physically and mentally disciplined youth as the German.

Whoever has once experienced German youth in its tent camps, in land service, on the march, his heart is uplifted when he thinks about the Reich's future.

It is a different youth that grows up in the Adolf Hitler Schools, in the National Political Education Institutes, than the one that is drilled in cloister schools.

It is a hard, fit, devout, healthy youth with radiant eyes and firm figures that learns there and steels its body, which travels through Germany and through Europe, which takes in and processes impressions that are supposed to accompany it for its whole life.

Whoever has experienced the new German youth, has taken a look into our Reich's tomorrow.

The most capable is sought and found. Not so that he is honoured, rather so that he becomes valuable!

In the Ordensburgen young people are schooled in order to serve the movement. Difficult demands are placed upon them in order to find the best.

We know that tests of courage such as parachute jumps and the leap from the high tower are still no sign of superior humanity. But we also know that the coward who pulls back from a test of courage will in life as well evade a great responsibility.

The daily routine, the daily struggle needs people with iron nerves and strong will, people with tenacious spirit of resistance and jubilant aggressiveness. And we will always seek and take ever new paths to find these people, to promote and to fortify them, so that state and nation can take them for duty and mission.

The mighty building of the High School will emerge at the Chiemsee. Here, the best minds of the nation will introduce young Germans to living and close-to-life science, so that the spirit of our race – to which the world owes its most valuable goods – will be able to radiate even more brightly in the future.

Where in all the world do changes of similar magnitude as in Germany occur?

What folk can boast to have – through a similar, total revolution – unleashed such energies as the German?

Young peasant sons, who yesterday still feared – as a result of land shortage – to have to become farmhands or move to the cities, will tomorrow be able to plough their own soil, which is large enough to feed them, their wives, their children and their folk!

The warrior revolution, led and shaped by the most warrior-like total German, the Führer, has created this new order of justice.

If Hutten already praised his century, because the first dawn of a coming freedom penetrated the black clouds, what should we shout, upon whom the bright sun shines?

The time of our revolution is too great for us contemporaries, we who experience it and grow with it, to fully appreciate it!

Escalation of performance, escalation of life joy, escalation of passionate existence, escalation of the consciousness of responsibility!

New German man grows toward his style, toward an expression of will corresponding to his nature.

The old yardsticks no longer suffice to measure the new growth. Even the first forms that show themselves make all old yardsticks look ridiculous.

We understand the rage of the old world, which daily becomes more or less aware of its impotence, its insignificance, its inferiority.

It thinks it can overcome its feeling of shame with a shout of hatred. Tomorrow, nobody will still look at this old, dying world. One will no longer consider it worth a glance. One will at best still laugh at it.

But the eyes of the world will look at the greater German Reich.

Perhaps full of envy and disfavour, full of malice and greed. Certainly, but also full of respect and reverence – and with the intention to copy many things. But a copy will never work, because one may indeed be able to adopt forms, but never the spirit, which, after all, first creates the forms.

And the spirit is German! It is not universal, not transferable!

And the Reich will be an exclusively German reality, a reality of growing and maturing life, not a matter of mystic 'immersion' or any life-alien 'interpretations'. Never will it petrify into mere forms, as long as consciously German people live, create and – think – in it!

When this war is at an end, when the celebrations of the greatest victory of our race have passed, then we, we who have carried weapons for the freedom and the greatness of the Reich, we will return to the homeland, which will be vastly greater than on the day that we took to the field.

We will then reverently measure the greatness of our struggle by what has developed, and we will be proud of the mighty strength of our will, which has awakened the warrior revolution.

Reverently, we will then stand before the Führer and await his order, which will summon us for the shaping of the Greater German Reich, for hard work, for creative deeds.

We will die in the armour of our duty.

Our generation will no longer know a comfortable life. That is our uplifting awareness, that we are a generation of the hardest fulfilment of duty, a warrior breed.

A breed that should be found worthy to serve coming generations are an example.

The first of a new, mighty Reich! The first of a new German type.

The foundations of a structure, which should endure for an eternity. A structure on which each coming generation must work its whole life long.

And our grandchildren should know that they can rely on us – on the foundations!

A hard, warrior-like command will stand before our soul, demanding and admonishing, in times of work-filled peace: not to become self-satisfied!

We do not want to let any dreamy weariness come up within us.

We do not want to aim for effeminate security, not look for comfortable advantages.

We want to think about how many rivers of German blood had to be shed before the time for the warrior revolution was fulfilled.

We want to prove ourselves worthy of the sacrifice through all the greater readiness.

Precisely in peace, we do not want to let our sword rust. The hard, soldierly glow should not leave our gaze.

We want to remain simple and self-evident, comradely and modest, just as we have become as soldiers.

Master is only the person, who, beyond all temptations, is able to lead a life of duty.

We want to think about that, when we hear ourselves called a master folk.

Our duty is bound to the hardest work. We despise 'masters' who lead a lazy existence.

Our victory is the beginning of a no less great struggle.

Revolution and Reich belong together. The Reich would cease to exist, if the meaning of our warrior change were lost, if we stopped being the Führer's soldiers, soldiers of German freedom.

Never will hostility leave the world.

We must think about that, precisely when the peace bells chime.

We will always be ready to pounce, because the enemies of freedom also lie in wait.

We want – the warrior revolution teaches us this – to be a free and strong and brave, a radiant and jubilant and life-filled folk – but never a satiated one!

Father of All Things

Vater aller Dinge

- 1943 -

- 1 -

Shaped War

With iron-armoured hand indeed,
demon,
you inflict painful wounds on the world,
You throw the torch,
raging one,
into peaceful villages and cites.
The grain in the fields,
crusher,
you rob from the suffering.
You tempt sons from the mothers,
seducer,
and men from their loving wives.
Into the security of happy dreams,
you disturber,
you bring the certainty of horror,
on the altars, erected to you,
master of all terrors,
the vessels of tears flow over.
And yet,
mighty one,
you are loved!
Your disciples laugh at the distress
of the sacrifice of all imperturbability.
They draw singing
into the battles.
With glowing eyes
they greet the beacon
and follow the tracks
that you show them,
to find the path
into the heart of their enemies.
You great shaper!
You turn the lads
into men,
the men grow into heroes.
You teach them,
wise one,
to recognise fate as the test of the will.
And see:
There are no dark forces
that are able to
frighten the heart of the matured.
Sublime educator of the folks!
You let the nations
through struggle and war
and passionate yearning
proudly elevate themselves
to the stars of eternity.
You end the weak humility
of the fools
and kill in harsh justice
dishonourable, cowardly traitors.
You crown the conqueror
of fear and servile state
with the laurels of liberating deed!

> 'Struggle is everywhere, without struggle, no life, and we want to continue to live, so we must be ready for further fighting.'
>
> – Bismarck

Whoever has experienced war in its reality, knows the terrors of blood and wounds, of destruction, annihilation, desperation, of deprivation, of sacrifice and renunciation.

Whoever has suffered it, unlearns praising it in the fanciful mood of a romantic.

War has no way to become more 'humane' through the 'progress' of a mankind pledged to unconditional civilisation.

Quite the opposite, the more war was elevated from the plane of the power thought of ambitious and particularistic princes and unscrupulous power groups into the sphere of the mighty and passionate struggles of ideas of whole folks and races, all the more ruthless became the clash of the troops filled with these ideas, and the more 'total' became war itself.

Is war then a fate, a judgement, that folks in history hold over each other? Enthusiasts and utopians, dreamers and ideologues have tried through an alleged 'ennoblement', which, in reality, lead to a psychological and blood, character and will weakening, to divert from the conduct of war, yes, even warlike bearing. The bourgeois decadent pacifism of the most recent period was just as little able to fundamentally change the warrior instincts of the folks as was previously the Christian pacifist teaching, despite the most unscrupulous application of all means of power, it was not able to create a peaceful world of 'little children'.

War is a reality, which can be covered over with neither slogans nor theories. Warlike bearing, the having-to-defend-oneself for reasons of self-preservation, is a security measure, dictated by instinct, of a healthy folk based on its life right and its life duty.

It is also not acceptable that war is presented as just an unavoidable evil. Whoever is not able to see in war an idea and in the conduct of war a hypothetical necessity, must at some time fail mentally or psychologically due to the distress caused by the conduct of war.

No 'justification' of war is required. It is much more about that a correct position, a just standpoint on war is found.

The reality of war is harsh and brutal. Its state is for the soldier who has overcome Russia's ice fields, the swamps of impenetrable forests, the scorching heat breeze of the sand-storm whipped deserts, who in rain and cold, day in and day out, must wait for countless nights for an ever-looming enemy, for an unknown fate, which can fulfil itself destroying at any moment, sometimes hardly bearable. The state of constant threat can have such a burdening, such a hopelessly crushing effect that the soldier forced to live in this state can be driven by the desperate idea of having to be smashed by the pressure of this state.

The moment of war conduct shows only the destructive side of war, it sometimes requires the thought of an entire generation until war itself is recognised and experienced as rejuvenating and testifying power.

The soldier acting in war requires less an ‘intelligence’ esteemed in bourgeois life than instead precisely the character often enough despised in eras of bourgeois imperturbability.

If the great soldier Boyen posited the demand that the soldier should look forward to war, then precisely this teacher of war means by this not, say, a vain patriotism, which wants to acquire cheap laurels in the often enough quoted happy-go-lucky wars, rather that bearing of the soldier, determined and ready for action, who wants to experience in war the great test of his ability in order to know himself and his warrior essence confirmed.

Bourgeois patriotism experienced a terrible catastrophe in the Prussian unlucky years 1806-1807, which plunged the state into the abyss of folkish defencelessness. A rescue from decline and ruin was still to be hoped only through the strength of mood that knows how to forge the weapons of freedom even in times of deepest degradation and apparently total defencelessness.

This hope, however, could only then be crowned with a political success, if the people of the folk were able to awaken in their best sons a joyful readiness for war and thus also for the acts of war. War must be felt not only as sole escape from distress, rather beyond that as joyously welcomed opportunity to take bloody revenge on the enemies of the nation. Without joy in war, it would have never succeeded to bring about a folk uprising with the goal of political freedom!

In order to be able to look forward to war, the soldier must initially be filled with the feeling of his own worth and, beyond that, of the significance of his whole personality for the future and the freedom of the nation. His folk's freedom, future and eternity must be the great ideas, which are able to impart to his should and his yearning superhuman, this means, elevating itself above the distress of the moment, strength. Strength and passion must be strong enough to outlast the brutal reality of the events of war.

In almost all cases, it will be so that the enthusiastic soldier, upon experiencing of the reality of war, must admit to himself that he had not imagined war so horrible in its murderous sobriety.

The ideas filling the soldier's heart and soul, however, must be able to radiate in the darkness of the horror in order to banish any crushing and deed-inhibiting desperation.

Whoever goes to war without joy and readiness will, at best, sooner or later surrender himself to a weary fatalism. Hence the education for war will be one of the most essential tasks for any responsibility-aware state.

From joy and will results that aware fulfilment of duty, which is able to take upon itself even the most difficult, due to realisation of the necessities.

To fulfilment of duty belongs the awareness of bearing personal responsibility for the freedom and the eternity of the nation and to have to give an account for all actions and also to want to give such an account.

War will always stand over a folk as ultimate necessity. To be able to love the necessary is the mightiest proof of a proud and aware character.

An old Latin proverb goes:

'Si vis pacem, para bellum.'

Without forward looking concern for war, no peace policy is possible. Wars are waged with people, even in technologically advanced ages. Even the most brilliant machines of destruction are manned by people and also fail in their effectiveness due to people.

Indeed, in the hand of the field commander, the soldier is an instrument, with which calculations of every kind can and must be made, but the durability and the reliability of this instrument is simply determined by the value of the soldier, this means by his warrior ability and the joyful will that he must summon up for fulfilment of duty.

The soldier naturally must demonstrate as prerequisite the technical skill of warfare thus the total technical command of the weapon. Beyond that, however, he must be permeated by the knowledge that the honour and existence of that nation are put into his hands.

In every healthy young man, a surging unrest for adventures is alive. This unrest is in no way something inferior, quite the opposite, it is the prerequisite for real achievement, for the adventure for which the young man yearns is, after all, in the final analysis, nothing else than the yearning for opportunity for the test of the heart in the moment of danger. The fearful question before fate will always be: will I pass my test?

Education for war sets in here. War is the harshest reality; to intentionally confront it, demands a very great overcoming; to be able to recognise, test and employ it as the greatest opportunity to know oneself, to love it, is the privilege of a valiant, forward-pushing, and incorruptible youth.

Age lives from the memory of the time of youth and of self-evident things. Hence the veteran will always be the most suited educator for the joyful affirmation of war; for he himself has gone through battles, which he now, from the distance of age, feels as great hours of sublime feelings of happiness, of release from fear.

Joy in war will never be suppressed in the unerring hearts of yearning young people through the portrayal of the horror of war conditions: the young man dismisses all objections of caution and insists on being allowed to confront the danger quite personally.

Joy in war is therefore always the expression of the psychological readiness to take the great test.

'I have desire, on the broad field,
to fight with the enemy.'

was and is the hymn of war-joyful youth, which gradually accustoms itself not to a romanticism, rather want to enter the ultimate reality.

This mobilisation of a folk's healthy instincts will be viewed and dismissed as 'barbarism' only by fools and ignorant buffoons.

Folk weary and close to suicide can afford the effeminising and decaying luxury of 'humanitarianism' and solemnly despise war: the young nations labelled

'barbarians' will all the more quickly assume their legacy and accept the reproach of barbarism with smiling indifference.

The unconditional feeling of freedom of the young folks despises the luxury and the civilisation of the weary and satiated and do not want to trade one single day of freedom for a life of that despicable calm.

It is an old saying, which says that it is more beautiful to live one day as a lion than a whole life as a hound!

The folk sick from richness have become so lazy in their thinking that in their dog existence they no longer want to recognise that ultimately, after all, they only live from the lion's mercy. Then the lion rises up in order to drive off the pack of dogs becoming bothersome to him, so there is nothing left for the dogs to do than to flee, leaving behind the bones that have become so dear to them, or in the defence of these things, from the dog's perspective recognised as most sacred goods, to perish under the lion's claw strike.

A healthy youth will always enthusiastically affirm the bearing that puts into their heart the honour, the self-respect and the awareness of one's own worth. It will also recognise that it is nobler to lead a life of honour in sacrifice and harshness than to live an ever so satiated slave existence.

An over-bred and decadent ‘intelligentsia’ will strive to find escapes from this decision. Character demands freedom or prefers the plunge into ruin.

Joy in war is related to the calm gaiety, which bestows self-confidence toward all dangers. The awareness of the strength that is again and again strengthened by the harnessing of will does not recoil from any opponent.

The greater the enemy, the greater the harnessing of the will, the greater also the valour and the passionate will. ‘Many enemies, much honour’ goes an old German proverb. Many enemies awaken much strength for the defence and for overcoming, for the counterattack and for victory.

The burgher, in the proverb befitting him, can only ascertain that many dogs are the death of the hare. That the burgher equates himself in this proverb with the indeed clever, but not exactly brave hare, is a further self-irony, which does not become clear to the burgher given his mental laziness.

‘The will of man always seemed to me the mightiest thing on earth.’

– Clausewitz

The best and irrefutable counter-proof against the so often heard claims by the shipwrecked of life that only a compromise with ‘fate’, the allegedly almighty and inescapable state of existence, is able to bestow ‘peace’, security and success to man, is the fact that the greatest among people, the strongest among the folks have only attained the complete development of their nature and hence of an effectiveness of the traits resting within them, shaping their environment, in that they walked their path in unerring consequence to the end and so achieved the union of will and idea.

There are no greats among people, there is no really strong folk, there is no really history-forming deed at all, which would not be ‘total’. Weak people know

nothing of the driving force of yearning, weak brains feel nothing of the surging creative energy of daring thoughts, weak and effeminate folks have no understanding for warrior necessities!

The life and the deeds of significant people do not work through the uniqueness of whatever events. Shocking and convincing is solely the inner logic of each individual action, which knows not coincidences, rather only a causally necessary dependence.

Prerequisite for the greatness of a human being is that towering courage, which goes with it that a human being, even in the coldest solitude, in the most contemptuous rejection by the surrounding world, in the bitterest mockery from the 'normal' of a period, to remain true to himself and to keep the faith in the justification and reality of the goal.

This loyalty to one's own self and the voluntarily assumed duty can indeed, mainly in the eyes of the bourgeois viewer, lead to 'tragedy'. The unconditionally acting, superior human being is not aware of the tragedy of his situation. He is perhaps surprised and amazed at the lack of understanding that his action and his thoughts encounter. His creative self-awareness does not suffer from such lack of understanding, instead, it is even heightened by it, that through the rejection on the side of the surrounding world, an essential concentration of the will for the overcoming of that lack of understanding is evoked.

The solitude of the genius is an invariable and even necessary manifestation, hence not a tragic one! Such an isolation would only then become tragic, if the surrounding world, as it has often enough done in history, pounced on the genius as 'disturber of the peace' and eradicated him.

Creative solitude and heightened self-awareness belong most closely together: a lonely person who is not self-aware would have to break from his loneliness! The self-awareness of the creatively lonely person fills him, on the other hand, with pride and bestows upon him that hard certainty, which has an anxious effect on bourgeois people.

The self-confidence lets the lonely person win distance from his surrounding world; it bestows upon him that almost sleepwalking-like sure being-able-to-walk-along-the-abyss, that absolute freedom from fear of heights, which even in apparently risky summit storms protects against the fall.

This self-confidence is what moves, or, better said, startles the heart and the senses of critics, looking from the narrow perspective of an allegedly happy-making safety, of the life and deeds of great human beings.

The observing critics follow as it were with the telescope of not always admitted admiration or of an often enough only insufficiently cloaked envy the dangerous and threatened rise of the greats, without being able to resist a creepy excitement over how long the, in their opinion frivolous, game may probably last.

The envious ones among the observing critics attempt, from a however never admitted feeling of inferiority, to reduce the ideas and deeds of the great, yes, his whole personality or, from the same motives, to imitate the personality. Schiller's well-known words: 'Like he clears his throat, and like he spits' is typical for such creatures! But it is neither the mysterious nor the even magical something that

lets the great reach their goal, the summit of freedom, namely; it is instead their passionate will, which conquers all obstacles and dangers, all temptations, threats and bribery attempts, which despite all dark prophecies lets them come to the desired end.

The great have an effect through their example: they break the spell and dissolve the magic, they push through the fog layers of horror and solely through their deed bring answer to the fearful questions of discouraged hearts.

Many, who previously probably felt a dull longing in their hearts after liberating deed, but have won clarity either over the goal itself or over the questions slumbering in their own breast, are pulled up by the example that they see and placed before the decision. They recognise in the greats their predecessors and leaders, whose deed to follow seems to them not dishonourable envious imitation, rather as duty to following.

It is not even given to every well-intended man to recognise his own goal and to achieve it; not every well-intended man possesses the prerequisite to become a personality.

The simply still apparently insurmountable abyss, before which even the well-intended recoils in terror, seems, once one of the greats has first leapt over it in daring charge, now as ultimately only an insignificant obstacle. Any once overcome danger loses its character of terror.

The fact that a courageous one has withstood a dangerous adventure reduces the difficulties: for a difficulty results only where the energy or the will to overcome it is less than just this resistance. A mountain can for centuries be considered as invincible, as seat of the gods, which to approach means dangerous frivolity. But once it has been climbed and it has been determined that on the snow-covered summit neither a bright god nor a terrible demon houses, then the mountain is from then on one of the countless known and harmless. When all the high summits in the world have been climbed, the fact results that nowhere in the world do gods and demons house. With knowledge, fear of gods and demons also gives ground!

In the realm of ideas, the same law holds true: if a new daring idea has first proven that it could be thought through to the end ‘unpunished’, then the well-intended also begin to ponder this thought and to make it their own intellectual property.

Always, there are the greats, the lonely, the forerunners, who through their daring example give the well-intended strength and courage and stimulus. So, the history of human development is primarily the history of towering individual personalities.

These individual personalities are again, in different manner, breakthrough and ascent, success and validity would not be allotted them – by their nature warrior-like. They must take up the fight against the state of their surrounding world, they must attack, force, destroy, and burst superannuated and traditional worlds in order to make room for new worlds.

The contemporaries see in the greats almost always only destroyers. The noise of the collapse fills the hearts and souls of the weak with terror and horror. Only

a later time, which has won a good distance from the horror of the fall of old worlds and gradually begins to intellectually occupy the space, which yesterday was still the revolutionary perimeter of new ideas, does justice to the deeds and yearnings of the great predecessors. Those forerunners usually already live in the morning, while the contemporaries, since they – incapable of conscious life even in the present – out of 'tradition' live in the yesterday. The greats hence always have their true contemporaries only in the future.

It is shocking to afterward trace the solitude, in which the forerunners had to live, think and fight, to ascertain the ingratitude that they harvested, to recognise the hatred, the envy and the whole stupidity that was put against the daring as a wall of rejection. A later time tends to then be ashamed of that stupidity of the former contemporaries and to strive at least subsequently to again compensate for the injustice, to undertake a belated 'rescue of honour'. A later history no longer takes any note of the little envious people and the spiteful defamers, of the slanderers and the unscrupulous cowards. They enter the night of anonymity.

In the evaluation of the deeds and of the struggle of the greats, initially the question must be examined, with what back then valid forces, with what worlds of concepts did the lonely have to deal in their life struggle. Only then are we able to fully measure the greatness and the significance of the, in the deepest sense warrior-like, achievement. Only then does it become visible to us how daring the overthrow of the present was, which the lonely prepared in the faith in the necessity of the future.

When the German Copernicus thought to the end the daring and revolutionary idea that the sun was the centre point for the earth's orbit, it was clear to him in his innermost that this new idea, springing from his seeking, restless spirit, destroyed a whole picture of the world, yes, it had to demolish an intellectual and religious world. Indeed, the majority of his contemporaries were not able to comprehend those lines of thought, or even to sense the threat to their own world, however, the priests of the Catholic doctrine felt themselves threatened by the ideas of this lonely one, and even Luther and Melanchthon declared themselves against his revolutionary theory.

If Copernicus' environment, as a result of its incomprehension of the magnitude of the discovery, was still relatively restrained, it pounced after the death of the great researcher with all the greater rage and with an even more brutal will for annihilation of Galileo, who had to take upon himself the whole hostility of a superannuated but not wanting to die world fighting against its downfall.

What drives the greats to enter into the dangerous struggle for the right of their ideas and not to shun even the funeral pyre?

Is it only ambition, the fondness for innovation, only the frivolous rebellion against the bothersome compulsion of an old practice become dear and comforting to so many people? Or is it not instead the demon of having to, that irresistible, passionate compulsion of the blood, that voice of the heart not wanting to keep silent, which drives these people to form the gained knowledge into deed?

Indeed, the idea may quickly germinate, protected and nurtured, in the heart and in the mind, but as a result its most own law grows into the will, which at the

given hour expresses itself in an irreversible decision. To bridge over the chasm between decision and execution is then a question of the character that the creative genius possesses. The deeper the passion and the more genuine the awareness for the responsibility is, the more relentlessly will the human being go to war for his idea, the less he will concern himself about hostilities, the less he respects in the final action his own life, whose value he is able to measure only by the goal to be reached. However, he will always have to consider his life, so too does the struggle for the realisation of his idea ceases. So, he sees himself, precisely for the sake of the realisation of his idea, compelled to proceed systematically with the risk of his life and to apply to the revolutionary might of his passion the reins of will of forward-looking thought. But in the process, he is in no way one of the numerous tacticians of life, for whom the idea means nothing, but personal success everything.

Great human beings are always revolutionaries, because, after all, precisely the new ideas that they bring into the world must cause unrest and overthrow. They will invariably stand at the centre of the hatred of those who require calm and all the circles, which have a certain interest in the preservation of the previous condition. The greats may again – if they do not want to become traitors against their own idea – take no consideration for the previous condition and its defenders, because they are permeated by the will to bring validity to the new that they have thought up.

The intellectual struggle, which they intentionally take upon themselves, is initially about transferring the own idea personally recognised as good and necessary from the I to the We, this means to implant into the largest possible community of people of the folk this idea as their personal intellectual and emotional yearning and desire, with the goal of finally filling the whole nation with this idea and to thereby give it a new perspective and, if possible, a new order, the universally binding law is thereby found, and the historical moment of a new life regulation of the nation has come!

The recently still private hostility, which the lonely creative human being has encountered due to his own daring ideas now broadens into the hostility of whole folks and groups of folks against the nation filled with this idea. Hence the hour of war draws close.

If for the tradition bound any innovation is already a sacrilege, then a nation filled with creative unrest must seem to a work of folks either satiated or ravished by tyrants ripe for annihilation.

Hence any idea, if it wants to live, must put on the sword, hence any nation, if it wants to affirm growth, must nurture the warrior spirit, which yearns for the weapon.

The protest of the calm world directs itself fundamentally against the creatively restless 'heretic', and this protest dresses itself just as fundamentally with fine sounding, and very often also religiously embellished slogans.

Bismarck says:

'If I hear of moral indignation,

I know that I am on the right path.'

The great human beings can, for the sake of their idea, not be pacifists, for then they would have to renounce converting their ideas into reality, but they would hereby lose the character of a great mankind and would have to satisfy themselves with the fool's cloths of the dreamer. Any reality, on the other hand, means in some form struggle and war. Life knows no absolute peace for once.

Our generation has passed through collapses of unexpected magnitude: it has experienced and suffered for more than a decade, what it means to renounce history-shaping, great warrior-like human beings and to fear daring revolutionary ideas.

Only in the Führer was the nation again given that great human being, who could become symbol and source of strength for the whole of life. With him, however, the nation received a new life will, which had to express itself in the struggle for the life right. This struggle for the life right again encounters the warlike hostility of an entire world.

The people of the nation, who consciously live in this historical moment and affirm the law of the nation, are filled by the source of strength, by the Führer's will. In their fulfilment of duty, they affirm the loyalty of following, which simply only exists where people want to and can think and feel with their minds and hearts the idea of the great man. In them, the daring idea creates the great change, which transforms and upsets an entire life. The new life, however, subordinates itself to the law of war!

Nietzsche says:

> 'I welcome all signs that a more manly, warlike era dawns, which, above all, will again do honour to valour! For this are now required many preparing, valiant people, who nonetheless cannot spring from nothingness; people who understand how to be satisfied and constant, silent, lonely, determined, in invisible activity; people who with an inner clinging to all things seek what must be overcame within them; people for whom gaiety, patience, simplicity and contempt for great vanity are as much their own as generosity in victory and consideration for the small vanities of all the vanquished; people with keen and free judgment over all victors and over the share of coincidence in each victory and glory; people with their own celebrations, their own times of mourning, accustomed and certain in commanding and equally ready, where necessary, to obey, in one as in the other equally proud, equally serving a cause: more endangered human beings, more terrible human beings, happier human beings; for believe me! – to harvest the secret of existence, means: live dangerously!'

> 'In war, the traits of character weigh more heavily than those of reason.'
>
> – Moltke

A human being who never lands in the most extreme distress can also never achieve knowledge of his own nature. The lack of danger of the safe existence protected toward all sides, the satiated comfort of thoughtless pleasure, spoil not only body and mind, rather, above all, do not let the spiritual forces come to development. Calm times lull and present to the satiated dreamer ideals, which have no substance before reality, before the soul.

The calm life creates for itself its own measures of unreality: what brings case, is good; evil is what causes unrest. Whatever promotes the dream is pleasant; what bring awakening, is contemptible. Like the opium addict constantly thinks about putting himself in possession of the dream-bringing means, so does the calm person ponder that unreal idea, which is supposed to rethink life. He endeavours to think away reality, to banish from his existence struggle and tragedy, cold and suffering through his ideal and, since he views his own existence simply as the content of the world, from the world as well.

Reality is supposed to be disenfranchised through an illusionary world of dream and game. A levelling and levelled art was thought up in order to give the arbitrarily constructed world of unreality a moral justification, yes, in order to even portray it as the better one, if possible, itself as the true world. This art was supposed then to serve as substitute for life such as it really is.

Valuable in the world of unreality is solely what is able to promote the state of happiness.

The world, however, is not a paradise, in which love couples stroll!

The reality of life is for once – independent of the ideals of the fools – filled with struggle, distress and suffering, and has for the one who walks through the world with open eyes nothing terrible about it, for every obstacle, which makes itself noticeable, evokes the forces of overcoming.

Filled with terror in view of the obstacles is only the human being who feels himself too weak to overcome them or is simply too cowardly to attack them.

The awakening from the sweet dream brings disappointments for the sleeper. The sobriety of the world seems to him, compared to the abundance of the dream, repulsive.

But if the sleeper is now torn by war's cannon thunder from his peaceful dreams, then he may indeed think he hears the trumpets of Judgement Day. The deeper the dream was and the farther he distanced himself from reality, the more catastrophic must be the awakening to reality. In the context of his dream world the person abruptly torn from sleep may view the end of the world and the harsher the warlike reality seemed to him, the more firmly may he probably believe to be surrendered to the mercy or displeasure of a divine judgement.

The reality-alien human being, on the basis of his corrupt thinking, will also not want to resist the downfall, he will instead wrestle on his knees for the mercy of the ‘god’ threatening him.

If the dream world has created its own value order according to its requirement for calm, then the world of reality knows totally different values, values of reason and of the heart, which, if they are mobilised, enable man to take up a

promising struggle with the hostile environment and with so-called fate, yes, to shape fate through courageous attack into history.

Through his character, the reality-aware human being is independent from the environment's rays constantly influencing the dreamer.

The character of the Nordic race – simply from the knowledge of life's warlike reality – is in the deepest sense rebellious.

Nordic man is simply not a slave of his environment: the environment would simply crush him already with its climate alone. So, he must, if he wants to remain alive at all, constantly struggle, constantly defend himself, constantly think of innovations, in order through the escalation of his life will to become and remain master over the distresses.

The having to assert oneself leads to the necessity of action. The will leads to the stamping of his personality.

Already the Nordic thinking Greek philosopher Heraclitus recognised around 2.500 years ago that character determines the fate of man.

What plays out in individual life, repeats itself in the life of the whole folk: if it possesses a sufficient number of characters, then it will again and again master its hostile environment and not perish in the chaos of lack of history. It will, especially in times of distress, in warlike rebellion imprint on its environment the stamp of its superior will.

So precisely war is the college of character, since distress mobilises the forces of the will in order to do the necessary thing

From the orientation springs action readiness, and from action readiness grows the liberating deed.

In war it is shown whether in the individual human being and in the whole folk a great thought, a bearing idea is present, strong enough to offer resistance to the collision of hostility and of hatred. The individual human being and the folk are put before the decision whether they want to take up the light for freedom, life and history or whether they prefer to renounce and perish.

War uncovers the genuine face of the world, it reveals its reality, to confront this reality, to acknowledge it and to live for the sake of its truth, proves the greatness of a whole folk character.

If in peace the values of calculating reason and quibbling intellect still counted, if the advantages of safety, of security, of the sly calculations of commercial profit still seemed the genuine values of secured existence, then war teaches that in the face of reality the goods of the world are of value only for so long as an entire folk possesses strength and passion enough to defend them. If the folk becomes weak, then it must surrender its goods to a stronger nation and retire from the value order of the folks.

In war, the commercial supply instincts of the individual play no role, they may play no role anymore for the whole folk as well, if it does not want to be put into the greatest danger; yes, war demands that the commercial instincts of individuals are suppressed, if necessary, by force, if the fighting will is not supposed to be weakened.

War shapes from the character a new human type. It is no longer about whether one understands how to see and experience life from the moat pleasant side: happiness hunters who in peace often enough determine a folk's public life, are pushed back by an unconditional warriordom, which is devoted to the idea of the nation's freedom.

To the happiness hunter, warrior life appears senseless, because it is dangerous and brings no advantages. The warrior affirms the hour of danger, because it gives him the opportunity for verification.

The character values that war demands rest in man's passionate devotion to the nation itself, which should live, so that one's own life thereby also becomes valuable.

The warrior recognises that his life only has a meaning, if his nation is free and strong. It seems to him to be not honourable and hence meaningless to live in a history-lacking, perishing folk. His honour demands belonging to a nation, which in the value order of folks stands at the first place. In his nation, he sees himself; his folk and he are a harmonic union.

If the trader and the calm person only look at the advantage of the day, then the warrior thinks historically. But whoever is able to think historically, no longer acts for the advantage of the day. The sacrifice, which the historically thinking person makes for his nation as warrior, wants to win the folk's eternity. Hence the warrior sees his own self only in the framework of the community of the nation.

The calm person striving only for happiness, however, will view death as the ending of his happiness and hence shun it, the warrior knows that death lurks on every dangerous path, stands before every decisive deed. Since the warrior, however, wants to achieve the great goal, the freedom and the eternity of his folk, he cannot stand at the halfway point out of fear of death. The history-shaping energy and his passion overcoming the surrounding world let him charge toward the goal in defiance of death.

So, the warrior stands beyond little fears. He is indeed not fearless in the general sense, rather a conqueror of fear. His courage exists in the victory of the will over fear.

The human being of security thinks that the warrior's life is joyless, meager, wretched and hence in no way worth living. The warrior, on the other hand, would not want to swap his dangerous life, which affirms the passions, yes, the demons, which lives in the highest tensions and walks between extremes, even at the hour of death, for a bourgeois happiness.

The bourgeois human being sees in character a luxury, which, at best, the powerful or the lonely of this world can afford. It is generally considered bourgeois cleverness, in favour of advantage to renounce bearing and instead of daring rebellion against the surrounding world to ‘adapt’ to the standardising surrounding world. This thinking testifies to an amazing intellectual short-sightedness. Amazing, because the bourgeois human being often enough full of pride considers himself calculating and hence forward looking. If this bourgeois thinking were really

forward looking, then it would lead to the conclusion that adaptation to the environment is silly and ultimately useless: for whoever adapts himself, will be pulled along by the current of date and driven to where blind coincidence blows him. Only where character brings all resistance forces of the will and of the soul to development, does the human being win a firm footing in the current of events and is able to himself steer the ship of his life.

The personality formed by the will, through its awareness, stands beyond a determination through coincidence.

The human being who has surrendered himself defenceless to the arbitrariness of fate will one day complain about life's ingratitude. Life is not a merciful or merciless power, rather a task that is put to the human being, a task, which he must solve or from which he perishes.

If war with its distress did not teach people to do the necessary thing, then those wonderful revelations of superior human bearing would never come to light, and lie and distortion would give validity to the alleged life cleverness of burghers not desiring deeds.

In the old Prussian army, it was custom in the swimming pool to also have non-swimmers jump from the tower into the several meter-deep water. The corporal wanted to see how the recruit would move in the element alien to him and how far, after overcoming the second of terror, he would become master over the fear. This apparently barbaric experiment testifies to greater knowledge of the human heart and of deeper reverence for the values of character than malicious critics, in their pacifist stance, would ever want to admit.

If Bismarck was of the opinion: 'Let us put Germany into the saddle, so to speak, it will already be able to ride', then he spoke as instructor of a policy building on the character of the folk. In the saddle, the German folk could be elevated only through wars, war, however, was supposed to invariably bring a powerful reflection on the inner-folkish values. This reflection, on the other hand, had to bring a relieving of the bourgeois world picture by a warlike worldview. The now won worldview had to prove itself so type-forming that the history-shaping and face giving that most valuable stratum of the nation was in the position to determine the state's political course. Spoken in Bismarck's image, this means: the bearing protects the rider even in the stormiest gallop from sliding off, and the will prevents breaking out in front of obstacles or even a divergence from the goal.

Frederick the Great would have perhaps never overcome the Rheinsberg happiness mood without his very dangerous wars leading him before the ultimate decisions. In order to become his folk's leader, he had to dare the distance from his environment and part from so many of the moods become dear to him.

The hard reality of war forced the great king to ideas and actions, which were totally opposed to the Rheinsberg atmosphere hence for the large part encountered dumbfounded non-comprehension on the side of the happy comrades of those gay and care-free years.

Frederick's character, however, was not formed by Rheinsberg, rather by the distresses and dangers and, not least of all, by the suffering of the war meanwhile become hopeless.

Germany's burghers have often enough been in danger, in satiated times, of forgetting the yardsticks for the value of life or swapping them for fanciful ideas. The German tends to world alien fantasising, which, however, especially in the area of art, has created very much incontestable beauty.

Life, however, builds not on beauty, rather on reality. The yardsticks of the beautiful have been thought up only by human beings!

The cannon thunder of war rips the delusion of peace and the dream of beauty, and the people who have devoted themselves with their will to war experience through war the transformation to an aware existence.

Becoming aware, however, means for the warlike human being so much as in thinking and acting to become simple and straightforward, to renounce pretty dream escapes and slogan rich excuses.

If the human being of security has a thousand reasons to not only withdraw himself from a duty, rather to even praise this desertion before life as 'higher morality', then the warlike human being goes determined and without reservation at the solution of the problems popping up before him. The consequence is the clearest characteristic of the warlike character.

The bourgeois human being tends to converse 'intelligently" in educated words and wastes his time in babble. The warlike human being will be sparing with words as well and himself seeks to take from his sentences any pretty adornment, any unnecessary ballast. So, the warlike character expresses himself in a hard, word sparse command language, which seems to aesthetic ears downright insultingly sober. The hard and clear lines of thought of the warlike human being have just as repelling an effect on those burghers, who portray their dream world as the 'better' one, without admitting or perhaps also just surmising that this dream world as well as the whole bourgeois existence are only possible because, in front of the dreamers, the rows of the warriors have positioned themselves protecting.

Precisely in war, the primal values of folk, still just portrayed as barbaric, prove themselves as the rescuing and preserving ones: a folk, which in times of great collapses no longer finds the sword and even despises the warlike bearing as expression of a long-overcome barbarism, must by right perish, for it has no room in the reality of life.

'Nothing forms the human being so fast as war.'

– Gneisenau

A familiar bourgeois view claims that war makes people become brutal!

One should also imagine the 'misfortune': a pampered, effeminate, spoiled, moody offspring of a propertied family, which is able to give everything to its darling that is to be acquired on earth with money, is compelled under the command of the state to part from his fashionable clothing, to pull on a uniform tattered by wind and weather, darned, smelling of mothballs and very soon of sweat, he gets handed heavy boots, thick wool socks, must wear a steel helmet, handle weapons and entrenching tools with his soft hands unaccustomed to work and –

what seems the worst – subordinate himself unconditionally to the commands of 'uneducated' superiors. As comrades, he has men who have no sense for aesthetic conversation and no respect at all for bourgeois tradition! If this bourgeois young man still has a good core within him at all, he will very soon absorb the spirit of war and think back at his past only with a scornful smile. He himself does not feel himself 'made brutal' by his soldiery, he now seems regrettable to his dumbfounded family members. What the bourgeois environment had just still portrayed as beautiful, the sense of a duty-fading, poor in thought, hedonistic Me, now seems to the human being transformed through war shallow, repulsive, contemptible, despicable.

The real warrior is not 'coarse' in the sense of intensity, in the sense of a lack of feeling for beauty, he has just gained other yardsticks. He no longer values sentimentality, he despises the dainty. But instead, he loves the uniqueness of the experience, the intoxication of an attack, the monumental aspect of horror of a shot up landscape. The terrible pictures of burning villages at night-time give him knowledge of the possibilities of the passion and the hatred of whole folks. He sees the world with the eyes of incorruptibility and recognises, beyond the petty moods of bourgeois daily life, the moving forces of the world. So, the aware soldier loses through his war experience the fancifully questioning gaze of the boy and gets that hard, directed into the distance, seeking gaze, which seems to the bourgeois human being hostile and cold. The constant exertion, the having-to-overcome-oneself again and again, makes the lips become narrow and the sight of distress and suffering, the experience of honour, dig sharp features into the face, which thereby becomes more squared – unsoldierly people like to call it uglier.

In bourgeois times, a human being was considered 'educated', who had learned much and read much, whose knowledge, however, was mostly of a theoretical and hypothetical nature, character was not required in this kind of education. War now forms the human being in the sense of a new formation through the knowledge of reality. This education preconditions a knowledge of the facts of life and demands total self-control through the will.

The calm of the bourgeoisie always ends in a civilisation guaranteeing the most possible luxury, limiting all work, all exertion to a minimum, which is supposed to make existence cosy and enable the human being a comfortable existence. The machine is viewed as substitute for work energy and gradually turns the comfortable human being into its slave. War, on the other hand, demands the mobilisation of all forces and again lets the human being become master of technology, which overall is recognised as brilliant weapons in war, there are no longer any machine men, no human numbers that can be exchanged as desired.

Rather there are masters of the war machine, men who can escalate their humanity through command of the machine into the superior, yes, into the terrible. It is not about the machine-gun, rather the man at the machine-gun. It is not about the panzer, rather its crew, it is not about the torpedo, rather about the person who fires it at the target. So precisely in war itself, the mass of the soldiers elevates themselves out of anonymity and grow to the might of a group of passionate personalities focused on annihilation and victory.

So precisely the revolutionary armies become the shapers of the fates of folks and not, say, blind, uncultured masses.

In that the warlike human being, through his self-discipline, becomes modest, he is able to make his nation all the more exacting. Yes, even to transfer all the claims, which the bourgeois human being puts on life, into the nation.

The bourgeois view that the individual with his demand for happiness is everything, recedes before the realisation that the individual human being, in relation to the nation, is no longer anything, means nothing, has nothing to say and even less to demand.

A generation, which has passed through war, was purified through the experience of the deprivations, renunciations and overcoming, can, since it has been re-educated, never again return to that state from which it once departed.

To this real German idea of education belongs, however, the warlike readiness, which alone can protect the nation from losing itself in dreams. This in no way means that a warlike human being must renounce acquiring for himself, through learning and the most strenuous mental work, deep knowledge and an unforgettable realisation. Yes, precisely the warlike human being will strive all the more passionately for intellectual and spiritual knowledge, because he knows that then his struggle for freedom will be all the more consistent.

So, the warlike human being's ideal of education is basically a freedom ideal, which makes use of education as weapon. War simply demands the mobilisation of all assets under the viewpoint of their total employment for the achievement of the goal. The impressions, which war conveys to the human being, let him recognise that the world in its history is moved and shaped by great ideas. So, the warlike human being gains from the experience of reality a picture of the world, which helps him to a worldview.

The ‘civilised’ person has a deep revulsion and an insurmountable horror before death, blood and destruction, and believes he can talk away the reality of war from timid hearts. So, he confronts the reality with theories and presumes to even despise reality. The warlike human being learns from reality that there can exist an annihilation in the service precisely of a moral idea, yes, even must exist and that the death of the old is the prerequisite for the life of the new.

He cannot and does not want to talk or argue about it with civilians!

War shapes and forms him so strongly that he becomes uncompromising in his whole bearing, in his thinking, in his yearnings.

Through the experience of war, the harshest reality, he experiences a new birth, which makes him homeless toward an old world and simultaneously compels him build a new world according to his heart, according to character, according to his will. So, it comes that wars, which were not pronounced revolutions, fundamentally an era of revolution begins.

The human being transformed and shaped in war cannot go back to a homeland remained neutral, and after years of absence return to the place from which the decision of life once took him, as if nothing had happened.

Where a difference exists between warfare and politics, where field commander and statesman find themselves in separate camps, it must come to revolutionary conflicts. Hence a politician, a state leader, who is not simultaneously field commander, may never engage in longer wars, likewise, however, no soldier as well can stand outside a great political idea of his nation. Warfare must remain the highest political action and the warriors may and must be the most fanatical champions of the political idea of their folk, of their race. Where this totality is not achieved chaos must one day emerge, which lasts for so long until warriors become political and warlike politicians create a new order.

The human being spiritually gripped by war, when he goes to battle, thinks not about defending the values of today or even of yesterday. He must be able to believe in a more honest world of tomorrow, if he wants to summon up to the last day of a long war those tensions, which enable him to hold out and to endure and to again and again attack.

Freedom does not fall from the sky like a gift from the gods, satiated and lazy folks lead only an empty life of the dream, from which the crush of a collapse one day awakens them. Freedom has still always been bought with blood and iron. Just like the gods demand sweat before the attainment of the goal, so do they make the human being called upon for freedom wade through a sea of tears and blood.

It is probably so that the warlike human being amidst the horror now and then for recreation conjures before the soul oases of an abundant peace. But at the bottom of his heart, it is clear to him that any such oasis is a mirage. He probably thinks sometimes about sleep, joy, pleasure, but when he returns from the field, already after a few days, the joy in the pleasure recedes, and he is driven to arrange his environment, to organise it anew and to improve it in his sense.

A life without consistency, without hardness, without passion, without manliness, seems to him 'uneducated', hence formless, purposeless, dishonourable and senseless.

A folk that is led to war wants to grow and not sink back into a state of satiated rest after an elevation. If a folk has first once learned how man annihilates, bow one shapes in war, then it has outgrown the old life forms of a calm peace, then it still only wants to acknowledge a peace of heightened performance.

Our folk has come to rest neither after the Wars of Liberation of 1813 nor after the apparently unsuccessful armed conflict of 1918. It will also not be allowed after the World War of 1939.

We can measure only with the yardsticks of world history, what it means that the Führer is simultaneously the first field commander of the nation. He is the guarantor that the nation, which was shaped through him, even in the coming peace of freedom remains most deeply warlike.

Whatever remnants of bourgeois calm and civilised hunt for happiness were still present in the German folk, will be eradicated through this World War, and the end of the war will bring the birth of an unpolished, new German revolutionary human type, who will create his homeland in a mighty Reich of his stamp of will.

Through this war, the populace may indeed become poorer, but not the folk: the nation gains through it its historical formative energy and in a few years, catches up, through the now accustomed exertion of all energies, everything in terms of constructive work and cultural achievements, which through the war had to be delayed and postponed.

The war does not cheat an honourable nation out of the fruits of its work, rather gives it in a peace of freedom many times as much in terms of power and development of energy.

> 'The experience of this campaign has taught us many times that afterward we had to make good in blood what we had more neglected through omission of an exertion.'
>
> – Gneisenau

One of the worst spiritual illnesses is the tendency to conclude compromises with condition and environment and to stop half way to the goal. The vain pride to have achieved, indeed not everything, but still at least something, is a dangerous self-deception, from which the human being must invariably spiritually perish.

The being-satisfied belongs to the morality of a bourgeoisie, which finally surrenders itself in a 'peace at any price'. The human being who is satisfied confesses his inability, through the rebellion of his will, to become master of himself, and if he limits himself, then he allows that the powers of the environment arbitrarily push him to a place, where he becomes harmless, not dangerous, without influence and finally uncreative.

The renunciation of one's own will was beyond that. Still taught as religious virtue. The human being thought himself pious, if he patiently waited for what heaven would give him. He let 'dear God rule' and accepted any misfortune resulting from human inadequacy as kind divine punishment, which was supposed to serve the salvation of the soul.

But coincidence does not guide the lot of human beings, rather the human being carries the yardstick of his fate within himself. He and no other are fully responsible for his life and for his performance. Whatever the human being achieves does not depend on the mercy or displeasure, on the blessing or die curse of a god, rather on the firmness and inflexibility of his own character.

But the more developed, the more aware, the more deed demanding the character is, the more passionately will the human being be filled with the desire for development of his values, demand realisation of his ideas. For character, a lost day, a dreamed away hour is irreplaceable, because time for the deed was taken. Hence one does not find loafers and idlers among human beings full of character. Real performance has always been a demand of honour.

So, there does not exist in the life, precisely of a warlike human being, that state of boredom, from which the bourgeois human being sickens. Whoever is filled with a great idea, has no time for blabber, he also does not deal with half-

measures or even half human beings, this is one of the reasons that lead to the isolation of creative human beings

The rest breaks, which the creative human being takes, serve reflection and gathering of energies, of review of the achieved and of looking ahead at the stretches of the path still to be covered up to the goal.

The steadfast human being filled with a great idea will be driven by a haste for completion seeming demonic to bourgeois natives. He cannot stand still, he also cannot be silent. The so often praised silent ones in the land are not of warlike race, rather they come from the bourgeois world of renunciation. They may be 'good', that is all-Oath life probably requires such 'good people', creative life renounces them.

The doctrine of a pious quietism could only emerge a bourgeois environment, which in bucolic gaiety dreamed past life. It was such a cheap comfort to portray the renunciation of struggle as 'rest in God' and to live in a supposed peaceful beauty. Pastoral games and round dances on flowered meadow were supposed to drown out the warlike earnest of human existence with noble sounds and lovely pictures. The gambled away human being wanted to live life itself as phantasmagoria. He was no longer himself, he was only still a toy in the colourful gears of the world. That he, who still stood in the infertility of a history-lacking life, was less a toy than instead a puppet, he did not surmise.

He thought himself delivered for better or worse to a higher power and 'blind coincidence' played an important role in his life.

The steadfast human being, on the other hand, is no longer dependent on coincidences, on arbitrariness, on the mercy or displeasure of a fate, of a heaven.

He will in every just possible situation, in firm trust in his world and in his power of estimation of the obstacles, dare the rebellion to do justice to the situation, but this means to get into the right position to achieve justice.

So, character fundamentally acts correctly!

All mistakes, which a human being makes, lie in the half-measure, error rules where character and instinct were distracted from the great goal by calculating reason in view of an obvious advantage.

The timid caution of being satisfied with a portion frequently misleads the human beings, from this satisfaction, to renounce the indeed uncertain, but nonetheless desirable goal.

On the path to freedom lie the human wrecks and ruined souls of the halves, who out of lack of passion and steadfastness became tired prematurely and succumbed to the demand for rest.

To deduce from satisfaction as renunciation even moral doctrines, corresponds to the bourgeois decadent manner of thinking. Whoever does not kill his enemy completely, must reckon that once the enemy has recovered from his wounds – he will again be attacked by him. Indecisive folks have hence always perished from their half-measure, which must lead to lack of history.

To take the final step, is the deepest wisdom of life! Already in the life of the individual human being, it is difficult, after overcoming of countless enticements and temptations, after elimination of all morally cloaked reservations, to achieve

totality, union of will and reality; in the life of a folk, which consists of millions of individuals, it is incomparably harder.

It is not possible to form from the mass of the populace through education millions of total human beings, millions of real characters, of personalities.

In the creative moments of the nation, one of the greats of history stands at the top of the folk and through the strength of his superior will pulls the whole folk to the decisive deed, gathers the characters of the nation around him and through the collection of the will-bearers leads the folk on the path to freedom.

The Führer's unprecedented responsibility before him consists of leaving nothing undone that belongs to completion of the folk's struggle for freedom. The Führer representing the nation's will for freedom understands and seizes the historical moment and forces his folk to the decisive deed. The folk, from whose midst the Führer arose in trust in the character and the unerring will of its Führer lets itself be moved to ever new exertions, puts all its yearnings upon him and fills him simply through the offered trust with the responsibility-aware strength to crown the work through completion.

In the knowledge of the reality of historical life, the nation bound in trust to the Führer loses the shyness before blood and suffering of the present and elevates itself to the greatness of the thinking about the future freedom, which can be won only through the surrender of everything halfway and through the relentless fulfilment of the possibilities and commands of the present.

Freedom is the final goal, is that totality for whose sake, human beings are elevated to personality and the personalities of a folk to genuine rulership.

The historical hour offers itself, if it is once missed, never a second time, life cannot be repeated.

Woe to the one who is a half, and woe to the folk that does not recognise its mission.

> 'Shared dangers awaken shared courage: they hence tie the noblest bond of men: friendship.'
>
> – Herder

In calm times, the personal demand for happiness of the citizens of a state play a substantial, if not indeed the primary role. The private world with its little yearnings, with its egocentric lines of thought, its joys, its suffering seems quite important and determining, and seldom is the one happy in his security able to lift his eyes to the great, to the binding, to the general.

Instinct is mobilised at best for the securing of one's own life basis, for the achievement of personal advantage, and as soon as the usually very limited goals of satiation, security and supply are met, the instinct falls asleep again, existence seems to be ruled by feeling and mood. Moods change like clouds under the sun. The people of the surroundings are valued by the very personal yardsticks of their benefit or harm for personal well-being. The internal competition fully claims the small forces.

By ‘daily life’, the secure human being means the daily struggle for life security. If this secure human being has a yearning or an inclination, which leads him outside this ‘daily life’, then he considers himself as requiring beauty and feels himself an aesthete. So, he constructs for himself above the sphere of daily life another sphere of art a world of the ‘beautiful’, music, poetry, painting, sculpture, are just good enough for him to give his life an impetus. ‘Beautiful’ is what awakens the sense of not being absorbed into ‘daily life’.

So, art is appraised as the revelation of a ‘better world’. The whole world seems to the secure person, at best as a sum of all private worlds, and the politics of life is supposed to care take to keep the private worlds in harmony.

In the nation's great hours of fate, on the other hand, the realisation is born that, measured against the history of the folk, private spheres exist only in the imagination, that they arc fictions of the heart, at best, of the brain. ‘Feeling’ does not suffice in the hour of decision to measure real events. Now the decisions fall, whether the human being is in the position to step outside his own world, to grow beyond himself, to jump over his shadow and to tower up into the world of freedom, of unconditional deed. Nothing binds so much as the awareness of entering a common great danger with the whole folk.

The community-forming forces of the ‘We’ are awakened and the realisation of being dependent on each other, for better or worse, lets all individual barriers of property and of reservation be overcome. Through the danger-conditioned pulling together, those infertile empty spaces of individualism are eliminated in favour of the unity and the folk will directed at the defence of the life right.

In calm times, very often nothing or little is to be felt of this folk will. The passions of human beings orbit private goals. War as the greatest immediate danger, on the other hand lets the binding and obligatory be recognised from scratch. Blood and race again appear as the foundations of the nationality to be defended, language and custom, homeland and fatherland draw from the realm of the idea unto warlike reality.

It is proven again that being German is a task that must be solved, that a state is not able to give its dozens unconditional security, rather only the security for which these citizens themselves are able to stand up.

The folk comrades recently still viewed as competitors for happiness appear in war as comrades before the same fate, as bearers of the same responsibility.

But where the having-to-pull-together, which distress commands, becomes a wanting-to-pull-together out of realisation and inclination, comradeship emerges as friendship of decisive men, who are able to measure with the yardsticks of character and who, in trust in the reliability of the other, take up the fight with danger.

The bond of folk community, perhaps recently still perceived as arbitrary or coincidental, now appears as a comradeship of those who are filled with the same will for struggle, with the same yearning for freedom, and affirm the foundation of the obligating, shared blood.

Whoever has in the hour of danger summoned up the courage for the decisive deed and thereby stepped through the gate of freedom, will still in old age remember full of pride that sublime hour of his life, he will in peaceful times as well, when personal decisions are demanded from him, make the unique deed the yardstick for all problems confronting him.

Since war demands the ultimate decisions and forces people to the struggle with personal danger, it promotes character, emotional and spiritual growth.

The person who has survived a great danger gains a confidence in himself, and this confidence expresses itself in a strong pride, for which it is a question of honour to not only not avoid coming dangers, rather to consciously approach them. The not-being-able-to-go-back for the sake of honour is an unprecedented stimulus for the mobilisation of even stronger emotional forces.

Every front generation is hence more passionate, more relentless, more uncomfortable than a generation of people unaccustomed to struggle.

The comradeship of those who were purified and solidified in war has a type-forming energy and educates the individual human beings to consistency in the sense of a warriordom escalated spiritually as well.

Whoever has once been tested as reliable and incorruptible, wants to prove himself in all the future as worthy of the comrades' trust, and nothing obligates so much as the trust given! No law is able to terrify so with threat of punishment as the proscription by the comrades, and no praise, no decoration is able to have such a stimulating effect as a shout, an encouraging word or also just an acknowledging look from the circle of comrades.

The men formed through war, who have been held together through indestructible bonds of trust-creating experience, who recognise themselves through word, gaze and demeanour, through inflexion and the irony inherent to the genuine warrior, are the nation's eternally watchful conscience and are often enough the rebellious or even revolutionary executors of the folk's will for growth, since they in no way lose the newly won values and realisations for their humanity, rather want to know them binding precisely for the totality.

The comradeship born in war leads to political friendships, which precisely in peace endeavour to bring the spiritual law of eternal war to development.

So, any war generation will, through its own deed or at least through the example provided by it, to a heightened degree have a history-shaping effect.

Indeed, no state can value war for the sake of war – the duty for the preservation and care of the folk's substance speaks against that, but it will with all means view as necessary warlike education as prerequisite for the awakening and heightening of the life will.

So, it will honour the soldierly tradition in that it keeps the war experience in constant memory and see in the veneration of heroes the sole true to type religion, which springs from a racially determined and hence warlike worldview.

It will do well in peace to give men the opportunity to at least once in life return to those sites, where they have fought and bled and found the overcoming of fear, confidence in their own strength, and it will experience that the men fetch at those sites of self-reflection new energy, new readiness and new will for the

struggle of peace. A war experience can no longer be talked to death, it cannot even be appeased by a nationally embellished pacifism.

It would hence be totally wrong to transport the war's dead to the homeland!

One day the son should travel into the distance in order to learn to measure at the father's grave war and the overcoming making capable of sacrifice. The bond that then ties him to a young person who likewise stands at his father's grave binds more firmly to the history and the fate of the nation than any theory.

The comradeship of the warriors also leads to the friendship of the sons. Hence veneration of heroes is politically of immeasurable value.

Never should all the traces of the war be extinguished. Just as there are nature reserves, landscapes must for obvious reasons be preserved, which war has marked most deeply.

The wildness of warlike reality also has its beauty! But not for the sake of this beauty alone, rather for the sake of its great, spiritually educational opportunity, should it be loved.

For the human being enervated through the luxury of an over-refined civilisation, the idea of a hard-soldierly life is repulsive. The images of a friendly and harmless peace, the notion of a calculable synchronisation of the days, has a calming effect.

The concepts of beauty and peace are portrayed as synonymous.

The more civilised and the more lethargic the human being becomes, the more the warlike ideal loses its validity, its attraction. Primarily in bourgeois times, the soldier is considered a barbarian, as uncultured, as destructive. He is simply denied any intellectual and spiritual energy.

But history teaches that any folk that surrenders itself to bourgeois luxury, to pleasure, in the long run succumbs to the dangers of excess – also of the mental and spiritual, that it finally, incapable of a disciplined life, ends in enervation and defencelessness.

The decline is unstoppable, even if the pseudo-blossoming of a supposed culture wants to deceive about the crookedness and stunting of the natural biological organism of a folk. – 'Barbarism', as a result of its primitiveness, of its unconsumed youthful energy, of its unproblematic nature and its joy in struggle, is so superior to the humanity degenerated in a total pacifism that it is itself able to almost effortlessly take the obstacles, which the human being of civilisation, under the exertion of all energies of the brain, has been able to erect as defence.

The barbarians always assumed the legacy of folks ruined by their tired civilisation.

But it would be totally wrong to praise barbarism as condition: history leaches that barbarians, infected by the ptomaine of decline, perished after a short time from this assumed legacy.

A feud between intellect and blood must lead either to the overestimation of the intellect and hence to its dehydration – but this leads to decadence – or to disrespect of the intellect in favour of an uninhibited barbarism.

On the great battlefield of history, only the folk asserts itself, which affirms the union of blood and intellect, which preserves its instincts and remains true to

the commandments of race, but in the process, does not only not neglect thought rather lets its whole thought system circulate with blood.

Hostility

Von der Feindschaft – Deutsche Gedanken

- 1941 -

- 1 -

Comrades!

Friedrich Nietzsche, the most daring thinker of our race, was the first to have the courage to think to the end the manly and warlike thoughts that move our hearts.

Amidst a bourgeois-pacifist environment, the solitary one praised the dangerous life and demanded the decision to warlike bearing.

The National Socialist revolution has taken on the total reshaping of German man, and we who have gone to the war of 1939 have been allowed to experience what unprecedented victories the warlike German human being has been able to win under Adolf Hitler's leadership.

We know that our devastating charge against masses and machines, against bunkers and lines of steel and concrete have been the victorious rebellion of will against an allegedly invincible matter.

We have been allowed to prove that the soul of our race, filled with the yearning for freedom, was in the position to triumph over the tyrants and slaveholders of the old world.

We have risen up in order to give Europe a new order: the order of reality, of veracity. This little publication as well serves the spiritual mobilisation. It wants to speak to comrades whose heart no longer clings to the yesterday, rather which beats enthusiastically for the future, for the Reich. It wants to speak to the honest and the truthful, to those, whose soul is no longer weighted with the ballast of reservations.

We want to enter the decisive battle with jubilant certainty of being summoned as the first to bring German law to development.

We are the Führer's soldiers!

We have sworn our oath to the Führer! The Führer is Germany, he is the representative of our faith and of our will!

More valuable than any mood is for us the recognition of our duty. This duty, however, grows from the deep knowledge of our nature and of our goal. Our loyalty grows here, which binds us to the Führer and the Reich. Through this thought, we grow beyond ourselves, beyond the fears of life and beyond the petty concerns, into the realm of the German ideas, which is our spiritual homeland.

How small seems to us the yesterday before the greatness of what lies before us.

This war wants to make our heart and our soul great. We affirm it out of necessity! We love it, because it lets us bring the proof for our greatness and the genuineness of our readiness and of our gratitude.

Long live the Führer!

Berlin, April 20. 1941.

- 2 -

Our World

Many words have been spoken over the centuries about love. And many songs have been sung about love.

Certainly, genuine love is capable of much. It sacrifices and struggles and drives man to mighty deeds.

It makes the heart beat higher and the eyes shine more happy and more aware.

And we soldiers speak often enough about love and put all our yearning for the betrothed, for the wife, for the children into this world.

Love!

In the exuberance of our heart, we have sometimes thought the world had nothing higher to give than love, and a happy mood wanted to carry us up to the stars.

There were hours of rapture, which put such thoughts into the heart, hours of distance from the world, of total forgetting, of being lost-in-dream.

When we had then found our way back again into the reality of this world, we realised that the commandment of duty filled us indeed more harshly, but also more honestly, and that necessity was able to demand fare more deeds from us than mood.

We also experienced yet another love than that for betrothed, for wife, for the children: the love for our folk.

And this love joined with the yearning to see the folk free, strong, militant and happy.

German love, the love for Germany!

We included everything in it, which we once reflected of homeland and honour, of readiness for sacrifice and desire for deed in heart and soul, which we felt pushing and demanding. And when distress once again came over Germany and suffering, shame and disgrace, we suffered emotionally and physically with our folk, because we were bound to it through love and through fate.

One does not need – so do I think – to tell us Germans too much at all about love.

But one should finally spare us words and concepts of a ‘love’, which do not stem from this world of reality. What should we soldiers, whose love for the weapon was born from the realisation of the fateful rebellion of our race to power, make of a saying that demands:

Love your enemies!?

Already Bismarck knew that one cannot govern a state with a Christian sermon of the mount and that the dream world evaporates before the demands of reality. Notwithstanding whether this dream world is pretty and dear or terror-filled and deceitful. Comrades, we do not want to talk of love, rather of the reality from which our struggle was born.

And this reality looks so totally different than that dream world, from which man's soul releases itself, when the signals of battle resound and when it is about arming oneself for the decisive deed.

We soldiers know that our task consists of annihilating the enemy. The thought of having to victoriously annihilate fills our hearts and bestows upon us that ruthlessness, which is necessary for the final decision.

As pretty as the speeches about 'eternal peace' also may sound, as tempting and radiant as the ideas of a general fraternisation and reconciliation seem to the unrealistic dreamer, so ruinous do such theories work out in practice.

Never will we forget the autumn of 1918!

Our folk starved and suffered; then satiated democrats of the 'western hemisphere' promised bread and peace in the name of culture, of Christianity, of humanity. But first, the weapons were supposed to be laid down!

And there was so many a simpleton in our folk who opened his ears to the insinuations of those Christian Freemasons and was ready to conclude peace at any price.

Do you remember, comrades, what the 'peace' looked like?

Think of Versailles.

What the war had not destroyed, the dictate was supposed to finish.

In 1918, the war of extermination, which the so ingratiatingly preaching hostile world waged against our nation, only put on a different basis, on a basis, which smelled of perhaps even more terrible dangers.

In the 'peace' of Versailles, Germany did not get a day of rest. Yes, one German, full of desperation, finally rose up against the other.

A struggle of all against all was supposed to bring about chaos and seal our folk's fate once and for all.

We soldiers learned to look more closely at the peace apostles, and we again and again discovered under the sheep's fur the raging wolf.

Never will the world become a paradise!

We are simply no angels, rather human beings. And we also do not want to be angels!

To be a just and honest human being seems more to us. But it belongs to this that we are ready to recognise and see through the world as it is, not as it seems to reflect in the brains and hearts of dreamers, fools and prophets.

Whether we love it or not: the war of the world is a reality, which we may not evade, if we do not want to lose ourselves in the undergrowth of fantasy. And

whoever does not want to renounce life, who instead wants to fulfil it, he has the duty to take up the struggle.

This, comrade, is our warlike life wisdom, which indeed no angel proclaims to us, but which the world itself has taught us.

We are not horrified, if we recognise the reality of this world as not only not filled with love, rather downright loaded with hostilities and obstacles.

We are not even just sad.

To recognise life as it is, without lie, without slogan, without pity, is a demand of truthfulness.

If the knowledge that we gain destroys old conceptions, smashes idols become worm-eaten, then this is in no way regrettable.

Every developing growth basically also has something destructive. Natural thought feels no pity in this determination.

Only the decadent 'feeling' of an emotionally ill mankind could think up whole 'theologies' about it, could spread thick veils of a 'doctrine of reconciliation' over the rough rocks of reality – but only in claims, in thoughts, in images, in conceptions and deceptions!

The thinker who is able to think a thought to the end has always despised these veils, and indeed the warrior, who moves in the world of hostilities, has – in defiance of all appearance – always relied on his sword!

To evade reality or to affirm it: this is the decisive question of our time!

Lie or truth: here the dreamers separate themselves from the warriors!

'You little children, love each other!'

A certainly pretty statement. A statement from a world which may arise far from ours, a world, which no human eye has ever seen.

If human beings were 'little children', then a childishly dear world in this sense could be created.

But human beings, given the best will, are not to be moved to become 'like children'.

First, already viewed in terms of life causality, the state of childhood is a manifestation of growth and anything but a life ideal. But then the aware human being decisively resists a making nice, a making harmless of his humanity. Not, say, out of satanic defiance against whatever 'religious doctrines', rather simply out of the recognition of the reality of this world and of this life.

But what does the world look like?

Is it a paradise, a garden of security, an oasis, a land of milk and honey?

Whoever dreamed of it, will be awakened from such a dream already by the pounding distress.

The world, such as it appears to us in its reality, is an alternation of attack and resistance, of perseverance and overcoming.

Whoever submits to the condition, he is lost!

A simple law horrible only to the weakling.

It is no coincidence that the people – the more they approach the northern regions of the earth – become harder, more aggressive and more warlike: they must defend themselves against a rough and inhospitable environment, which – if they did not simultaneously defend themselves with all the strength of their hands and senses – would kill them.

Nature destroys the human being who does not know how to protect himself. Is it therefore cruel?

Rain sometimes becomes bothersome for us, it makes the stay in the open almost unbearable for us.

It is therefore the scourge of mankind?

Or the frost? The storm?

We simply must deal with it that forces are already present in nature, which force us to a position – whether to friendly or hostile one remains undecided – and whose reality, to ignore, would be a sign of incapability of life, of inability to recognise nature as it is!

Nature is neither good nor evil. It stands above such yardsticks set up by human beings, by self-oriented creatures. The forces governing it – the law – makes grow and perish, germinate and mature, and the eternal rhythm of the universe has no ear for complaints and groans.

The human being must confront nature, come to terms with it, if necessary, take up the struggle with it, at best, fathom its secrets and to make so many of its expressions useful to himself.

Nature will then seem good to the human being, if it is able to convey to him nourishment, but also spiritual values. The allegedly 'destructive' forces of nature may seem 'evil' to him, those forces, which he is unable to master.

The more powerless the human being is, the more 'evil' forces of nature will exist for him.

We think of the struggle of man with the sea.

Is the sea 'evil', if it breaks dams and dikes, if it floods fertile cropland, if it smashes villages and cities and kills people?

Or has man become too weak, through the work of his hands and through the thought of his intellect, to effectively and successfully offer resistance?

Man has been able to perform the unprecedented in the resistance against the condition. He has snatched away from nature countless secrets and made them useful to himself, his progress, his security. Yes, many an allegedly hostile and destructive force, after the recognition of its law, became man's ally.

We have become unaccustomed to speak of 'good' and 'evil' in nature. We smile contemptuously or pardoning, if we hear primitive people or folks utter such selfish 'value judgments'.

We have gained more confidence in our own strength, hence our will for resistance has grown.

The world as nature's form of manifestation is an eternal alternation of life and decline, and hence of attack, perseverance, succumbing and becoming anew.

For the weak human being – simply for the one who is not able to summon up any will for resistance – the world must invariably seem 'bad', cruel, brutal. He must – viewed from his standpoint, rightly – feel constantly persecuted. His plans fail, since they do not come from a strong heart and hence are not shaped by a passionate yearning to deed.

Very quickly, the weak human being reaches the limits of his strength, but very quickly, do his thoughts also grow weak.

The 'evil world' crushes him!

It heeds neither his impotent scream nor his unsuccessful prayer.

Weak human beings have in every age looked around for a 'substitute' for the lacking strength. Very often, they sought and found it in a 'religion' appealing to their weakness, which promised them, instead of the deed, the 'miracle' and referred them, instead of to reality, to 'faith'.

These weaklings have always become stronger only in their imagination. They were unable to change the 'bad' world, even if they talked themselves or let themselves be talked into it. But the world is also in no way 'good'.

It is like it is! Even the strongest human being will himself, in the most tenacious resistance and the most passionate attack, suffer reverses, receive wounds.

Only he will never put down his weapons before the world and seek comfort in the dream, in the miracle. He will never endeavour to escape reality on ladders to heaven.

The world is neither good nor evil.

It is, as it offers itself to us human beings, a great battlefield, a site of eternal struggle, of everlasting conflict, a place of constantly lurking dangers.

And we must enter into this eternal war of the world, we bearers of life.

Not because we created this war, rather because the world simply does not show itself to us differently.

We also cannot change, after all, the essence of a force of nature. Not a single element can we abolish.

From the affirmation of this world, we draw our location on earth. It is a position of the constantly ready, always under arms standing warrior. It is a commandment of cleverness not to 'disarm'.

If the fox in the fairy-tale wants to devour the hedgehog, he first convinces him to take off his spike dress.

This dress is not bothersome to the hedgehog, only to the fox!

From Moltke stem the heard and clear words:

'Eternal peace is a dream
And not even a pretty one!'

This may sound cruel, but reality is simply not idyllic, it also does not tolerate the romantic pastoral life, which the satiated portray in their wishes.

Have we not experienced that the fate of satiated folks, which no longer know how to defend themselves, who have lost their warlike instinct, is wretched? Their fall, their disappearance from the political scene is in no way regrettable. We soldiers feel it as only just, yes, as requisite.

We thank creative nature that it gave us the capacity for hostility: through it, we are able to develop energies which are constructive and shaping, organising and law-giving.

Let us just think about it that the Boers, even then still, when the English – who, as is known, again and again refer with emphasis to their Christian morality – attacked them, hardly dared to lift their gaze from the Bible and hoped for a miracle. When the most active elements among them pulled themselves up for a heroic struggle, it was already too late! They had hoped for too much from 'love' and had developed too little the energies of hostility. So they had to experience that the English, in unrestrained rage for annihilation, did not stop even before Boer women, children, and oldsters.

The Boer's liberation war was suffocated in a sea of blood, and the sense for reality became so confused among many a paid creature among them, that they today, at the side of their oppressors, take to the field against us!

But we know that the sole hope for a real peace, for a peace of justice and honour, rests solely in the aware and shaped power, which will have an effect in the Reich created by us.

War shapes the power of the state in a new order, which feels hostility towards the old arbitrariness and knows how to end this arbitrariness.

Because we know of the justification and of the necessity of our hostility toward the oppressors, we fight in the fanatical faith in our victory, which is guaranteed by the personality of the Führer unerringly anchored in reality!

The reality of this world is filled with fighting and conflict, struggle for assertion. And this reality cannot be hidden away by any doctrine, by any theory, by any ideology, by any ever so happy message.

Strong, warlike human beings, who have not lost their instinct, rather have instead kept it awake and sharp, see in the struggle of the world the great opportunity for the development of their nature. They have clearly recognised that life itself is nothing less than the will to assertion, and their thinking became already early a demanding will to life.

Our Führer once spoke the clear and distinct words:

> 'National Socialism is a cool reality doctrine of the sharpest scientific realisations and their mental stamp.'

We National Socialists know that these words are an affirmation of the reality of this life and of this world, which may not be evaded at all!

Whoever wants to live, must fight!

There is simply no non-combative life. At least not a healthy, creative and hence blessed life!

We do not want to talk of the sick 'life', of vegetating.

A fool who wants to let himself be given something from life, who waits for a fabulous happiness to fall into his lap!

The beggars at the gate of fate have nothing moving, nothing touching about them. We can only despise them from deepest soul.

We may not give anything to ourselves!

We must do everything ourselves. Not only out of compulsion!

In order to win the world, a final, unreserved action is required. And the courage for honesty!

Again and again, excuses are on hand, they downright push themselves on us. Nothing is easier for us than to veil the truth. We only need to close our eyes in order not to see it.

Just that the person who closes his eyes in order to not see the truth should not blame 'fate', if he stumbles.

The world simply belongs to the awake, the daring, the seeing.

There are no 'problems' that lie outside the human heart.

The world itself knows no 'questions', which could not be solved in our breast.

We must only have the courage to dare the rebellion.

The world is not 'peaceful'. We already realised that from the storms, which race across our land. But we also know of the storms and shocks, which our heart, our soul must experience.

We also manage no flight to peace. Even the monk, the hermit, the anchorite – the most thorough soul murderer – is still persecuted with 'temptations'.

We must confront fate. Our experience teaches us this. We must attack it and shape history, our courage advises us this. But our instinct as well says this to us, that voice of the conscience, which admonishes us to preserve life, to climb, to make more fertile, which advises us to stride the right paths for life development, for completion.

The so-called 'coincidences', those events, which approach us from the linkage of the processes of life and its manifestations that are removed from our reason and our calculations, are nothing else than tasks, which we must solve.

It is unfruitful to ponder them. Their instigators are in no way of mysterious, occult origin. Least of all does 'heaven' throw them to us.

The sole reply that we can give them is the deed.

Our world?

We see its manifestations!

Their enigmas excite our intellect, our reason for the attack. Not for subjugation!

There is simply no thinking of humiliation.

Even where reason stands before walls and barriers which it thinks it cannot surmount, it does not renounce this attack, rather takes a starting point, a position, from which it is again and again willing at any time to risk the daring leap.

- 3 -

Pain

There are human beings who – like a snail – carefully stick out their feelers in order to feel out reality.

If they encounter difficulties, they hurriedly withdraw into a ‘security’ and wait for the ‘favourable moment’.

The favourable moment is supposed to guarantee the effortless success, the advance.

There are human beings, who for their whole life wait so for the favourable moment and never come to action, to the decisive deed. It is able to make life unfruitful and hence to destroy it.

There is probably no deed, which – in the mental and the bodily – were not tied to pain. In the taking and in the giving sense.

Every birth is painful with its birth pains.

But pain is a transition form of life.

Above the pain shines the sun of the deed.

The final reply to pain is not the groan!

In the struggle for reality, in the struggle for the shaping of fate, the attacking human beings are already rich in pain. Just that precisely these human beings distinguish themselves in that they do not stop with complaints, rather – in defiance of the pains – chime into the triumphant song of their deed. ‘Happiness’ lies not in the reaching of the goal, rather in the attack against the obstacles, which tower up before a greater goal.

‘I dared it!’ is not the hymn of gratitude of a human being who has conquered a fortress and now plants his signs of victory in its battlements. It is instead of the casting lots by someone who is in the middle of the attack and possesses no other certainty than his wall-breaking defiance, than his titanic, rejoicing courage.

The daring is everything. Not the conquest!

Pain does not need to be our enemy. A pain-filled life is certainly not yet a lost life. Comrades, it can even be a fruitful, deed-filled and work-blessed life.

Pain – be it as great as it wants – may not lead to disappointment.

Human beings who were not able to gain knowledge of the reality of life have already often after the first painful experiences felt their whole existence as overshadowed by the pain and let themselves go so much to give their life a negative omen.

Their pessimism, their 'world pain' was often still viewed and praised as stirring of a 'noble soul'.

Sensitivity – one moreover often confuses sensitivity with sensitiveness – is still by a long shot no proof for an open heart, just like capacity for suffering is also not yet a yardstick for quality of character. To give oneself to pain, may for weaklings be a sweet comfort of surrender to fate. Despite pain, however, to affirm life, is the first sign of awakened life will.

Precisely the attacking human beings, the creative and shaping ones, have never been ashamed of their sensitivity, they have also never denied it. Only they simply did not succumb to it.

The heroes of German history were always the most sensitive people of their time.

The harder the decisions fell, the greater was also their pain, which introduced the birth of the thought.

If we look into the heart of the great revolutionaries and thinkers, of the mightiest statesmen and heralds of our folk, then we are anxious about the pain that stands at the threshold of the rebellion forming environment and fate.

Let us just think of men like Hutten, Frederick the Great, Kleist, Bismarck, Nietzsche.

Pain is not hostile to deed. It is able to frighten off only the cowardly and the lazy.

What motherly woman, out of fear of the pains of birth, would also shun giving birth to a child?

Creation begins with pain!

The paths to the completion of every work lead through pain!

The aware and thinking, creative human being disdains all narcotics. He wants to experience, not only suffer, the act of creation.

The pessimist ascertains concerned that the rose has thorns and can still view its beauty only with melancholy, if he does not – simply because of the thorns – even deny them any beauty.

The optimist wants to see only the rose's beauty, until he convinces himself through the pain – which he must feel twice as much precisely in the admiration of the beauty – of the existence of the thorns.

Certainly, then his admiration for the beauty, however, is also no longer as great!

Only the instinct-sure human being sees the rose in its totality. His knowledge of the thorns does not let his joy in the beauty be spoiled.

He knows that there is no beauty separated from purpose, which exists for its own sake.

He also knows no existence of 'beauty' separated from purpose. He demands no deed-full life without pain! For love of his work, he does not ask for mercy!

The valuation of life and reality according to pain has become invalid: precisely we soldiers have seen and suffered pain. In the enduring and in the dishing out, we have experienced more than still seemed possible to a bourgeois generation before us. And nonetheless, life has not lost its meaning for us through this. We have – even in the deepest suffering and in the bitterest disappointment – not surrendered our heart to despair. But indeed, the pain, when the wounds scarred, made armour grow around our heart.

An armoured heart, however, should not be confused with a petrified one!

So we may be thankful to pain, because it made our heart firm so that it may be able to beat even hotter and most passionately under the armour.

Scars have the characteristic of making a tissue stronger, and where a break once healed, a bone does not break again.

Ultimately, every mistake that we make is painful. But the realisation, which we – since we learn from our mistakes, if we are not stubborn and foolish – gain through the overcoming, helps our intellectual and spiritual growth.

We may not have fear of mistakes and not recoil from pains of the spirit.

The courage for overcoming is then the noble gain.

No realisation matures, which does not destroy an idea of yesterday, perhaps even a past relic.

The pain of destruction, however, is out-shined by the birth of a future.

Fearless thought directed at a great goal simply has no reference for outdated relics. It grows over them, encrusts them, sorts them insofar as they managed to anchor themselves in the life sphere of an idea.

There may then be a doubled pain, the pain of destruction and the pain of birth. In exchange, however, the gain is also twice as great: The creation of a new idea.

So we soldiers stand in our time: the time of the fall of an old world and the birth hour of a new world.

We have suffered pains, when the old world, to which a part of our heart as well clung, a large portion of our love, of our ideas, of our yearning for beauty, of our hope, of our spiritual homeland burst. And we were the first to take pain upon ourselves for the new, which grew up with impetuosity, and which pushed according to unerring inner law for development.

We did it voluntarily and happily, because we heard the commandment of duty. And this demand demands to attack the fate of such an hour of birth. To prevent that coincidence and arbitrariness usurp the new.

We sacrificed, in order to be able to stride with unburdened steps into the future, so much that we treasured.

The great Alexander, when he stepped upon new land to be conquered, burned the ships. He gave himself to the future, which turned victory into a necessity.

We are soldiers of the National Socialist revolution. We want to know no bridges to the past in our rear, bridges that want to tempt us to turn around before the suffering.

The hour of the soldier, in defiance of pain, knows only one commandment:

Forward!

This signal to attack is brighter, more demanding, more compelling than the whispering of thoughts of fear, which want to announce the paralyzing news of pain and death. And the attack is the most victorious means to expel thoughts of fear.

We fight against pain and death: this is the rebellion of our life! The performance that knows how to shape the deed out of courage and will, is our contribution to eternity in the reality of this world.

We soldiers know that we – if we stride bravely through the gates of pain and of death – are bearers of our folk's eternity.

For the breaches that we make in the enemies' walls open for our children and grandchildren the paths into the future.

Our wisdom is that we may not sicken from the pain of the present, rather must shape the present.

We hence grew out of the world of the bourgeois – which, for love of its security, out of reservations and considerations built for itself walls, which were supposed to delimit it against the total demands of reality – because we became more consistent in thought and action.

At the end of our thought stands the warlike deed, which leads out of the coincidence of daily life into the creative realm of the reality-shaping idea.

Pain and death are no longer phantoms for us. Even if they so ominously accompany our path, which leads to the perfection of agreement between will and deed.

Yesterday still – in the middle of a despairing, petty thinking bourgeois environment – we were lonely in our folk.

Consistent soldierly human beings, warriors, as we call them, were as rare as great ideas at all were rare.

Our Führer first created in National Socialism the cool doctrine of reality, which, sublime above fear and pain, was able to see the world like it is.

So we soldiers gained more than a worldview; we learned to see through the world, to see the backgrounds, to recognise the hostile and friendly forces and thereby to take our own position, our starting point for the attack!

The cool doctrine of reality, which the Führer gave us, bestows on our position a firm, rocky subsoil, upon which we are able to support and stem ourselves, when it is necessary to clear mountains of obstacles off to the side.

So we know that war and hostility, pain and death are something natural.

And a 'redemption' from this natural – in defiance of all religions and prophecies – has not succeeded!

For the world does not want to be redeemed, rather shaped!

We also know that life puts us before the solution of tasks, from which we indeed suffer, from which we can also perish.

But life will never be for us a more or less successful general test for a 'beyond'.

Our duty binds us to the shaping of this earth, to the fulfilment of our mission, which serves the eternity of our folk.

- 4 -

Being Able To Be Enemy!

Already the defence against the attack of the environment hostile to us demands from us the mobilisation of the will, readiness.

But whoever wants to be master of his life and shaper of his fate, for him, it does not suffice that his energies are employed only for the defence. He must, beyond that, stride to the aggressive deed.

But every step is threatened by danger, arouses the hostility of others, leads into adventures and distresses, encounters obstacles.

It is not surprising that the weak are not up to this advance and prefer the security, the safety of rest to the uncertainty and adventurousness of wandering.

But the resting one does not reach the goal of life, the fulfilment of the great duty, rather simply only the striding one, the growing one, the one becoming stronger through overcoming.

The realisation that the world is full of enemies and obstacles obligates us to ourselves become enemy of the obstacles.

Wanting to be enemy is the fruit of the realisation.

Being able to be enemy is a goal of the mobilisation of our will.

We want to have the courage to think to the end the idea of hostility. Certainly, hostility is basically something destructive. For since we are of this and not of that world, we do not love the enemy, rather feel within us the command of our instinct to annihilate the enemy, who, after all, not only offers resistance, rather beyond that himself strides to counterattack.

You or I!

That is the ancient password of hostility.

Certainly, the gospels: you and I! Sounds more pleasing. But first, you and I must be brought to a plane beyond life reality!

Only in a folk's community of fate is the union of will and yearning, of shaping and deed of many human beings present. Here common blood, race, tie of goal, distress, unites.

Happy he, whose body and soul are armed for struggle! Happy he, who can be enemy!

We know the laws of sympathy and antipathy, of affection and revulsion.

To want to deny these laws means to close the eyes before truth and reality.

And only human beings who come from fear, lie or stupidity, close their eyes in order to not have to see.

Whoever can be enemy, understands to hate.

Hate has been unjustly despised as something ignoble, as something demonic.

And nonetheless, hate is a stirring of our instinct, an expression of will of our soul.

If we are not able to hate servitude, we also cannot love freedom!

There is no hostility without hate, unless we were to defend ourselves without instinct, only out of habit, perhaps also only out of revolt against a discomfort.

We must be able to hate the enemies of our folk's freedom in order to summon up the will for their annihilation.

Only a 'tamed' human being – a herd 'animal of habit' – a human being who lost instinct and soul, is no longer able to hate.

But he is also not capable of love.

For genuine love wants to produce and to be active. Deed and producing, however, always encounter obstacles!

If we logically think to the end, we no longer evade hate, rather we affirm it like all great and noble passions, from which deeds are born.

In order to become total human beings, human beings whose will and whose deed form a union, we must feel hate and hostility toward the attempts that want to whisper into the heart cowardice or the temptation of vanity, desire for rest or the tendency to comfort. We must not only ourselves be on guard against the attempts within us, rather hate everything hard and pitilessly that makes us smaller, less warlike, humbler.

The struggle against self-debasement creates the prerequisites for the free development of our energies, for growth, for ascent.

The reality of life does not recognise an 'elevation' that comes from debasement.

If we throw ourselves in the dust in humility, then fate does not lift us up comforting, rather puts its foot on the back of our neck.

Comrades, do you still remember the 'silver lining politics' of the system period? Germany's situation was supposed to be 'improved' with negotiations and with the exchange of charming, but empty, phrases.

And the representatives of the Weimar Republic skilfully tried to keep the Versailles dictate secret from the folk. Who then was familiar with this 'treaty'?

One did not like to speak of it in public, one much preferred to boast of the alleged progress of the 'constitution'!

We learned to hate the opponents, traitors and destroyers of our folk from deepest soul. And only this hate made us capable of the liberating deed, conveyed to us the clear realisation that only the rebellion against 'Versailles' – behind it hid all the open and secret enemies of our nation – could make us free, no 'reconciliation', no recognition, no settlement.

We learned to track the enemy ideas to the bottom and to research the brains and hearts from which they sprang.

We also learned that we must destroy the bearers of these hostile ideas, if we do not want to be destroyed ourselves.

We know that there are fights for life and death, a fight of spirits, which cannot end with a compromise, rather only with the total victory of the stronger and the total extermination of the defeated idea!

In the struggle against the temptations within us grows from the recognition of all weaknesses and breaches the yearning for totality, for genuineness, for perfection.

Whoever strides as victor over his own imperfections into the great struggle of life, only he is able to be enemy.

He no longer succumbs to the temptations, which weaken him, which make him disloyal toward his goal.

With undiminished strength, which is escalated through passion, he approaches the goal, destroying everything that dares to throw itself into the path of the shaping of the idea.

But who is our enemy?

Who bears the power, which is intended for our hostility?

Hate-worthy is not the coincidental of an obstacle, only the intentional.

We do not hate the members of folks, which are at war with us. But we indeed hate the powers hostile to our folk's freedom, which drive these folks into the war that has our destruction as goal. And there is no peace until those powers are destroyed.

But the folks, which allow themselves to be driven by those powers to war against us, must reckon that they will be drawn into the fall that strikes the powers.

Johann Gottlieb Fichte, the philosopher of the German Wars of Liberation – that upright thinker who had the courage to dethrone the personal god of the Bible and replace it with a German realisation, which declared the divinity as synonymous with the moral world order, hence with the law, a daring enterprise that brought the philosopher a legal case from the obscurantists, the so-called 'atheism debate' – spoke the brave words:

'Every phantom disappears
if one looks it square in the eye.'

This is the message of the unshaken warlike bearing, which does not evade obstacles, rather defiantly approaches them.

Reality wants to be recognised, it does not tolerate that one hides one's head in the sand before it.

Truth still maintains its validity, even if the coward wants to close his eyes before it and thinks that not-being-able-to-see is synonymous with not-being-present!

We soldiers know Schiller's words:

'Whoever can look death in the face,
the soldier alone is the free man.'

The greatness of warriordom consists precisely of this, that it despises any flight from reality, even on ladders to heaven.

With all emphasis, Fichte rejected that unworthy 'religious' stance of the Bible, which demands hope for a reward in the beyond, that the patient man still offer the other cheek as well, if a slap has struck the one!

Fichte as well demanded the hostility of the decent against the oppressors, the rebellion of the subjugated against the tyrants, the outrage of the steadfast against the servitude of the cowards.

The dethroned freedom, so Fichte knew as well, could still keep itself alive only in the thought – namely in the thought of hostility – in order, at the given time, to break forth taking revenge and saving the nation. And precisely we present day people, we soldiers of the German revolution, understand Fichte's words in their whole depth:

'Above all things is this religious meaning,
that one resists slavery.'

The awareness of our own strength bestows upon us superiority over danger and makes us proud that we can be enemy. We soldiers have been allowed to prove in this war that the passionate will directed at the enemy's destruction is able to summon up the unimaginable in strength.

Because we went to war filled with our folk's freedom idea, with the doctrine of National Socialism, we triumphed.

The hostility of an old world met us. We countered it with our hostility.

The hate of the powers denying the order of justice met us. We answered it with our hate.

Hostility will never recede from the world. It is a moving principle compelling to taking to stand, which we must affirm with passionate heart, if we affirm reality and life thoughtfulness.

Our high love belongs to the nation, which has set out to build a Reich.

And this high song, which makes us capable of the ultimate sacrifice, affirms the hate that lets us wield the weapons of death against everything that is not of this love.

We are a new breed, which is no longer ashamed of its passions, which no longer endeavours to veil them with foolish and deceptive slogans.

We want to be Germans who, to talk with Hutten, step forth just as they are.

We answer love with love. Hate with hate, hostility with hostility. A clear calculation, which is appropriate for the new, genuine world.

And only the truthful is able to survive before history!

German Affirmation

Deutsches Bekenntnis

- 1941 -

- 1 -

German Faith

When our questioning
Echoes in the wind,
When our complaining
Becomes nothing before fate,
Then our faith gropes
To the clouds.

When our eyes become tired
From suffering and doubt,
When on earth
Storms roar and houses collapse,
Faith is like solid ground in the wild sea.

Whoever in the distress of the present
Can believe in the beauty of the future,
That person is stronger than even the deepest suffering
Of his heart.

Whoever is strong in faith, is victor in the future,
And only the strong reaches the land of the future,
The meaning of all seeking and willing is being strong.

Whoever believes in his strength, also believes in the strength
Of his folk.
And from this faith arises the eternal Reich.

- 2 -

The Gateway of Freedom

We walk stony roads
Toward the great calling.
Our hardened fists grip
The flagpole tighter.
Our wandering has already lasted for years.
Our temples have become grey in the twilight.
In the rhythm of the stride we feel the miraculous strength
Of our blood.
The sacred yearning of the heart looks toward the north
And hopes for the revelation of light.
Aside from the calling of our courage
We hear nothing.
The call is like a trumpet signal and
God's cloud.
It drives us through chaos and order toward fate.
We are the lost band in the folk,
We bands of the future.
We do not worry about the day of battle,
We do not fear the valley of death.
We stride through the silence of the night
Toward the gateway of fulfilment.
There we lower the assault flags
And inhale the morning air.
In our heart the presentiment congeals into a certainty
That freedom lies behind the gateway.
With our fists we tear down the beams
So that rays of light penetrate the night.
And when the pure sun greets our flags
Our path to eternity is finished.
When our brothers sing freedom songs
Our fate has completed itself.

- 3 -

The German Soul

From the foggy grey of the northland, the land of dreamy yearning for meagre sun, for rare green foliage, for aromatic, steaming, brown earth, comes German man, comes the German soul.

Curse and grace lie over the soul of German man: curse for the weak, who in accordance with the inscrutable laws of the blood perishes from the impossibility of his yearning, grace for the strong, who through struggle and experience can shape his yearning triumphantly in victory. The German's fate bestowed struggle is the actual mythos of the Nordic soul; in the twilight of dusk and dawn arises the song of the Edda, the struggle and faith of the Nibelungen, rises the Nordic shaping of literature in the ballad.

In the soul of German man, the Nordic feeling of things and relationships has evolved into a blood-determined formation. The form of the German soul in its duality is incomprehensible for the foreigner; full of fear and confusion he experiences the German almost simultaneously as childish-dreamy pure fool and warlike and war-loving barbarian. The non-German will never be able to comprehend the relationship between light and fog, sun and grey, in the German soul. Perhaps the German himself will hardly be clear about his wonderful unity. Only a very few talented Nordic people have been able – artistically creative or prophetically gazing — to shape the glow of the German soul glimmering in the bright darkness; German in the deepest experience and presentiment of relationships is the painting of Rembrandt, German is the indescribably sweet dryness of the sculptures of Riemenschneider, German is the experience of grey and light in the music of Beethoven and Bach, German is the experience of and search for God by Eckhart and Luther down to Jacob Böhme, the dreamer and seeker behind the secretive and precipitously shimmering water lamp.

It is inexplicably German that in the experience of the prettiest beauty and of the deepest bliss Nordic man becomes inscrutably sad, just as he equally inscrutably in hardness hears far off in heaven tender chords.

The German is a man of yearning, never of fulfilment, of struggle, never of peace, of hunger, never of satiation. The thousand German yearnings are always in danger of being betrayed and sold out, nowhere are the struggles of worldviews waged so bitterly as in the German region. Action is German soul.

The German is child and warrior.

In times of peace, which serve preparation for war, the German —with uncannily happy, shining eyes — walks across budding, greening fields, through rustling, whispering forest, along glistening, wind-swept lake and dreams the yearning dream of the deed. Secret thoughts arise from the dark shafts of his blood.

Following an inexplicable compulsion, he lets the plough rest and ponders in the distance that brings danger and adventure, distress and sacrifice, victory and wounds. Thoughtfully, he looks at wife and child and yearns for the sword.

The same combative yearning fills boy and man.

And woe to the German whose sword breaks, whose warrior arm tires: he dies from the betrayal of his soul.

Tender and harsh become a unity in the German, that is his talent, that is the victory of his soul. Struggle is his life, peace, the sparseness of German vegetation, the cloudiness of the German sky: everything is grace and gift. Nothing falls into German man's lap without effort, everything he gets comes from struggle and victory, from blood and sacrifice. A heavy burden is the duality of his experience, divinely great is the shaping into a unity. — The hour when the German soul awakens to clear consciousness, to deed, is not yet here, but it approaches. The acquisition of living space will follow the hour of the awakening of the German soul to action. German rule will grow out of overcoming of division and vagueness, out of the birth of unity.

It is the hour of dusk, the dusk between night and day. It is full of horror and dread for the weak, full of hope and faith for the strong.

It is the hour of dusk before dawn. And when the German soul celebrates its resurrection, the sun shines above the wonderful and mysterious German land.

- 4 -

We Germans

Our heartbeat is
Like the surf of the sea.
Like the roar of the waves
Does our blood pulse.
Like wind and clouds
Are our thoughts,
Which cross the expanse of worlds.
And our yearning is
Like the foaming sea
That the storm churns up.
Our faith is
Like the light of the sun,
A warming and glowing
That comes from the divinity
And goes to it.
Where the elements, harnessed,
Rule the world
There is also a bit of our light
We who strive for the whole,
We Germans.

- 5 -

About War

When the word war is uttered, an unbridgeable chasm opens between people, a chasm that leaves on one side all those people whose soul is elevated by words of struggle and joy in arms, and on the other side those whose heart tightens at the mental image of death and wounds.

People able to argue about world-views and theories, are also able to mutually persuade one or the other about the validity of their views, but the paths part on one issue: war. Here the combative, action-ready, courageous master caste stands irreconcilably opposed to the mercantile, advantage-seeking, cowardly slave caste. Beyond position and degree, beyond arrogance and class, war classifies men as heroes and cowards, and the radicalism of war knows no middle ground, no compromise.

Like a storm-wind, the weather cloud of war rages over lands and folks, blows away what is chaff, knocks down the rotten and lazy and hollow that still stand in the world of man.

War is like the white-hot fire of the crucible. The slags turn into charcoal and encrust, smoke and glisten, and only the metal that is genuine and true and pure remains.

War is like the water of a gigantic wave. What is bloated and spongy and heavy must sink and perish, and what is solid and reliable floats on the water like a fishing boat.

War reveals the genuine values, values that are independent of the daily stock-market fluctuation of pseudo-values. Manliness, discipline, overcoming, service and sacrifice, devotion and greatness, those are the values about which war asks, by which human hearts are measured, affirmed or rejected.

It is not true that war makes men coarse, at most it rips the mask from the face, and the cowards are recognised as cowardly, the coarse as coarse and the noble as noble.

Certainly, war possesses horror and might, it murders innocents and devastates the peaceful. But the course of nature is also horrible with its inexplicable laws, even God the Creator is horrible, without whose doing no sparrow falls from the roof and no hair is harmed. But where values are destroyed, new values emerge, that is the mysterious destiny that stands behind war's destruction.

There are war-like and un-war-like folks. The war-like ones – those are the ones who go to battle out of joy in struggle and risk, not for booty — are destined to be masters and owners of the earth. The un-war-like ones — those are the ones who at most are out to preserve their possessions and only for defence draw a rusty sword from its sheath — are damned to wait until a war-like folk comes to take their space.

Woe to the folks who, satiated on booty, begin to live a life of pleasure without struggle: the seed of decay is laid in them and long illness, painful death awaits them.

Being armed is the wisdom of man. Not to fear death, that is his strength.

Indeed, times of calm also come for the warrior. In those times he gathers his energies, heals his wounds, puts his weapons in order, attends to his farm and hearth and enjoys his wife and children. Times of calm are times of readiness.

When the era of war comes, when nations march and bleed for the shaping of their essence, then the time of heroism begins as well, of that spiritual bearing that unconditionally affirms war and follows this affirmation with the deed.

There is a trade in work and education that can be learned and mastered; there is also a trade of weapons and struggle. But those who are only tradesmen of struggle will never be warriors as well, for warriordom does not come from knowing and learning, rather it is selection and grace, it is determined by blood, manly spirit.

An era of peacefulness has tried to dishonour warriordom, has excommunicated the warrior spirit and offered it for sale for the shiny trinkets of the day.

But the voice of the court over the folks has decided, it has summoned the spirit of war to gather the masters and the servants, one to live, the other to perish.

- 6 -

Vanguard

We stride ahead of our folk
And scout.
We go out into the storm
And see.
The enemy deploys in the foreground
Like a cloud that hangs over ripe fields
In order to destroy them with lighting and hail.
We silently load the carbines.
The dusk makes our cheeks pale.
We young men stand grey and remember the fight of the old.
And our heart is crowded with thoughts.
We wait for the clash.
And get hand-grenades ready to throw.
Above us flatters huge
The flag of duty.
We stand up
And stride toward fate.
We look death in its stern face
And do not fear.

- 7 -

The Term: In Vain

There was still fighting in Flanders and on the Isonzo, in Romania and in Palestine, in the Argonne forest and in Russia's swamps, when for the first time a term crept like a plague into the ranks of the combatants and non-combatants, the heroes and the cowards, the term: in vain.

The term came from whatever un-heroic heart. Perhaps from a desperate person, perhaps from a traitor, but perhaps also from somebody bought. Certainly it came from the mouth of a person who had never grasped the idea of the war, who had never explored the sacred why of the struggle. The term was paralyzing. It robbed meaning and killed hope. Germans in the homeland doubted the purpose and the goal of the sacrifice they made in suffering and deprivation, in renunciation of joy and in the silent waiting for the early morning light of a beautiful, sunny day of peace after the night and the storms of the pain-filled war. The sword arm of many a warrior who had been gripped by the contagion of the term got tried, and his fighting spirit became tired and unhappy. Deadlier than the fire of a machine-gun that sprayed its rounds into the assault waves of fighting soldiers, more lethal than the poison gas that suffocated soldiers in trenches and fox-holes, in shell craters and dugouts, became the term in vain. Women who had had to sacrifice their husbands and children, their fathers for the life of the nation and who had found their comfort in the sacredness of the sacrifice so that a silent, proud melancholy filled their hearts were torn horribly from their composure in order to hear a second death notification that sounded so different from the first. There was no more talk of warrior's lot and heroic death. Pale words wanted to tumble down heroes' crosses. The hearts of the lonely women and children bled, and barely healed wounds were opened. A term, the term in vain, spat upon the most sacred.

And what then does this term mean? It means: All that enthusiasm with which a folk took to arms, all that earnest with which determined men took to the battlefield, was deception and lie.

It means: all the courage with which the soldier hurled himself against enemy iron, all the overcoming with which he held out in muddy trenches and shot up positions against the enemies' assault, was nothing.

At the term in vain all those who fought shoulder-to-shoulder with the fallen of the Great War and were spared by death must raise their fists and shout no.

At the term in vain all those who have a dear one in the shadow army of those who sacrificed themselves for the nation must cry out and protect their shrine. At the term in vain the dead themselves must stand up and testify for their idea, and the nation's spirit adds its yes. The brutal term in vain violates dead and living, violates nation and idea, violates past and future.

The spirit of the nation, the dead themselves give us an answer, when we shout our why into the night of lack of understanding, when our heart prays for knowledge of the meaning of sacrifice and devotion:

That is why German soldiers died a battlefield death, so that out of their blood and breath, out of their love and their soul a Reich of the German spirit would be erected that would be stronger than all storms and distresses, than fears and fearful questions. A Reich of the liberators and liberated. A Reich of eternity, built upon faith and idea.

The freedom death of German warriors is admonishment and call to the struggling and un-saved, it is the fire sign that shines through and warms the cold night of servitude.

All German soldiers, who with their death sealed their oath of loyalty to Germany, they have in the east and in the west through their blood and through their grave won a small piece of German soil, exactly big enough so that one day the cradle of a German child will be able to stand on it. Before God and the world, they have purchased new space for the German nation and paid for it with the highest asset that a human life is able to give: a broad German land, a land of the future and of freedom, a land, protected, blessed and watched, acquired and sanctified by dead German warriors. So does the spirit of the nation speak to us, when we ask it. So do the dead soldiers speak to us, when we conjure them.

A sacred legacy lives within us, a legacy that obligates us. A proclamation and revelation of the nation, so enthusiastically sacred and heavy that we have no peace and rest, that we must go out into the German lands in order to preach about the Reich and about freedom. There is no in vain as long as Germans — in hours and days of remembrance of the greatness and sacrifice of German heroes — let their souls wander over cities and villages, over meadows and fields, other heights and expanses of German land and distant empires to the sites where the warriors rest. As long as they can pray and thank at these sites, as long as they seek and find strength there for the struggle that is decreed for the sake of freedom and future.

There is no in vain as long as enthusiastic German youth, in memory of the fallen of the German wars, yearn to escape from confines and misery to battle. As long as they can believe in the grace of warriordom. As long as they respect and honour the weapon.

There is no in vain as long as the nation's freedom stands as supreme law over the feeling and action of Germans.

And all the German soldiers who died in order to create and preserve life are milestones along the path that leads to Germany's freedom. An entire folk prays at the cross that stands over their mound. A new Germany that builds altars to the idea of sacrifice.

A new Germany that has pronounced the martyrs of this idea holy. A folk that found an answer to its question of the why of sacrificial death.

And: There is no in vain!

- 8 -

Volunteers

If the wealthy are happy
And moan with comfort
The evening wind brings us
A distant yearning.
We have no flag
We unroll in the storm.
We wear no insignia
Our command is the growl of thunder
Of distant guns.
We come together
When it gets dark.
And when iron strikes iron
That is our battle song.
We climb up from the factories
And come with heavy step
From the plough.
We unknown soldiers,
We nameless army.
We hold to lost trenches
And claw tight to poor soil,
No one knows our deeds
Aside from us ourselves.
But our mouth has become silent
And our lips are hard.
We are of a different kind
We warriors out of joy.
We know no answer to your questions
About the why.
We know nothing to say
And remain silent.
But our blood will speak
When our eyes close
In battle.

- 9 -

The Creative Power of Poverty

Since ancient times the drive for wealth, for satiation, for living well has come over the folks as a sin. And all the folks which were not saved from this sin by prophetic and energetic leaders and statesmen perished from it, perished from decay, like an oak rooted in poor soil would have to rot and die in the over satiation of the tropical climate. Prophetic statesmen like Caesar and Tacitus were the ones in ancient Rome who full of envy and pain pointed at young Germania which —with its fullness of strength stemming from poverty — threatened to crush the Roman Empire devoured and rotted by luxury and civilisation. Similar notes of complaint against the ruinous striving for wealth and satiation resound from the writings of Plato and from the philosophies and religions of all lands and times.

Promise and grace lie upon Germany, because it has received its space in the north of the world, where fog and rain are more frequent than sun and blue sky, where more Scots pine and oaks stand than fruit-bearing trees, where sandy plain and heath, sand and stones cover a larger patch of the land as march and clay than as fat meadows and golden fields of grain. In the poverty of his world the German became a fighter and thinker, a worker from early light until late into the evening.

The German is creative in his poverty. From the beginning of German history down to the most recent past resounds the Song of Songs of German poverty. It roars in the waves that rush along the bow of the Viking ship, it clinks in the weapons of the German warrior who takes off in order to win freedom and space for his nation, it weighs heavily around the peasant's plough that breaks the poor soil, it thunders in the worker's anvil who gives iron shape and destiny. Where the wealthy lives his satiation and pleasure as taker, not as giver, where in his satiation and having enough he becomes lazy and sleepy, the man blessed with poverty sits in his damp room and contemplates creation and formation of the great, ideas and concepts, deeds and works.

The German with his lack of possessions is free for the heroic, because that can only be done from and for freedom. Free, he is a thousand times more free than the rich man who is chained in concern for his possessions and cannot follow

the daring journeys of the hero out of fear of losing his treasures. Whoever proclaims the struggle for freedom must first preach poverty. And nobody achieves freedom unless sacrifice lies on his path. Whose hand still lies protectively upon treasures cannot wield the sword. And there are visible and invisible treasures that can hinder a German's hand on the sword!

That is the first great victory on the nation's advance, that all idols were smashed that contented people erected as life's joy in times that as expression of value created coined gold and on that basis created castes of high and low, prominent and petty. And the cross of sacrifice and the sword of struggle are made the symbol of the first great victory. Gold and property no longer constitute the value of a person for the nation, rather his passionate heart, his war-loving blood, his readiness for sacrifice.

When fire, the purifying fire of judgment stands over the nation, the golden walls melt that ignorant and irresponsible times erected between brothers of the same blood and they flow away into nothing. That is the court's mercy.

This is the re-evaluation of values, so that a man in the folk no longer says: 'See, I have a thousand coins in my pocket' and thereby elevates himself over his brother, rather that he says, 'I bear a thousand wounds on my breast for the nation's freedom', and who is thankful for the blessing of bearing wounds for Germany.

People who know no values other than those they carry in pockets and hide in chests are, according to the nation's court, a tree without roots and crown that must dry out and fall. But whoever's strength is the love for the nation, his veins are fed by his folk's eternal river of blood. We combative people of the young Germany, who own nothing but blood and faith, shining eyes and hard fists, we see in the poverty that stands over us calling and grace. We yearn passionately like hardly a generation before us and perhaps after us as well for a life full of struggle and sacrifice. Hence we affirm the spirit of our time and are grateful to live now, precisely now. We are grateful for the call to the struggle for freedom, grateful for the responsibility with which we are decorated, we bearers of the idea of German poverty.

For we know that around us folks die the death of the satiated and cowardly, and we Germans, we folk of poverty and its values, we will receive and administer a great legacy; administer so that we do not become satiated and sleepy, rather awake and remain prepared through our yearning, our German yearning that calls us to sacrifice ourselves, sacrifice again and again. We are, after all — for the sake of our idea — a folk of the future, we Germans!

- 10 -

The Great Yearning

Occasionally, my hands that have become narrow itch,
And I look contemplatively at their palms:
In them, many years ago,
The barrel of a carbine still laid,
The weapon I once carried on the charge,
Which, when in battle I opened the lock to fire
Sent death into the enemy's ranks.
Those were times of proud manliness
When I, with my many grey comrades,
Wielded the weapon
In hands that had become steel.
The day came when we
Put down the weapons for cowardly peace:
Since then my hands have become narrow.

- 11 -

Motherliness

Blessed softness, the expression of fulfilled yearning and ultimate innermost harmony laid in the features of the young woman in whose arms the first born slumbered.

The sacred tremble of an immeasurable feeling of joy occasionally passed through her body and made her lips tremble. A tremble that passed along to the tiny body of the little boy as if its body was still part of the mother's body.

Worlds away, in the distant kingdom of blessedness in which expectant and recent become mothers reside, the dreaming soul of the woman rested. Over the meadows of divine joy, under the high trees of victorious glory, she strode along, and all the soaring and resounding, all the jubilation and rejoicing had its basis in the experience of the child, in the eternal miracle of creative love, the affirmation of joy-fully becoming one.

Then the young mother's soul saw an image whose sight terrified her down to the very bottom of her existence, whose hardness descended upon her like night frost upon young blossoms. And the mother's soul took its first walk through the suffering of young women who fear for their child's life.

It was an image of departure that the young mother saw. The departure that the son grown to a lad took from her, she who trembled in suffering. Crying, she saw herself caress the blond hair of her brave and strong son, seek his defiant, daring mouth and give him melancholy kisses. She saw her son quietly and tenderly leave her arms, saw him take his weapons and as a warrior with sure, upright gate go to the battle whose field, as if covered by storm clouds, was cloaked in the deepest darkness.

The suddenly starting chaos of thunder and lightning, of storm and hail made her desperately surmise that her son's gate led him into the foggy grey of No-Mans-Land, where death had established its kingdom in the twilight between night and day.

Into the suffering of the soul of the motherly woman, into her heart's bleeding resounded a soft, calm sound, dripped like a wound-closing salve the revelation that came to her from out of the light that like a sun radiated over the kingdom of blessedness.

The revelation from the light went like this:

'Your son, the first born of your creative love, has been selected and called to consecrate his life to the nation. Not the playful joy of young people, not the tender inclination to a dear girl will fill his manly heart, rather the great yearning for struggle. His eyes will shine at the inner view of the battlefield and his heart will burn with the experience of courage in danger.

He has been born into the era of war, and by grace he will be the embodiment of manhood in this era. Again and again, he will stride across the field of death and horror and lose the fear of the end of his life. Beyond the senselessness of destruction, he will understand the meaning of the war, and be lonely on the height to which this knowledge leads him. His faith and action will be noble, when the nation's call to war sends him out. His fist will reach into the life of the enemies hard and pitiless, without mercy and without sparing.

But eventually there will come for him the day that knows no evening. Then your son will be slain in the middle of the field of corpses that is covered with the bodies of the enemies whom his sword struck.

His courageous life and his joyful death will be like a milestone on the nation's path, which leads from the depth of servitude to the height of freedom. His life will give direction to the action of an entire generation, which for the sake of sacrifice renounces everything of its own that makes life pleasant and carefree, which consciously and voluntarily takes upon itself the lot of poverty in order to fully dissolve into the nation's fate.

The best men of the folk will be found at your son's grave to swear brave struggle and sacred sacrifice, and the monument the folk erects to him will outlast the era of war.

You should find your comfort, dear woman, in the knowledge of the secret that stands over the sacrifice for the nation. You should know that since ancient times the best of the folk have been selected to give their body and their soul for its life, its honour and its space, and that rivers of sacrifice-ready blood flow from millennium to millennium, hidden to the cowardly and the weak, never recognised by those who only let their cool, calculating reason be the measure of all things. These mysterious, ancient rivers are only revealed to blessed mothers and chosen heroes, who guard this revelation as a holy relic and through their silence about the ultimate things protect it against desecration by the impure and un-heroic.

You will still bear many sons and daughters, but the first born of your body and your sacrifice will always be the closest to you and your love. Through him, you will be led to the wellspring of the eternal rivers of blood through which the nation receives and continues to shape its life.

> Here you should realise that solely heroic womanhood is able to bear heroic sons, and through this realisation you should become strong and good, pure and brave, and receive the crown of heroism of sacrificing motherhood.'

The motherly young woman received this revelation into her soil from out of the light that shines and warms like the sun above the kingdom of blessedness in which expectant and new mothers reside.

The resounding and jubilation of the soul become deeper and fuller, its radiance brighter and purer, when she returned from the land of revelation-filled dreams to the present of the senses and of body-bound life. A passionate feeling of gratitude and happiness-filled joy, which will always remain alien to all thoughtless coincidental mothers, which only intentional mothers can feel to the extent that flows into infinity, ran through her body and passed itself along to the little child slumbering at her heart as happy and strong life warmth, so that it opened its little eyes and gazed at the mother.

Tender and careful, full of sacred shyness and pious worship, the mother took the child and nourished it at her breast. The little boy took from his mother's breast into himself the mysterious truths of the revelation from the kingdom of blessed, all the strength and consecration of destiny through the blood and all the blessing of grace. And while she suckled her child, there laid upon the countenance of the woman that indescribably beautiful shimmer, the sacred earnest and the deep love for the child that sometimes lies on the face of a mother, much more beautiful than a halo.

- 12 -

The Struggle for Knowledge

It is clear to us that there can be no ultimate knowledge of God and his 'law within us'. We are hence convinced that there must never be a 'dogma'. The value of man is determined by how much he seeks and struggles. The only thing that drives us human beings forward is, after all, seeking and not knowing! A firm, even doctrinaire anchored affirmation leads via increasing indifference to godlessness! Whoever instead of spiritual life acquires a religious doctrine, may indeed be able to live in peace with his conscience, but he denies himself genuine life. God's spirit blows where he wishes. Religious confessions are for him at most like tubes in which one wants to catch and capture this blowing, while in reality the free blowing of this wind is made impossible in precisely these tubes. Even an artificial air pump cannot replace the free blowing of the spirit, even if the pressure occasionally produces a disproportionately loud noise.

Our first affirmation: Because we take our search for God seriously and the God idea is sacred to us, we reject the justification of dogmatic affirmations; because we are concerned for the nation's freedom, we combat the absolute claim of certain doctrines. We want to educate our folk to free and fearless faith, not to blind adherents! One may reproach us that through our dogmaless faith we run the risk of constant erring! How does that hurt? Is it not much more dangerous and harmful to petrify in a doctrine and die spiritually? God's spirit does not ask for theological education, rather for present faith. Faith, however, which can only guide itself according to words written by men, is life alien, if not already dead. True faith, however, transcends all forms and is greater than them.

When we claim that a dogma destroys faith, we mean by this that people are educated to lack of reverence toward God's present spirit, if they, instead of living the duties of the present, concern themselves with the historical development of the dogmas of a past. We cannot say to people 'Believe this, then you are sacred!' We also cannot offer to anybody a salvation meal as rescue for his soul. We can just always offer our hand to those who come to us in the wandering to the light. Together, we want to seek the splendour of God's law; together, we want to enjoy the beauty of his creation; together, we shudder before the power of the present spirit, together lower ourselves into the eternal river of life that proceeds from God and leads back to him, and help ourselves through example and word to the perfection of our image of the world.

We know that each day we must reject some knowledge as deception, when in our search we have encountered greater truths. This search is more sacred to us than all the religious writings of the world combined. Nothing can replace personal experience, personal realisation and personal decision.

When we hence out of love for our seeking brothers in the folk approach them about the most sacred things, this is not done out of the arrogance of an educated know-it-all or presumptuous incorrigibility, rather out of responsibility toward those who walk with us. We cannot fall for scholastic hair-splitting, theological speculations, because we lack the words and concepts before the spirit's splendour, because faith is too sacred to us and because any debating simply produces more human arrogance and priestly megalomania. Precisely because we are fighters for truth, we do not wait for passive illumination, like the so-called saints do, rather we go into the bubbling chaos of opinion full of confidence that due to the divine spark within us we will not miss the path to truth.

We do not want to debate the idea of God, because it is impossible to cloak it in words. Who can determine the feeling that gives us the warmth of an eternal light, toward which we stretch out our arms as unconsciously as the child does toward the mother?

The concept of God: God is here and God is there. That is the unity of his eternity, that he always was, always is and always will be. We reject God as a person. God as spirit has nothing bodily, and it is non-sense to explain him as a person-like spirit.

God is here and God is there, that means he is distant and near at the same time; he is outside us and he is within us. We do not believe in a heaven that has formed itself or will form itself far from us. We believe instead that we are present in the kingdom of the light, insofar as we have not buried the divine glow within us. What is then the word God? It is a concept of ‘good’, given the masculine article. God is more. He is clouds and wind, he is stone and star, he is forest and field, he is heaven and hell, he is tome and eternity, he is earth and outer space, he is being, he is life, he is never ending, he is the light!

The souls that we human beings have received are the sparks of the divine light that we carry in the vessels of our bodies. We are destined to receive this spark in burning and glowing in order in time to let it slide back into the orbit of eternal light. Everything that is strong, is God. Everything that is genuine is from him and is him. That is God's law within us, that we develop the strong within us and deaden the weak. God wants his creation to develop, hence he gives seeds and not grown fruit!

If our faith in the eternity of God's spirit, in the always shining light, in the always warming sun, is supposed to be paganism, we take this ‘blemish’ upon ourselves. We believe that we are thereby more honest than the human beings who are probably ‘pious herd animals’, but not seekers. God does not reveal himself to us when we pray for mercy, he gives us nothing that we have not ourselves acquired. Religious service is the listening to the sound of God's voice within us and the bringing into harmony of the eternal law within us with, God's eternal law, to which we are bound by our soul. God knows no ‘victims’ with whom he

lets himself be reconciled. The sound of our soul must ring pure. And if man does not remove the slags from his soul, the harmony will never be achieved despite all the praying for mercy.

God is not the father who takes pity on children, he has no human features, no ‘amen, dear father’ helps us. We are also not helped by any rebellion! God has not damned us human beings to sin in order to then give us salvation through mercy, rather God puts seeking into the souls of human beings so that they will be combative human beings. He demands from them the deed that leads to unity: Unity, however, can only be won in the daily struggle against all weakness. The law of God's spirit wants the degree of seeking and knowing to be different, just as all of nature is different. It is impossible and it contradicts God's will to reduce knowledge to a common denominator. The great unity of the being of God's spirit lies in this difference. Where there is ‘sin’ there is a separation between the law's demand within us and the law around us. To sin, that means to remove oneself from the great a flowing of unity.

The ‘wanting to be like God’ is for us not the fall into sin, rather precisely the highest goal of our existence. God's spirit has created us as sparks, and the spark is always a part of the larger fire. Whoever in the experience of God does feel like him, whoever is not spirit of spirit, how should he believe in the spirit? Whoever rebels against the God in his breast, that person becomes a destroyer of God's law. Whoever does not believe in the God within him, how can he believe in the God around him?

- 13 -

The Call

Where Germany calls
Our path goes
Through the horror of the uncertain.
Where Germany calls
Struggle takes us
To distant destinations.
And those who since millennia
Fell for Germany
Are with us, around us, in us all.
Where Germany calls
Our path goes
Through the twilight into the young light of the new day.

The Birth of the Millennium

Die Geburt des Jahrtausends

- 1936 -

In my book *Live Bravely and Die Courageously*, I undertook the attempt to write a catechism of total German ethics.

In this volume, I want to present in broad outlines the German soul's struggle for freedom and speak of the Germination of the folkish core of yearning, which, despite all the will for destruction and all the systematic persecutions by the power groups of the previous millennium remained alive even under the Reich's ruins.

Our time has in mighty upheavals created the prerequisites for the birth of a new millennium; it also gave birth to a new faith!

The throes of every birth are painful, but it would be criminal to prevent a birth for the sake of the pains, and it would be just as senseless to postpone a birth through whatever means.

I have not shunned to rebuke the demand for narcosis from certain circles: whoever cannot bear the severity of the causality of creative events, will not be given a homeland right in the new millennium.

I hope in the not too distant future to be able to speak in a third volume of the face of the new millennium, of the millennium that is homeland of the strong and incorruptible.

– Kurt Eggers

The belt is fastened
With the sword
And calls for military campaign
Into the realm of the deed.
The storm wind roars,
It is the time
Happy he,
Who now
In victory and suffering
Has a life to risk.
Woe onto him
Who trembles.
Fate pushes him
Into ruin –
Ruins jut
From the millennia old walls.
The world conflagration blazes
To the firmament.
And from the mortal moans
Of the surmising, terror-filled mourners
Is already born
The new world.
Happy he,
Who did not hesitate in death
And defiantly thrust his sword.
Happy he, who did not complain about ruination
And did not ask fate
For a miracle.
Happy he,
Who remained strong.
Stronger will he be resurrected.
But whoever was fearful there,
Falls into the deepest night.
Woe onto him,
Whose heart wavered in the fight,
It will shatter
In the final battle.
Only when the last stone
Has burst,
Arises
From the smoke-blackened ruins
Of living spirit fierce pains.
The final death cry
Resounds
In the life whimpering
Of the new born eternity
And the life-song draws rejoicing.
Toward clouds and stars,
Marries with the harmony of the spheres
And, sanctified by the law,
Returns
In order, pregnant with life, to give birth to the millennium.

The time has come, when the strong will be given all power!

So dies the 'sin' of this world, for sin is indecision and weakness.

Strong is, who recognised his law, his essence, with all expanses, but also with all limitations, and works in the realisation.

Strong is, who as master of himself is able to live in the community.

The yearning ones have stood up and push for the fulfilment of the demands of their duty.

The salvation religion [Erlösungsreligionen] of the weak are dead; born is the fulfilment religion of the strong: it is the law.

- 1 -

A Foreword The Lost Law

We look over the lands of the earth, and wherever we look, there is revealed to us to a frightening degree increasing uncertainty, laboriously concealed haste, cramps, excited searching, loudly extolled universal cure-alls for the crises of all areas of life.

In short: the air in which we must breathe is laden with energies that tear life from calm and confront it with questions whose answer brings concern and fear.

Collapses take place in previously unexpected magnitudes, but only hesitantly do the folks go to the new construction of their forms of existence. The collapsed values have proven themselves as hollow.

Perhaps the great disappointment is the reason for the folks' hesitation, perhaps the explanation for the general distrust lies there.

The twilight of nihilism encamps across the world. It makes breathing difficult.

This twilight gives birth to shadow people.

The artificial light of optimism shows itself too weak to brighten this twilight.

A new advent time has come over the world. It carries within itself the dangers of prophecy and rapture.

The folks of the earth will have to watch out so that they are not led into the desert by quickly appearing prophets.

Prophecy is the natural enemy of leadership.

The dreamer emanating from it is the enemy of interpretation.

Times will come in which the folks of the earth will cry for interpretation and leadership.

The increasing distress of the time will hasten the development.

It is not probable that the world comes to consciousness of the responsibility through serious thought. And the more terrible will be the consequences of the twilight.

The millennium of expectation and dream is at an end.
It is replaced by the millennium of will and of consciousness.

The anonymous powers forced the previous millennium to subordination under its arbitrary value system.
The new millennium distinguishes itself through its heroic realism.

Yesterday still, cheap daily values were placed on the shoulders of a willing mass. Today individuals carry a world.

The law had been lost! Hence uncertainty came over the world.

In the times of the pseudo-blossoming, lawlessness was at best a nightmare of pardoned recluses. The broad masses – artificially euthanised – slept on, and their half-sleep seemed to them all the more pleasant, the better the exploiters managed the administration of good-tasting narcotics.
When the great distresses descended upon the folks, the awakening people cried for a support. Only then did they know of the inner void and shudder before it.
The prophets had an easy game.

The history of the lost law is short: the folks of the northern region carried the unwritten law into the city states of the south, become tired and vegetating in opulence, which had given up blood and bearing in early democracy.
The folks of the northern region – when they saw the consequences of democracy and researched its causes – stood before the revelation of the law, when the doctrine of the cross came over them.

More clearly: the northern region was about to give a new structure to the world become wavering through the oriental spoiled Hellenism.

The old world was educated and – had become tired. The prophets of decline preached fear. This had as a result that the last substance was wasted.

The end time proclaimed its horrible teachings.

Thundering, the step of the young folks of the still almost unknown northern region echoed into the great dying.

Indeed, the bodies of the youths were still able to fight under foreign sun, but their souls were defenceless against the poisonous teachings of the orient.

The northern region rejuvenated the world, but its blood became poisoned.

The cross armed for the attack. Decline became gospel, which cursed strength and will and praised surrender.

The spirit of the northern region was too childish, its will too little aimed, its deed too little systematic, hence the old world sucked up the young blood.

Then the folks of the northern region lost the law.

With the calculating experiences of those become old and with the haste of the fearful of death, the prophets of decline confronted the heralds of life and the bearers of will.

Kindness and reverence hampered the youths from slaying the opposing oldsters. So they could live among them and – teach.

Doctrine took the place of deed.

The youths were led into the desert of a foreign spirituality.

The prophets of decline watched out that the deception of the dream stuck.

They were sheer inexhaustible in the invention of new narcotics.

Wherever in the world a youth woke up, the mass of the dreamers, led and agitated by the prophets, pounced on him and did not rest until he found the final sleep.

One wanted the dream, because one feared reality.

So the law was lost and with it the sword of the northern region.

As certain as alertness and truth belong together, so certain is the lie the sister of the dreamer.

Untruthfulness became the sign of the dead-tired, sick spirituality.

Now and then, the millennium of the dream echoed with the thunder of great events.

But the awakening then beginning was suppressed.

The expectation slumbering in the soul of the youths was directed at the final decline.

Decline was elevated to cult: kill yourself, and you are blessed!

The bliss praise of annihilation became the words of the gospels, and weakness became its symbol.

As the millennium of expectation and dream approached its end, the thunder of events became louder and more frequent.

We look across the world and across the land of the earth: hardly a land in which a youth does not lift his head. Hardly a folk in which a youth does not lift his head. Hardly a folk in which a youth does not set about so seek the lost law. And hardly a land in which the prophets of the perishing millennium do not call for war against the awakening.

Again, the cross is erected. This time in the heart of the northern region itself.

But the youths are already awake enough in order to let their interpreting voices echo into the swelling thunder of events.

The world arms for the struggle.

It becomes the hardest struggle that this globe saw. No longer a struggle of lands and nations, it becomes a struggle of millennia, a struggle between dream and will.

It becomes a struggle between deed and deception, between trash and appearance, between life and death.

The twilight contains night and day within itself.

Its shadow people surge with superior force against the few, against the young light-bearers.

If the law is found and with it the sword of the northern region, then this earth will be reshaped from the bottom up.

The prophets know this and hence they lead the throngs of their shadow people forward to the attack.

No God dispenses life and death. The nations are responsible themselves.

This is the first thought of the awakening.

- 2 -

The Face of the World

Because the law was lost, the nations lost the sense for path and goal, for life, truth and greatness.

In place of the aligned march step, with which the folks of the folks of the northern region had strode the path for the new shaping of the world, began after the collapse of the rebellion, the fall at the cross, the dance of ecstasy.

People began to turn in circles and think their revolving around their own axis was ‘progress’.

Actually, in the millennium of expectation and of dreams there was only one ‘progress’, namely the ongoing moving away from the law.

A further development of will and bearing did not take place.

Quite the opposite. Will and bearing of the young folks of the northern region are today goal and yearning of all the awakening.

The millennium of expectation and of dream was ‘inventive’. But this ‘intellect’ was only – in part longer, in part shorter – a rope, which lead the apparently forward moving people in a circle. The space between stake and neck – hence the length of the rope – was the much praised ‘freedom’ of this millennium.

It was inventive, it invented clever machines and sought in them the escape from the tiring rotation.

The cross of the orient jutted and shadowed. Whither its shadow fell, life waned everywhere.

The cross created – an odd spook – its ‘spirit’ and called its bearers and disseminators ‘clerics’.

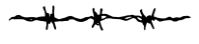
These 'clerics' created theories, theologies and teleologies [Teleology = doctrine that development is set from the start purposefully and goal-directed] and thought to be able through this to eternalise the circulation of the pseudo-spirit.

The cross killed the sole genuine movement, the movement of the march forward. The awakening in the millennium of the dream reached into the past of time, which before the north's rebellion had given the world its face, and stood shaken before the sight of the greatness of the sunken heathendom.

But since the law had been lost, the awakening did not find the way from the past to the today to the tomorrow.

'My kingdom is not of this world', in this statement the cross's life-hostile orientation is set down for all time.

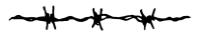
All the 'clerics' in the world cannot theologise away this statement. Through this statement, the life-will of all folks and nations overshadowed by the cross was poisoned.



The awakening of the time of humanism as well could not leap over the shadow of the cross. Heathendom did not become an experience for them, rather at best an intellectual view, a view through the veil of Christian infected philosophy. A rooting in the paganism of antiquity was not possible, also could not take place, because humanism neither acknowledged nor knew the most important foundation of paganism, bearing, the unity of thought, will and deed. The life view of the renaissance had been born from the spirit of the libertine, not from that of the freedom fighter. One does not find the concept of freedom at the time of the renaissance, but indeed that of liberalism.

Freedom fighters, like Hutten, were not 'genuine' humanists.

From ancient paganism one borrowed the splendour and transformed it into pomp. One took power and degenerated it into arbitrariness, the tyranny of antiquity became the tyranny of the renaissance rulers.



Humanism as intellectual bearing was just as unreal as the renaissance as life view was unfruitful. Indeed, the released senses sprouted seeds and buds in all areas, blossoms or even fruit were not produced. The opulence of that time should not be confused with yield.

Since the awakening people in the time of humanism did not find his own world suited to his nature, he succumbed to a new dream,

To the dream of 'education'. And this dreamland was just as distant to life as the cross of Golgotha. But prettier flowers grew in the dreamland than on the Mount of Olives.

Humanism brought a new separation.

If previously the cross separated mankind into 'believers' and non-believers', then humanism separated into 'educated' and 'uneducated'.

One formulated the premise 'education makes free' and gave laurels to educational knowledge. Whoever mastered a few dead languages was viewed and honoured and ruler in the land of the intellect. That an unscrupulous creature like Melanchthon was honoured as 'scholar' was totally suited to the 'order' of humanism.

The time of the scholar sitting in his room, wearing glasses and drawing compendia, began.

'Life' itself remained despised.

It cannot be denied that in humanism philology carried away the victory. The great discoveries that fall in this time are not the result of humanism, rather accompanying manifestations.

The discoverers were people of deeds, not dream natures.

Well noted: the life of antiquity of genuine, was true, was 'total'. Humanism deserves the credit for having pointed to the actuality of life despite the cross's will for death.

The cross posits to fearful spirits the confusing thesis:

You are born so that you die!

Paganism proceeds from the realisation:

You are born so that you live!

Here lies the fundamental separation between the beyond of the cross and the conscious worldliness of paganism.

Herein also lie the reciprocally exclusive character impulses: cross equals humility and paganism equals bearing!

Humanism as matter of education, however, did not find its way to bearing, could not find it. It was a hothouse plant of the intellect, which could not withstand the open air of real life.

Humanism built for antiquity in all admiration and veneration a sacral museum and made the mistake of presenting this museum as a source of energy.

It is not surprising to recognise the homelessness of humanistic though, if one considers that humanism's chief representatives, to whom Homer's sons seemed radiant, did not even undertake as self-evident deed the separation from the cross, but instead – for example, Erasmus! – at the decisive hour put themselves in front of it, protecting it.

The folk, in almost all its strata, remained untouched by the education movement of humanism.

During the birth-pains of the Reformation, it placed itself in dark craving at the side of combative dreamers. Not, say, in order to win the gospel's freedom, rather to regain life, the movement and hence the meaning of existence in itself. In the fighting of the Reformation era, the folk was most deeply concerned for the freedom of the gospel.

It was not the folk's fault that back then, instead of the dangerous formulation 'freedom from what', the affirmation of the concept 'freedom for what' was not found.

Christianity had not only devalued the concepts of 'life', 'duty', 'responsibility' through its doctrine of the Fall of Man from creation, rather totally buried them.

Hence the folk's soul had become weak. The folk followed its instinct, and it drove it to the nihilistic rebellion of the dreamer as especially visible convulsion of the existing system of arbitrariness.

Where did the men stand who would have been able to lead the folk?

Erasmus and his group had acquired the citizenship right of a land that arose beyond the demands of the day. They were citizens in the land of the 'intellect'.

Obscurantists like Melanchthon and his Rosicrucian friends confused the fronts.

'Reformers' like Luther had their homeland neither in the shadow of the cross nor in the land of the intellect.

The throngs that followed them had to stray in a desolate desert.

Men like Sickingen tried to save their class in the chaos and shunned the nation's claim of totality threatening the class. They ended – like all rejuvenation attempts, which emanating from a class, serve the salvation and preservation of a class – invariably in revolt.

Men like Hutten, who devoted themselves neither to the 'cross's nor to the 'intellect', rather to the idea of the nation, died in greatest isolation as rebels against 'cross's and 'intellect'.

So the yearning of the awakening people wandered around in the space between cross and intellect and sought the great third, the unit, the total.

After the defeat of the doctrine, after the overcoming of 'knowledge', they wrestled for the third: for bearing.

Luther had once begged his God for the 'dos moi pou sto', for the final standpoint. He set out with his little ship of trust unto the treacherous sea of 'faith'. He saw on his trip the numerous corpses of those who had become shipwrecked in this sea. His rudder was the 'maybe' of theology, his compass was the validity of the 'scripture'. But he very soon lost the unconditional trust in this compass, when he noticed that his ship turned in a circle.

He sailed through the rocks in that he applied his Two God Theory, that of the transparent and the hidden God.

So he could, even when he ran onto rocks, still apply the cheap comfort. As it comes, it is right!

With this thesis, he removes from man final responsibility.

Luther's searching should not be belittled. Only his finding has been basically inessential.

Step by step, Luther left the field of his revolutionary advance for the 'lay priesthood' – that practically meant the end of the visible as well as the invisible church! – and ended in the state church.

With him, all his Protestants have turned in a circle.

The Augsburg Affirmation closed the ring. Since then, the 'evangelical church' stagnates. It, which once bore within itself the exploding seed of the paganism responsible to the worldly, since Augsburg again orbits uninterrupted around the cross!

The once revolutionary Protestant, who pushed for bearing, took upon themselves anew the cross of renunciation. And indeed of the renunciation of character as well, which they – already Luther knew the 'rabies theologorum' – only too frequently equated with quarrelsomeness and obstinacy. Paul became the evangelical 'Saint', precisely Paul, who wanted to be a Greek to the Greeks and a Roman to the Romans. In short, who was an arch-Jew!

With the acknowledgement of the authorities overall, the Evangelicals surrendered themselves to one of the first prerequisites of the awakening for freedom: politics.

In great arrogance, one characterises the 'Reformation' run aground in the sand as the beginning of the modern era.

Actually, in the Reformation, the world did not get a different face, not even a different sign was given to thought.

Since Peter was replaced by Paul, a period of lack of ideas set in.
Peter had in his papacy an idea, the idea of the total rule over all the world.

Paul brought the 'both this as well as that'.
Peter indeed brought deception, it was still a direction.
Paul brought lack of goal.

So under Paul the era of lack of ideas was born.

(This line of though is important, because the reason for the exhaustion, the indifference, the boredom of the 'world' must be found.)

A thesis:
The modern era begins with the overcoming of the cross!

From here, one first understands Nietzsche's towering significance.

He stands at the threshold of the modern era as herald of the decline of the Middle Ages, as seer of the dawning era of the total human being.

Because Nietzsche stood in the twilight, he invariably had to see many things distorted, which have become clearer to our eyes. For the sinking millennium, Nietzsche was actually the dynamite, as which he presented himself.

He hacked with the sword of his intellect the knots of the entanglements in which the souls laid and overthrown the cross.

He became the herald of the era of truthfulness. His bearing founded the new heroic realism.

The 'pia fraus', the pious deception of daily Christianity, was exposed by him.
Nietzsche became the first leader into the realm of the strong.

The air that blows in this realm was harsh and cold.
The heroic earnest was nothing for the mass' lust for sensation.

Nietzsche, in the era of liberalism, preached freedom and proclaimed against the mass craze the idea of isolation.

He was the beginner, not the finisher, of a new millennium.
He remains surrounded by the tragedy of the forerunner.

The German face received through Nietzsche's deed his first self-willed features.

Among the folks of the northern region, Germany was the first which began a new thinking of law and order.

Perhaps the breakthrough to the new thinking was easier in Germany than in the other nations, because Germany, in its core land, Prussia, embodied the idea of warriordom.

The warrior's bearing fulfils the demand of law and order the quickest.

The face of the extra-German world is totally non-uniform.

In most of the nations around us, the Nietzschean fighting has not yet taken place.

The arrogant statement:

> 'From German essence
> The world will once more heal!'

is misleading. From German essence, only Germany can heal, no other land.

But the folks of the world will one day thank Germany for Nietzsche, because they will measure against his deed their own yearning and perhaps also their own distance from the law.

Folks that have not reached their own causality and hence stand outside of order are unsure, fearful and hence tend to cunning and violence. The lacking self-confidence is compensated for by sabre-rattling.

Such folks tend toward imperialism.

War becomes for them a welcome diversion from inner fermentation. Through raids and attacks against weaker folks, they try to postpone imminent collapses.

Europe's history is characterised chiefly by the consequences of lawlessness.

The life-will of the European folks, misled by interested powers, expressed itself in raids of the worst kind. Europe – in the millennium of the cross – engaged in a systematic murder and slaughter.

The saddest picture is offered by the history of the Germanic-German region. The most shameful self-mutilation began here under the skilful political leadership of the cross-bearers.

In its own land, the north was supposed to receive the death blow from the cross.

More than once in the northern region the quiet of the cemetery prevailed. But the life-will of the Germanic-German folk was so strong that a new seed again and again grew toward the light.

The overgrown law broke through again and again despite the cross's policy of death – in order to be covered over again at the decisive moment.

This game is the up and down of Europe's history.

The warlike bearers of German spirit and Germanic will for freedom, for the sake of 'peace'. This means for the sake of the undisturbed development of the imperialist domination claim of the cross, were not allowed to work in the northern region itself.

But the politicians of the cross managed to lead the warlike people from the northern region away into distant zones, in which then the yearning for combat was utilised by those sly politicians for the achievement of their goals, the establishment of the final rule of the cross.

The homeland of the northern region was already 'pacified'. The yearning for struggle was systematically repressed through the promise of adventure. The warrior was intentionally debased to mercenary to plunderer.

Total world domination has been the war goal of the cross from the beginning of the Christian politics.

One should remember that the cross has never satisfied itself with a partial policy, that it never engaged in an exclusively 'religious' propaganda.

Precisely in the cross's politics, Jewry's spiritual legacy, which Christianity has assumed, is especially clearly visible.

Jewry since Moses, since the proclamation of 'God's state' at Sinai, is simply a totally imperialistic power. The folks must bow to 'God's honour', they may be plundered. What Jewry did not achieve was total power. Christianity plans to carry out as 'spiritual' power.

'A shepherd and his flock', this is the crowning of Moses' power ambition, who led the children of Israel out of servitude into the freedom of the desert in order to turn them into a steel-willed folk aiming totally for domination.

'We are the spiritual Israel', says Paul.

'I have not come to redeem the law (this means the totality of the Israel formed by Moses), rather to fulfil it', proclaims Jesus.

The cross's total world domination is the prerequisite for the 'kingdom of God on earth'.

The demand conditions the rule over the whole human being.

The cross's tactic may indeed be changed from time to time. But the goal and the will of the cross are fixed. The attempts, if the occasion arises, to perhaps establish at certain locations folkish Christianities belong to the tactics of the cross.

These features are carved deep into the world's face. They are the features of terrible suffering!

Since a healthy folk has never voluntarily subordinated itself to the cross's politics, the concept of the 'holy war' was coined by the cross's politicians anchored in pacifism through their religious theories.

The folkish war, which did not promote the cross's strive for power, was disparaged as devilish. But the warrior of the cross was given the highest praise, decorations for the world and for the beyond.

Grotesque are the excuses, which the politicians of the cross have sought, if it was about the decision to praise a war as holy or to damn it as pagan.

Only at the moment when the cross had the prospect to gain power did the situation clarify itself.

That was the picture that offered itself in times in which the cross did not wage any wars of its own, rather limited itself to drawing profits from the wars of the folks.

Christianity's dual face enabled any transformation of tactics.

One should never forget that for Christians Jesus is both God's gentle lamb, ready for debasement, demanding and achieving humility, who bears the world's

sins, but simultaneously also believed and praised as the king, who will come at the end of these days to judge the living and the dead!

Jesus himself – if one weighs with great caution the few 'genuine' passages of the New Testament – never demanded from himself the role for the avenging master. By all appearances, he wanted, through serving and giving love, to redeem the world into a 'being like the children'. For him, this redemption consisted chiefly in becoming free from all the bonds of this earth. His kingdom beyond the world was supposed to become the homeland for the third genus [Geschlecht], the gender of the total God's children – in form, in the truest sense of the word, 'noble communistic', in content totally nihilistic (not sow, not harvest and yet be nourished! The priesthood gladly adopted this promise!).

The ancient community in Jerusalem lived completely in this ancient Christian sense of nihilistic expectation of the end. Probably it would have died miserably in the desert of the soon erupting disappointment and desperation over the non-return of the 'elevated Christ', if after initially very difficult struggle Christianity had not through Paul beyond Jerusalem's walls gone over to the attack against the world.

From this moment on, the lamb transformed ever more into the avenging master of the world.

The nihilistic community organised itself into a church. The salvation idea was supplemented by the total claim to power.

At the same time, the so-called order for mission was falsified into the scripture. (Go forth into the world!)

The struggle for power that broke old between Rome and Byzantium had to end with Rome's victory.

Christianity became legal order. This could happen only on Rome's soil.

The oriental dreaming (to which belongs, above all, the enthusiastic expectation of the end) was relieved by the Roman office.

Prophecy, the speaking in tongues of ancient Christianity, was relieved by the canonisation of the Bible from which the numerous apocalypses, the 'revelation', except for the one of John, were stricken due to the dangers of fanaticism latently looming in them.

The office systematically pushed out the Christian 'spirit'.

With this development, Christianity separated itself inwardly from the miracle. It created instead the order of mercy [Gnadenordnung].

These questions receive a special significance from the perspective of Christianity as world-shaping spiritual power.

Again and again, dreamers inside Christianity have tried to replace the church's order of mercy with the God-direct faith in miracle. The history of the church is filled with this fighting.

But the organisation of the office always triumphed. If the God-direct fanaticism had succeeded for a prolonged period even just once, the church and hence with it Christianity itself as well would have been over.

Even in the unsteady and colourless evangelical ‘church’ – it is ‘neither – nor’ – this fighting has played out. An example are the antipodes Melanchton and Münzer!

The Pope's infallibility declaration is only a logical result of the development of the order of mercy, which most emphatically corrects even ‘God's sacred order’ [‘Heilsordnung Gottes’]!

Calvinism remained more open to fanaticism than Lutheranism, which in the Augsburg Affirmation left open for itself the return to Rome. Hence substantially more sects emerged from Calvinism than from the Lutheranism very soon again dogmatically petrified and hence inwardly catholicising.

The face of the world has been profoundly influenced by the fighting.

The order of mercy has most emphatically impaired justice, redemption, and the concepts of law and order.

One cannot – as one gladly likes to do here and there – ignore the existence of the cross. It does not let itself be silenced, its shadow now pushes out the light.

One must instead debate with the cross for life and death in order to relieve it by the order of the law.

So Nietzsche's deed again and again appears of decisive importance. In Nietzsche, the Anti-Christ first emerged wilfully and consciously, the totally pagan human being, who was able to oppose as counterpart the Pope, the head of the organised Christianity possessing world power.

The fighting of the now dawning millennium will be about the folk becoming of the nations.

And Germany strides ahead in this struggle! This is the pride that fills Germany's young warlike crew.

Once again, the march step of the men of the northern region will resound, this time in the endless land of the total inner revolution.

The Anti-Christ in Nietzsche's sense rises up – like the light-bringing Prometheus – in order to stride against the shadow.

Already the twilight brightens through the shine, which beams from the sunwheel.

Papacy and folkish leadership, those are the fronts that arm for the decisive struggle.

If leadership triumphs, then the rule of the total folkish human being begins.

If leadership loses, then the rule of the Middle Ages will descend with fire and sword upon the northern region. A war of annihilation will purge Germanic-German man from the face of the earth. The knowledge of the responsibility hardens the fighting will of the bearers of the spiritual northern region to heroic deed.

The folks, above all, of the northern region, must be taught to recognise the face of the world. Otherwise death comes into their dream.

Especially the warriordom [Kriegertum], however, must again be elevated into the idea.

It has been led astray too long.

The men of the northern region have too long already shed their blood on all continents as the cross's 'mercenaries'. ['Reisläufer']

It is time that they begin to fight for their own Reich, for their nation.

It has always belonged to the cross's policy, after the destruction of the warrior creating the prerequisite for power, to be a 'Greek among Greeks' to the folks subjugated to the cross.

The bearers of the cross hastened to become 'folkish' in the subjugated land, to praise peace, to despise war, to erect the cross and to smash the sword.

The cross's policy has also always managed, at the decisive moment, when tensions threaten to lead to explosions – and hence to 'sleep disturbing noise' – to issue war slogans, which summon the action-ready, warlike people away from the internal folkish decisions to the adventure of the foreign land.

No continent that has not drank the blood of the north.

No continent into which the shadow of cross has not been carried from the north.

So the folkish substance of the north was systematically mutilated.

History knows no 'coincidence'. It knows only law and lawlessness and hence the connected consequences.

The 'Christian world' has not been peaceful to this day, also should not become peaceful for the sake of the final goal – the destruction of the strong.

The politicians of the cross know too well that first the last warrior must fall before the 'Day of Judgment' can dawn – this means the day on which those 'chosen' according to the teachings of the cross come to rule.

Every World War that serves the destruction of strong life is not only tolerated by the cross, rather at times even promoted, yes, demanded.

Previously, there was no 'dawn of a new time' into which the cloaked cross was not carried.

But the cloaked cross-bearers hence also entered into the ranks of the bearers of the dawn.

It took only a short time until the cross was revealed and the cross-bearers announced their claims to rule.

The 'dawn of a new time' proclaimed with much shouting then regularly had to be postponed to a later date.

Partial realisations do not suffice to bring about a new time.

So it is an unbelievable mistaking of the spiritual facts to see in Luther's Reform the beginning of the modern era.

A new time only then begins, the time of new life, if folks consciously release themselves from the nihilistic orbit around the cross and advance to folkish essence, to life in the truthful recognition of their own causality.

From this recognition, the hatred of the cross-bearers against the new Germany becomes understandable.

Germany has undertaken the risk to advance into the New Time. Hence – quite aside from the hostility with which the world subservient to it is suspicious of the strengthening of the German nation – Germany has become lonely.

It has entered into the solitude of greatness.

Less Germany's deed than the example of this deed makes the world fearful.

So the demand of total Germandom gains an unprecedented significance.

The face of the world becomes totally changed through the awakening of the folks to total essence.

The folks of the northern region and those who are spirit of this spirit and will of this will, will turn their back on imperialism as well as on nihilism.

The path for the liberation of the world is thereby opened.

This will be the content of the politics of the new millennium, the politics of truthfulness.

- 3 -

Meaning of Politics

In the times of the declining millennium, the cross-bearers endeavoured to suppress the political meaning of the overshadowed folks and to divert all arising questions about the just shaping of this world corresponding to the law onto the concern for the cultivation of the beyond, of death.

Luther's meaning as well orbited around the one pole ‘How do I get a merciful God?’

From this orbit, Luther, despite initial efforts, despite questions again and again popping up, unsettling him, was unable to free himself.

It belongs to one of the most important tasks of the bearers of the politics of the cross to roll up the questions of the shaping of life ‘from God's side’. Hence to engage oneself as mediator, as path, as guide of fate, in order to maintain rule over the sheep of the herd.

The sick hatred of life was nurtured and tended by the cross-bearers under employment of all conceivable means and efforts.

Chained life shaped its yearnings in the titanic buildings of Gothic architecture.

The cross took even the melodies of life and gave them escapist words.

The weight of power was moved to and stored in Rome. The treasures of the world as well, the desired means for the expansion of power, for the purchase of people and ‘ideas’, flowed – a splendid fulfilment of old Jewish promises – to there, into the spiritual Jerusalem.

Kings and princes of the world were very soon pitiful pawns on the global game-board of the Great Politician in Rome.

Rome bestowed and withdrew crowns and kingdoms in the most generous manner.

Cleverly and skilfully, the master of the world, the Pope in Rome, managed at the given moment to throw the bone of contention among his power administrators, the supposed kings, if they threatened to become too independent.

And the war of all against all began without delay until the master of the world – after sufficient blood-letting and after weakening of the warlike substance – put an end to the murdering with a wave of the hand, which according to need was reinforced through a papal edict.

The Pope in Rome was in his politics more clever and far-sighted than all world rulers before him. His 'divide and conquer' was more calculating and hence more consequential.

He had thousands of years of time in order to harvest.

But the other world rulers, who could not send out the long shadows of a cross, rather had to rely on their short sword, died after twenty years of their power and hence wanted – since they were not at home in timelessness – to harvest during their lifetime!

Rome's imperialism outlasted the one-day imperialisms.

The world ruler in Rome had sufficient time to exterminate the political life of the folks from the bottom up and convey the people of the nations into the pen an idea-lacking vegetating.

Through systematic constriction of the material elbowroom of the folks of the northern region, the high flight of the spirit was likewise systematically choked off. The folks under the cross had to 'crawl in the dust', while the church surrounded itself with wealth.

The originally free peasant populace was, with the help and incitement of the cross-bearers, put into serfdom.

Rome is the true founder of nihilistic collectivism. The master of the world distributed the 'fiefdoms' and accepted one-tenth as the only one entitled before and by God.

The one-tenth served not, say, the just distribution of the treasures and the mitigation of the distress, rather as the 'prize of the master', this means the church's political propaganda.

The situation cannot be outlined sharply enough.

The principle of political Rome is as radical as possible.

Even if the tactics strove to blur the sharp contours, the tactics nonetheless change nothing in the basic stance!

Aside from Rome's policy, there may be no other policy. Above all, there may be no politicising or even political folks. Any attempt of a folkish policy attracted Rome's immediate and irreconcilable hostility.

From the realisation, over comprehends the reason for the hostility that political Rome harbours against any folk, against any state, which – even without itself being hostile to Rome – walks its own paths.

Rome embodies here the same principle that any supra-governmental and hence anti-folkish movement represents.

Every imperialism that strives along the path of world politics for world domination walks the same path. Only, as already suggested, faster, since as a rule it lacks the time that Rome possesses.

The initial fog of the cross – this was the religion of love, which was carried as bait to the folks to be converted – very soon solidified into a night, which set itself paralysing over the will, blood and spirit of the folks.

The rebellions for freedom by striving men, the revolt attempts by individual ambitious or conscientious kings and princes, the outrages of still healthy feeling folks embittered by so much betrayal, were quickly suppressed.

With the dishonouring of the rebels – one should remember the history of the heretics – the decisive step was taken for the purge of even the memory of these revolts.

The hyenas very soon feed on the carrion of the fallen, which were still thankful that they could increase their fortune, their power base in such a cheap manner.

So a ‘world history’ emerged, which is not a history of the facts, rather at most a history of tactics.

There were thousands of Canossa trips in this ‘history’.

Ever more coarsely than with the peasantry did Rome's policy treat the free knighthood.

The fate of this elite of German will, which was pushed down rung by rung, is moving.

An age that still found a Walther von der Vogelweide at knightly courts very soon made way for an unscrupulous rabble-knighthood, to which the politically disenfranchised and hence folkishly uprooted knight was compelled.

A path full of shame and terror characterises the fall of the heroic fighter for truth, right and freedom to that scorned knight of the sad form.

Here lies revealed the fate of anybody that is infected by the 'bacillus romanus'.

The knight doubting himself who feels the dirt of debasement sticking to his body could take a 'purifying bath of salvation'. The great edict was open for him, which winked to him the participation in one of the crusades murdering men!

Knighthood thereby lost even the last support, the homeland!

Whoever once writes the history of the decline of knighthood should not forget to relate that the knightly youth that took the cross, fought to the death in battle in order to escape the desperation and the shame that awaited them in the homeland become comfortless.

He should also not forget to write the history of the few veterans devoured by the diseases and desires of the orient, who found their castles destroyed, their women ruined, their children estranged and their property in the hands of the church.

The once blossoming and proud land of the northern region – as if touched by pestilence – had transformed into a site of horror and lies.

Throngs of obsessed wandered through the land, flagellating themselves and screaming to heaven, dragging disease, vice and distress with them, in which – as a result of lacking political bearing – lawlessness and hence uncertainty ruled.

Men will once write this history, men who became political, who have learned from solitude to see and portray totally.

Germanic man [Germanentum] was politically total. Each was bound by duty and responsibility to the community. Betrayal was made more difficult already by the awareness of interdependency.

There was also hardly anybody in the Germanic world who rewarded betrayal otherwise than with the rope for the traitor.

The system of communal land [Allmende] and agricultural law [Ackerrecht] secured the community against the robber instincts of individuals deviating from the kind.

The aristocratic structure of the Germanic community obligated the individual to deed and nurturing of the community spirit, this is politics too.

The picture of the Germanic master folk [Herrenvolk] has been intentionally darkened by the cross and its politicians.

It is important to know of the rulership [Herrentum] of the Germanic folks in order to understand the attack by the masses unleashed by the cross against the concept of aristocracy.

It is import to know about the legacy that is awake in the Germanic folks as yearning for native bearing.

The aristocratic political stratification of the Germanic folks was step by step replaced by the oligarchy of the politicians of the cross.

The free warlike man became the subject.

Our thinking will never elevate itself to the lonely height of knowing and seeing, if it does not walk all paths that lead through the debasement of the declining millennium.

The abyss is too great for one to be able to leap across it at a run.

There is no deed without consciousness, no consciousness without knowledge!

It is difficult to trace and walk the paths in thought, along which political Germanic man became the sheep of the big herd.

But the paths of realisation are full of significance.

Since the men of the northern region were still on the first march into power when Asia's cross was erected against them, one cannot count it too much as a devaluation against them that they still did not know a state thinking.

State thinking first begins after the ending of the march, only when the tent stakes are driven in and the property delineated.

But, as we know, the northern region did not get to that.

It is a sign of a slanted political view to praise the Frank Charlemagne [Karl] as the statesman of the northern region or to even honour him as the state teacher of the Germanic folks.

Charlemagne was an imperialist. He forced the northern region under his will.

Seen from Rome and the cross, this will may have been politically aligned.

Seen from the northern region, however, he was one the greatest obstacles to total Nordic development.

The politicians of the cross devalued the northern region so long until the bare life of people was the sole 'value'.

The policy of devaluation, of 'expropriation', has indeed been successfully applied at the decisive moments.

The folk was thereby systematically chained to the most primitive one, to that of nourishment from one day to the next.

A folk impoverished through 'expropriation' fundamentally distinguishes itself through its bearing from a folk impoverished through intentional sacrifice: the voluntarily impoverished folk separates itself from its property for a great cause. It grows through the sacrifice.

In voluntary poverty lies the greatness of conviction [Gesinnung], which seeks to prove itself in the devotion.

Expropriation plunges the folk into the deepest despair, since it sees only the night of misery, which is not illuminated by the glow of an idea. In times of such misery, the worst instincts grow in a folk: the struggle of all against all, which is born from greed and fear.

The disposition for the voluntary poverty of a sacrifice-ready folk in the years 1813 and 1914 in comparison with the disposition of released impulsiveness in the years of inflation from 1919 to 1923 are convincing examples.

All values towering over daily needs were confiscated by the politician of the cross: land ownership, economy, wares on the intellectual and material market. But in addition to that also all the popping up 'ideas'. Typical for this is the line form the Catholic capitalism of the Middle Ages through the Catholic settlement policy in the years after the war to the embittered education and marriage policy of the church in our day. Next to this runs the intellectual [ideeliche] line of Catholic conservatism to Catholic socialism.

The history of the servitude [Unfreiheit] of the northern region is outlined with a few strokes.

The peasant become subjugated put himself under the 'protection' of, and hence into servitude to, the knight, who in turn as subject was political object of the cross-bearers and the rulers subject to them.

Yearning sons of the subjugated bled dry as paid soldiers, as mercenaries, as lansquenet in all lands of the earth.

A valuable stratum of discontent sons came together in the cities.

The professions blossomed here for a short time. They became the money sources from which the great politicians in Rome scooped the means for power.

But the professions as well were not supposed to become too powerful. At the right time, they were surrendered to the counterparts, the power-hungry rulers and knights.

A great bloodletting followed at certain intervals through the tortures and funeral fires of the inquisition.

The history of the city federations as well, their emergence and even more so their decline, must still be written!

The hunger for knowledge and education could be quenched only on the intellectual markets, upon which exclusively the politicians of the cross hawked their wares and jealously watched out that unmarked wares did not come into circulation.

Rome's policy was always and everywhere exclusive.

When humanism began and erected its own product stand on the market of the intellect, this competition was very quickly bought out by Rome. The initially revolutionary Erasmus swore his oath to Rome. The beginning war between 'Aristotle and Plato' ended with a concord between both parties.

Erasmus has it easy to affirm Rome in view of Wittenberg failing and collapsing on all fronts.

But Erasmus was nonetheless not able to thereby cloak the failed thrust into new territory. In the Erasmus-Hutten conflict, the incorruptible Hutten striving for totality triumphed

With courageous affirmation of life, more and more lonely and solitary men pushed despite everything into the new territory of light and summoned the youngsters of the folks of the northern region as following.

The lonely and solitary men from the start of their protest had sure death before their eyes. That they nonetheless pushed ahead, their deed to heroism.

The tongues were ripped out of the few affirmers who glorified the world and life and thereby 'blasphemed God'!

On the battlefields of spirit and will fell the brothers and sons of those who had shed their blood on the church's crusades.

This is a characteristic of the Middle Ages: politics was the privilege of the world ruler in Rome. Political activity was reserved exclusively for his creatures to the degree desired and tolerated by him.

Whoever proclaimed and lived politics as expression of his nature, of his causality, outside of this framework, could do it only with the final courage of the dying.

A ‘good subject’ was apolitical. Up into the 20th century, calm was the sign of ‘good disposition’.

The great politician in Rome could thereby draw the mesh of his net ever tighter around the world.

Only the sole manly bearing of the courageous death remained to the, at the core still warlike, man of the northern region as expression and conclusion of a valiant life.

Heroic life, however, found no tasks on earth. Throughout centuries, up into the present time, the young crew yearned for war, hence for death.

War was viewed as affirmation of the solely life-worthy, of total life.

In war alone, the intra-folk values superimposed and overshadowed by the cross are able to again glow.

The lack of politics in life and as life makes ‘life’ itself meaningless even for the folkish man searching for content.

The fate of a Heinrich von Kleist is not ‘interesting’, it is instead symptomatic.

It is Prussia's credit, in its world historical significance not to be measured, to have lived a political existence as an example for the northern region.

Prussia knew – this was the prerequisite for its freedom – no consideration, no looking back, at the path of its becoming.

It was as poor as imaginable. Poor in every respect.

So poor that in the world's eyes it was worthless.

It was not worthwhile to put Prussia into the scales of the Great Politcian.

The province demanded from the first Hohenzollern, who amidst the world's scornful laughter moved into the ‘blotting-sand can’ [‘Streusandbüchse’], the employment of the power of a total will for life.

It was put before the decision to either totally triumph or to perish in ridiculousness.

An evasion did not exist since the beginning of Prussiandom.

Prussia became a federation of men over whom an order chief ruled as king.

The common distress of total isolation shaped the population into a community of fate and beyond that into a state.

A distress that knew only the affirmation of 'nonetheless', of forward and upward, forged the weapon of total will.

The Great Elector gained through this effort power that up until then was reserved and achievable only for quite big potentates.

The secret of his success lies in the mobilisation of the inner-folkish values, in the elimination of the mercenary and in the appeal to the sacrifice and action-readiness of warlike capacity.

So he could lead a troop laden with the dynamite of a concentrated will to victory against a superior enemy.

Friedrich Wilhelm I brought a new essential impulse into Prussian law: honour.

And indeed the honour of serving, of conscious sacrifice, of desired deprivation, of poverty sanctified by the will.

He created the officialdom standing in the honour of serving, poorly paid but fanatically loyal.

Only through his very detailed preparatory work was the full development of Prussia law under Frederick the Great possible.

The great politician in Rome was totally surprised when he noticed the development of an extra-Roman law. When he struck, it was already too late: the law had lived, shined and worked!

Friedrich Wilhelm considered himself a Calvinistic Christian. He struggled most gravely with the temptations of Pietism and Quietism.

Frederick the Great always lived consciously in the great order of the law.

He grew beyond his predecessors into the vastness. He became mythos.

The cultured states faced 'barbaric' Prussia stunned. They could not comprehend that Prussia began to live the politics of its essence.

The southern German states lived the splendid life of vassal, whose pomp replaced the lacking life content. They orbited the light of a foreign sun.

Prussia lived through unprecedented sacrifice on the strength of its own law. It lived totally!

One reproached Prussia it demanded in its politics, in order to be able ot have a political effect at all, cadaver obedience.

This reproach is unfair.

Cadaver obedience is a thoroughly Christian product, it eliminates one's own, law-based essence.

Prussia demanded soldierly discipline from the whole folk. It thereby ennobled the folk. Prussia intentionally proceeded from the value of the law-based essence and integrated into the higher insight of the leader.

'Cadaver obedience' is what the 'shepherd' demands from his 'sheep', which may graze in the herd, but even this grazing is only allowed so that the shepherd has a benefit from it.

More clearly: The cross demands submissiveness, 'because I am Jesus' lamb'.

Discipline derives from the recognition of one's own value and flows into the community of the valuable ones, who knowingly trust the leader.

The cross is as distant form the law as 'the lamb' from the thinking and essence-conscious human being.

Counterfeiters were at work at that time to recast discipline into cadaver obedience and to put this counterfeited coin into circulation.

Between discipline based on character and the nihilistic humility of Christian cadaver obedience gapes an unbridgeable chasm.

Only so it is to be understood that spirits in truth free strive to be able to bind themselves to Prussian law.

Prussia is not to be understood from the perspective of the leggings button, but indeed with the leggings button!

Even the frequently criticised legging button was part of the Prussian totality, war part order in the great order.

Above one, one may not leave ignored that Prussia's people – like all people of the folks of the northern region – came from a condition of a thousand year exhaustion under the shadow of the cross. It was not to be demanded that all Prussians – the born ones and those related by choice – now suddenly immediately became aligned and awake on their own.

Discipline was necessary as guideline on the path to being awake. Even that one not excluded, which was upheld with the cane of a Friedrich Wilhelm.

If Prussia had remained within the law, it would have forged the northern region into a realm on the strength of the hardness of its will.

Weaklings on the throne of a Frederick wasted the legacy.

The tolerance hostile to the law, born of indifference (it has nothing in common with superior generosity and forward-looking nurture of inner values) – a result of intellectual uncertainty and physical weakness – exhausted and wore away the soldierly spirit of the enlisted man.

Western ‘ideas’ devitalised Prussian bearing and devalued Prussian order.

When Napoleon, the great imperialist of the west distant to order, moved across the Rhine eastward, Prussian law had already long been betrayed.

Cosmopolitanism, education, intellect, ‘freedom’ were the catchwords, which preceded the imperialist, bursting open the gates.

The imperialist did not concern himself the least with the slogans, which one – cloaking one's own uncertainty – hung on his name. He pressed the stamp of his uprooted will upon the world reachable for him.

A life-maintaining and life-producing politics is no longer to be found in the northern region and even in the core land of Prussia after the revolt of the yearning will for freedom, which led to the deeds of 1813.

Men like Nietzsche and Bismarck remained loners, whose shouts faded in the wind.

The ‘folk’ was alienated from the law in the ages when one celebrated the profit-seeking petty burgher as brave ‘entrepreneur’. Skilfully led by the ‘beyond’ powers, it also no longer found its way back to the law, rather frittered itself away in currents.

When Bismarck, in his beginning toward total politics, became dangerous to the great politician in Rome – Bismarck was the only one who had the courage, the knowledge and the will to oppose the chess move of master of the world elevated to infallibility – and the 'culture struggle' ['Kulturkampf'] (in reality, it was a fight over the primacy of politics) ignited, the 'folk' had no idea what it was actually about. The cross's standard-bearers managed to spread the rumour in the world that Prussian barbarism tried to attack Roman-occidental culture.

From this point in time on, the great politician in Rome banished the Germany just laboriously and makeshift patched together in the war of 1871 from the occident and assigned it to the space of the 'culture lacking' east.

Bismarck himself logically shifted the emphasis of his politics from the west to the east.

After Frederick the Great, he is the founder of the north-east-region-policy.

The empire, on the other hand, clung to the west and dissipated its energies in the effort to be able to exist as a western power. This effort expressed itself primarily in colonial policy and in the neglect of the opportunities offering themselves in the east.

Through the law-distant stumbling around, Germany landed in the isolation of which it was itself unaware. Not in the isolation of the strong! It stumbled into that snare that the master of the world had set.

The World War went according to plan with the tremendous loss of substance for the whole northern region and ended with Germany's dismemberment and subjugation thought out to the smallest detail.

The time of the 'parties' dawned.

Parties, portions! Can one characterise more fittingly the uprising against the totality, against the solely life-justified whole?

It is important to know the difference between democratic party and aristocratic selection.

The party – corresponding to its democratic meaning – is anonymous. It moves on the same plane with its competing parties.

Selection stands on a different plane. It stands above the parties and is independent from them.

It is far visible and consciously bears responsibility.

But, in exchange, it also rules!

Parties work for the majority, selection fights for the community. Party must take considerations and ends in compromise, selection is forward-looking and shaping, it binds itself to no kind of 'considerations'.

Party without popularity is unthinkable. Selection has the courage for solitude and takes upon itself the odium of unpopularity.

Party hence invariably turns to mass instincts, selection appeals to heroism and honour.

Party must cloak the truth as a result of its dependency on the masses, selection, conversely, has the courage for truthfulness of view and demand.

Whoever thinks in the party, can think only in pieces.
Hence: whoever wants to dismember a folk, gives it parties.
Selection alone can think in the whole.

The ‘constitutions’, which are given to a folk through the compromises of the parties, lead without exception into the desert of desperation.

Imperial Germany was sufficiently lacking in plan to allow parties to emerge and hence recognise particularism – even the spiritual.

As a result of this, a growth of pure bustle made itself noticeable everywhere.
It is the total opposite of creative unrest.
It can be characterised as the swelling of a satiated, lazy time, which has nothing in common with the pains of the new becoming.
‘Bustle’ is the life expression of the mass.

Bustle invents ideas of the day and intoxicated itself with them, it lives from pleasures of the day.
It confuses politics with slogan.
It cloaks the emptiness present with the slogan and is not lazy to praise itself.

Imperial Germany's media was filled with bustle and its ramifications.

Only the thunder of the World War silenced the cry.
The slogan fell, and emptiness gaped.
The slogan pales before the majesty of death. Above all, the religious one as well.
Neither the Byzantine of patriotic circles nor the hate slogans of nihilistic groups proved themselves capable of surviving even just one day of the horror.

The yearning for bearing grew. The degree of yearning became the measure by which the warrior was measured.
The horror was too great for a Bible to have been able to give the soldier comfort. Instead, the warrior's courage elevated itself through Nietzsche's mighty demands.

It first required the unprecedented upheavals of the World War in order to totally destroy the pseudo-world of the ending century and to expose the wretchedness of the pseudo-comfort that one readily accepted as substitute for the lacking bearing.

In the gas-filled craters of no-mans-lands, the 'world view' of the Christian bourgeoisie and of the fine subjects (also the military ones!) was smashed.

The warriors who found bearing grew over the shadow of the cross into a new, hard and truthful world.

Everything inessential fell off from them.

Whoever could not become whole, collapsed from his incompleteness.

No comfort of heaven and of earth is able to replace essentiality.

An unbridgeable chasm opened up between the warriors and the stunned burghers of the homeland.

It was a chasm between two millennia.

The bourgeois homeland had to shatter.

Even when it – led by camouflaged, hostile powers – carried out the blow against the warriordom and struck the weapon from its hand, it did this in delusion, with a catchword, with a slogan. It did it without its own idea and certainly without its own bearing.

The idea of the nation had embodied itself in the warriordom, it had not yet been born in the homeland.

It is reserved for the new millennium to give the folk the knowledge of its soul and hence the prerequisite for bearing.

The knowing warriors, who remained spared by death, returned as idea-bearers into the homeland become alien.

Whither they also came: the shadow of the cross paled under their step.

They carried into the night of chaos, of instability, of despair and of hatred the flow of the faith in causality.

This faith made them strong to defy the assault by the unleashed underworld and to write the nonetheless of bearing onto the flying flags with which they crossed the threshold of the millennium.

Bearing enabled them to escape the nets of the opponents and to shred them at the decisive moment.

One should never forget that in Germany after 1918 primarily three groups bragged of having inflicted the mortal blow against the community of the warriors.

The groups of the cross (from Moenius to Dehn and Tillich).

The groups of the international economy, which condemned Germany to starvation (that is Jewry).

The groups of rootless intellectualism (this is Freemasonry with its crowning in Bolshevism, which likewise received nourishment from both other groups).

These groups, in the pursuit of their plan of annihilation, pulled on one rope. And this rope was laid around the neck of the warlike Germanic-German northern region.

The smaller groups and grouplets that participated in the mortal blow against Germany's warlike heart were without exception in spiritual or material on the three main groups.

In the destruction of folkish values, these groups were allies. This alliance was then dissolved after the achievement of the first phase of the great goal.

From then on, they became the fiercest competitors.

This shows itself in the following period.

One should never forget that Imperial Germany, when it wanted to make use of the Pope's hypocritically offered mediation, as prerequisite for the negotiations had to open its borders to Rome's assault troops, the Jesuits!

A ‘Christian’ peace did not come about, but the Jesuits were in Germany!

One should never forget that the Jesuits (Erzberger) in the German east opened the borders to Jewry for the plundering of the German region.

But above all, one should not forget the names of those who signed Germany's death sentence. One should not forget the names for the sake of the groups that stood behind them.

Forgotten was the foolishness of the millennium of the dream. In vain and forgotten was the 'virtue' of the thoughtless bourgeoisie.

These names stand inextinguishable in the book of German shame: Erzberger, Rathernau, Kaas, Wilson, Dawes.

The many other names are not so important, because their bearers were more or less lackeys.

Whoever will one day write the book of German shame, his heart will bleed at the portrayal of the abyss into which the German folk was driven:

While, led by the obedient parties, Germany mutilated itself, the dismemberment of the German region began at the borders.

Whoever follows the great plan for the eradication of the German name, again and again encounters the five names.

All paths of shame and of despair did the German folk have to walk, until it, become poor as a beggar, stood before the surrender of the ultimate, of its naked life.

Then it finally opened its ear to the call of causality.

Then, to the horror of the enemies certain of victory, it ripped the blindfold from the eyes and became seeing, became political.

Then it recognised what it had lost, but also what it had regained.

The concept has become so devalued like that of life itself.

Politician?

At best, an infamous profession, which the 'honourable citizen', the 'decent military man', the superior 'scholar' painstakingly avoided.

'Professional politician', at best the 'clever man' could become that.

At best, politics was the hobby of certain irresponsible feudal circles.

The human being who held something of himself remained distant form the political sphere and submerged in his 'private sphere'.

In the distress of war and post-war period, the previously so praised private sphere proved itself as not reliable in the bourgeois sense.

The realisation of having to work together dawned.

The boundaries that separated the private sphere from the community began to fall.

The groups that had pronounced the death sentence over Germany noticed the danger that laid for their own plans in the German realisation.

They endeavoured to preserve for the German folk the private sphere of folkish disinterest.

They knew that nothing could become so unpleasant as a German awakening, hence they tried to the end to maintain their loyal auxiliary troops, the parties.

A sickening of the German body, which carried within itself the lethal seed of decay, seemed to them less conspicuous than a public execution.

The political parties were supposed to remain in order to not let political unity become reality.

The importance of the demand for totality is to be understood from this thinking.

Whoever walks this path of thinking, understands the hatred of the 'world' against Germany, which proclaims the message of the arising millennium, of the millennium that will bring death to the three imperialist groups.

Germany proclaims the message of the national, the message of the native causality of all folks.

Germany wants to live the reality of the total state.

This is the meaning of the politics of the new millennium.

The political human being, the human being of the millennium of will and of consciousness, puts the whole of his essence into the community, to whose greatness and debasement he is inextricably bound, for whose strength or weakness he is personally responsible.

There are no longer any partial regions here, the demand of totality has assumed rule here.

The political human being has overcome the politician, the parliamentarian.

The understanding for the meaning of politics first begins where the realisation has arisen that politics is the highest crowning of the folkish will consolidated in the community.

The folkish will, however, is the life expression of the select, the awake people and the growing people of a folk.

The bourgeois politician, the parliamentarian, dies at the birth of the new millennium and with him dies at the same hour the priest.

They are both manifestations of a not free and insecure age.

They are signs of the nonage of the folks.

With the death of the parliamentarian and of the priest, also die all the promises of bliss in this world and in the beyond, the selfish wishes for unattainable golden castles die.

The total politics of the new millennium gives no promises, it directs no temptations at the appetite of whatever greedy people.

It is the mortal enemy of bourgeois comfort.

The being chained to the nation's community of fate ends all prerequisites for the felling of rapture, of over-worldly security.

The political human being does not feel himself as a 'guest on earth', he knows he is called upon as its shaper.

The time of total essentiality begins, and thus begins the time of warlike, of dangerous life – Nietzsche!

Warlike life demands not solely life under arms, it demands more: the constant readiness of the whole human being, primarily the spiritual, will-based readiness, the total employment of all values, the employment of even the last reserves, employment without reservations.

Idea and reality combine to union in the total life. Hence the end of bourgeois dualism has come, hence the private sphere dies, the individualistic, the egocentric sphere, but hence being simultaneously the time of the acknowledgement of the value of the personality.

It should ring in the ears of the defenders of reservations.

There are no special interests, as little as islands of 'faith' will exist, upon which the weakling breaking under life and demands and requirements can save himself.

The current of life, of total essentiality, overflows everything, pulls away all barriers erected on special thinking.

And it brings forward with it the human being ready for action and determined for the deed, toward the sun of the new millennium.

The birth of the millennium is the hour of judgment:

The steering-wheel of their life will be knocked out of the hand of unsteady, unstable people, they will perish.

The world ruler in Rome has revealed himself too much in the age shaped by him for him to have a prospect of success in camouflaging himself as ‘old man with the inclination to charity in the name of the Holy Trinity’.

His magic spells like his papal edicts become nothing before the determination of the total, of the political human being.

Even the groups that hide behind other names try in vain to camouflage their imperialistic desire behind fine-sounding catchwords: from the ranks of the political human beings, their counterparts have grown, who have three advantages over them:

Personal courage, which crowns total realisation with determined deed.

Fearlessness, which characterises the life bearing of heroic realism.

The anchor in the community of the select of the blood, which guarantees the nation's eternal life.

So begins the political human being – distant from the one-day imperialisms, distant from all over-worldly ideas and intellectual structures – to think in the millennium.

This political thinking will systematically overcome the chaos and through law return order to the world, the natural order and hence to the most deeply ‘divine’ order, which was supposed to be abolished by the cross in the name of a demiurgic partial god.

The meaning of total politics demands that each individual of the nation is led before the decision.

The state must convey to the people the realisation, put before their eyes the paths from the old into the new millennium: the decision lies in the human being himself, in his character.

The state is shaper: the human being alone is creator.

But the state must hence, for the sake of the nation's life, whose temporal legacy nurturer it is, constantly appeal to the folk's life bearing substance, hence it must not, in the logic of realisations, shun from the crushing of the inferior.

The leaders of the nations must plough through and harrow through the fields of their folks overrun with weeds in a past millennium, until the pure and healthy soil again puts in an appearance, the mother soil, which may receive the seed of eternity of fruit.

In order to maintain the tension, the state must make ever new, ever deeper, ever more shocking demands, which stimulate the strong and repel the weak.

The weak and hence arbitrary state eliminates the genuine and creative tensions. It thereby produces the air of the greenhouse in which the genuine rots and the weak, after quick pseudo-blossoming, nonetheless dies off.

Politics is never solely the planning for the fulfilment of the attainable. The 'attainable' is a very flexible concept.

Politics is instead the systematic, smart employment of all values for the shaping and fulfilment of the law.

Politics is never solely a means to the end, rather total shaping of the genuine, of the essence itself.

So politics becomes the highest ethical life expression. So politics grows from the lowlands and confusion of daily life into the pure height of the total idea, into the life region of the strong.

So politics becomes the revelation of the essence of the nation, so the deepest life meaning reveals itself in it: the will to have an effect.

To realise this will for the community of the folk, is the meaning of the politics of the total state.

The bearing of heroic realism is 'unpleasant' in the bourgeois sense, unhidden in its genuineness.

Hence the total state attracts the hatred of the imperialistic, of the anonymous and obscure powers, because in its whole it no long offers any breech for the private sphere, in which the extra-folkish and extra-communal plans can achieve their goal.

The meaning of politics is aimed at the totality, as the whole of the nation: this is the first thesis of the new age, this is the first milestone on the path that leads into the millennium of will and of consciousness.

- 4 -

Diplomacy

The previous millennium rejected politics as harmful to character.
The new millennium proceeds from character as prerequisite for total politics.

Therein lies based one of the decisive differences between the two millennia.

Politics, viewed in the bourgeois sense as partial area, existed primarily to mitigate disruptions like wars or trade sanctions or perhaps to push the blame for these unpleasant incidents onto the opponent.

The expression of politics became a dishonest, but pleasant gesture, insofar as it reached across the folk's borders.

Politics became slogan toward the citizens of the folk, who for the sake of his sound sleep did not want, and was not supposed, to know anything about the truthfulness, in order to be kept in obedience.

To trust a ‘politician’ was the sign of a boundless optimism, of a childish trustfulness.

The behaviour of the politician was aimed at cloaking his plan. For this, he made use of ‘diplomacy’.

A ‘diplomatic human being’ had to be downright sly, cunning, wily, colourless in order to deserve this sobriquet.

In order to be diplomatic, he had to be able to camouflage himself to the point of not being recognisable.

This ‘diplomatic bearing’ was copied by the trader, who went about tricking his partner.

The previous millennium had created for itself a diplomacy which, seen as a whole, was highly untrustworthy and spread around itself an atmosphere of mistrust.

The states and folks of the world faced each other as traders, who in their business were dependent on negotiators.

Whoever managed to negotiate especially 'advantageously' on the great world market, was the best diplomat.

That the nations' credit thereby sank more and more to zero, is understandable.

Accordingly, primarily the honest and primitive folks were tricked.

Imperialistic states made use of diplomacy in order to organise, in union with the states spiritually related to them, campaigns of robbery against the honest and the primitive.

The values of loyalty, of honour and of trust suffered losses under this, at times, the devaluation assumed the forms of inflation.

And nonetheless, finally, in 'great politics', the other, the actual values of the nations were weighed and thrown onto the scale of political thinking – of partial thinking –, the values that the previous millennium disregarded as 'imponderables'.

The new millennium is based on truthfulness.

A total political thought avoids any camouflage, any veiling.

The 'world' will initially smile at the truthfulness in political thought and action and be pleased by the 'primitive-barbaric stupidity'.

But one day the world will come to the conviction that the truthfulness of the total political human being is the ultimate cleverness.

The sly human being makes use of the slogan and lie in order to put himself in the enjoyment of the desired values as effortlessly as possible.

The clever human being – without throwing himself away on the lie – goes at his goal clearly and logically, which, since it consists of truth, does not require the veil of the slogan.

Cleverness covets and does nothing that could be unlawful outside the law.

Hence cleverness is neither careful nor considerate nor calculating in the bourgeois sense.

Lie harvests, as soon as it is seen through, at least disregard, frequently contempt.

Lie, in order not to be seen through, must veil itself with a whole net of sidelies and thereby claims more means than cleverness.

Cleverness, even if its activity encounters resistance, will in any case be certain of silent respect.

The political action of a total nation, despite the angry roar of the world lacking understanding, will in the long run through its causality and hence logic achieve its goal.

There is only one means for the world to make the achievement of the goal impossible for the total nation: the attempt to eradicate the total nation.

But the world will one day have to acknowledge the superiority of life.

Lie and atrocity propaganda of the world disintegrate without effect as soon as the total nation helps its law to its natural breakthrough.

A thesis:

A folk that steps before the world and for the sake of its life claims its right to space will perhaps encounter rage and hatred among the ethnic groups led by powers distant from the law and always feeling threatened, but in the verdict of incorruptible history it will find acknowledgement.

On the other hand, a folk which under the slogan of defending the 'sacred goods' of whatever denomination or cultures, falls upon weak folks plundering, will in the final analysis fall to contempt.

To testify to the causality of its own desire and action, the total nation sends emissaries to the folks of the world.

To convincingly and irrevocably proclaim the right of nations and to compare with the just claims of the folks of the earth, is one of the chief tasks of new diplomacy.

The diplomat in the new millennium will by the measures of truthfulness – this means, by his character, by his cleverness, by his dignity.

Whoever manages to proclaim most purely the life will of his nation with the knowledge of its causality, should be the emissary.

And not the one who knows how one moves as noiselessly and without 'offence' on the international parquet of the slogan.

A total character like Bismarck stirred a lot of 'offensive', and yet Bismarck was one of the best diplomats of his time.

In the eyes of the world, he was an 'impossible human being', and yet the world had to take seriously and acknowledge this impossible human being.

It is a sign of lawlessness and hence of lie, that Bolshevism, which for a long time stood before the locked doors of the bourgeois states combated by it, may today move on the parquet of diplomats.

From this should be recognised how much this parquet is basically worth!

Germany will prove in its foreign policy that precisely through its truthfulness it eliminates the prerequisites for 'international entanglements'.

If, against Germany's will, the folks of the world are driven into new World Wars, then Germany will supply the proof that the anonymous, imperialistic, super-governmental powers are the ones which transform their will for destruction into deed and in the process make use of the folks distant from the law as tools.

Germany's example will contribute to the awakening of the folks, it will have a devastating effect for the anonymous powers.

Even the folks weakened in their life will and enslaved to subservience will in the long run not bow to the lying slogan blown in front of them, which drives them into ever new wars of annihilation.

Germany, in contrast to the folks of the earth, finds itself in a certain advantage, since it is so far advanced in the realisation of its causality and constantly advances farther.

The fever, with which the world is being driven by the anonymous imperialistic powers into the next world of annihilation, proves that those powers know of the danger of the example of total Germany's truthfulness, and that they feel themselves threatened in their imperialistic plans and goals, yes, in their existence.

Each year of the working and effecting of the German example promotes the awakening of the still dreaming nations.

Hence the anonymous powers fear the previously still with a certain distress preserved ‘state of peace’ and push for war. After the poisoned arrow of the boycott bounced off the German folk's steadfastness, the powers openly preach the campaign of annihilation against Germany as ‘holy war’ and affirm any, even the far distant war, in the hope that the northern region and thereby, above all, the Germany hated by them will be drawn into it and be exterminated.

So Germany's situation has become deadly serious.

But it is in no way more difficult than if Germany would still today be subservient to the politician of the cross or to another supra-governmental power or one of the groups supporting them.

For Germany, as is known, had no peace even at the time of its subservience, rather had to undertake crusades and military campaigns on assignment from foreign rulers.

So Germany today fights the decisive struggle in ultimate responsibility before the eternity of its nation.

Because Germany became awake, seeing and conscious, it has again found the passion for deed, and this passion has grown from the recognition of essentiality.

The first step for Germany's self-liberation led to the affirmation of right. With this affirmation, Germany became the executor of its law.

But the will, which shapes itself from the recognition and affirmation to courageous deed, is immortal.

If Germany, at the bidding of the anonymous imperialistic powers, were to be killed and exterminated by executioners form the subservient folks, then it would from the hour of its death on ascent as mythos to the stars and shine as sword-girdled idea to the awakening folks toward freedom.

Ulrich von Hutten once spoke the proud words:

> ‘Whoever wants to fight unsuccessfully, should fight with the Germans!‘

When he spoke these words, he in no way believed in Germany's invulnerability, for the Reich bled from a thousand wounds.

But he knew that the German idea will live for as long as the sun shined.

And the German idea of freedom and of law, of deed and of order, would even in death prove itself immortal, this was the fundamental realisation of his faith.

Hutten died with this shining faith in his heart, and his spirit elevated itself above the haze of all distress into the open sky of the eternity of his nation.

But Germany lives, and every hour of its life guarantees a century of its existence.

Whoever should dare to attack the German Reich growing stronger in order to annihilate it, would today have to reckon with being drawn into a German death.

This certain prospect has to the present day detoured the most hateful of the subservient folks from the lunge, and hopefully will have a detouring effect for so long until Germany's example has led the majority of the valuable folks to reflection and to awakening, and hence the chaos on earth planned by the anonymous imperialists will be avoided.

The hour of fate – in the good and bad sense – in which Germany's life or death is decided, will be the hour of judgment over this earth.

With this knowledge of the responsibility that Germany, in the truthful faith in its law, has gladly taken upon itself, a new age of diplomacy, of commerce and of ties of the folks among each other will begin.

In its history, Germany has taken every task assigned it seriously to the most extreme consequence and striven to carry it out under the mobilisation of all energies.

Germany has always been ‘pious’ in the good and almost even more in the bad sense.

Therein lie the reasons for its defeats and ascents.

It has – a sign of its inner youth – very frequently also been naïve.

It sometimes made friends with death bringing ideas and – to the joy of its mortal enemies – joined in as fanatical advocate and champion of such ideas.

In the German region, the most important spiritual and secular saviours of the cross – the theologians and the crusaders – were born, in the German region, the first witnesses of Jewish Marxism grew up. German piety sometimes escalated via fanaticism into asceticism.

Nowhere in the world did so many upright men die the death of conviction for foreign ideas as in Germany.

It would be totally wrong to want to rip piety from the heart of the Germans.

This piety is the divine fire without which the German and with him the northern region would have to freeze to death.

The German must just find the piety solely appropriate for him, namely the bond born from faith to the law.

The German, whose most sacred legacy is yearning, must initially wander the path into his own heart and strive seeking for the fulfilment of his essence.

Through false faith, the German has walked into the desert, if he finds his way back in his true faith, then he will grow to tremendous deeds of freedom.

The liberated German is the believer of the new millennium, which can be taken up only by 'pious human beings', this means by unshakeable heralds of the idea of law and order.

At the threshold, consecrated by the law, to the new millennium, the spectres of the cross will likewise recoil like the spectres of the Soviet star, for the new millennium, the millennium of the sacred affirmation of life, is blocked to both nihilistic groups.

To portray this liberated and life-proclaiming Germany is one of the tasks of diplomacy, whose representatives will be the ambassadors and witnesses of the new German life passion.

As truly as the lawless groups within overall mankind – this means: the sub-humans, the mass humans chained by the drives and greed of the lowlands and incited and led to acts of violence and campaigns of plunder by the anonymous imperialistic powers through promises and threats – face the selection of the awakened groups in irreconcilable hostility, so truly will the still subservient world as well not love Germany.

Germany knows that is has not come into the world to be loved, rather, true to itself, to live the law and to proclaim its validity.

Because life and working do not come from 'love', rather from the law, which causes order, the awakened Germany knows itself far from those foolish and dangerous slogans of 'mission' and 'missionising'.

Greater, more responsible and hence nobler than the task of 'engaging in mission', is the readiness to shape one's own law.

Human beings of the White race, torn from the soil of their causality by the cross, have in a despicable mission killed the souls, indeed bound to a primitive essentiality, but nonetheless bound to right and order, of folks of nature and planted the lie of lawlessness into their heart.

Germany as well once has to learn what it means to be 'missionised'.

The horrible memory of this protects it for all eternity from forcing its own causality upon the world as universal medicine.

The world will never be threatened by a German imperialism, as long as Germany affirms its order.

Only a Germany led by the nose by the powers of anonymous imperialism will be dangerous to the world.

German diplomacy will proclaim to the world that Germany wants to live as itself.

The message is aimed primarily at the 'occident' unsettled by the hostile powers through treachery.

Germany does not want the fall of the west and has also never advanced explosive charges against the occident.

But Germany has indeed recognised the occident's seed of death, which was planted by the destructive powers.

Nobody can be angry at Germany, if it does not want to participate in the great dying into which Europe was and is still being driven, and that Germany seeks and finds escapes.

The geographic occident is clearly outlined. It is not significant as arbitrary factor. But it has always played a role as battlefield and birthplace of great spirits.

Important is the concept of the political occident, even if it is still mentally blurred.

The political occident was from the moment at which the cross cast its shadow over the world mission region, hence battleground.

As mission region, it was – corresponding to the term 'ex oriente lux' – a factor of second order compared to the orient. The cultures of the northern region, of the occident, were, seen from the claim of the cross, inferior.

From this thinking, oriental spirit – taking as basis the falsified Christian mission order – destroyed the northern region's great unity.

The northern region nonetheless remained identical with the concept of the political occident. The emphasis of the occident was largely taken from the northern region and shifted to Europe's west and south and came to the folks which, under the cross-bearers' leadership, were at the time the most blood-thirsty.

The political occident was totally shredded by the cross.

Once, the occident was the living space of the White master race [Herrenrasse].

After its systematic weakening and falsification by the cross, after the years of discovery began an emigration by a portion of the master race into the 'New World'.

Rivers of inferior and spoiled blood, in turn, pushed into the 'Old World'.

Throughout the first centuries – the decisive period – the intoxication of release dominated the White masters of the New World.

The White race frittered away its blood and mixed to a threatening degree with coloured folks.

The 'Self-Made Man', alienated from law and order and degenerated, emerged. Proficiency was confused with slyness, daring with thoughtlessness (to the border of unscrupulousness). Civilisation was supposed to replace culture.

So the New World grew as a gigantic body without face.

The New World indeed tried, through make-up and powder, to fake a face, but it required only a motion, a wind in order to reveal the facelessness.

The New World indeed bred an elite, which, however, remained limited to externalities. There emerged a plutocracy, which increased itself arbitrarily through the addition of new 'self-made men, and which likewise reduced itself through the expulsion of the coincidentally impoverished.

The spiritual bearing, the orientation of the White race, was not taken along into the New World, it remained as ballast in the Old World, in the occident.

The characterisation of the New World is the result of its unbridled democracy, which hampers the formation of personality almost to impossibility.

The New World indeed became the world of limitless possibilities, only a possibility was ignored, the sole possibility, which is face-giving and folk-shaping, the possibility of spiritual bearing. So the lethal seed of anonymity was carried into the New World.

Those powers of imperialism found in the dusk of anonymity, which had already brought the Old World to the brink of ruin, far-reaching possibilities for development.

In the freedom of the New World, the inferior and racially-inferior instincts as well spread like weeds.

The White race would have once had upon stepping onto the New World the possibility, far from the chess moves of the anonymous powers, far from the total politics of the world master in Rome, to develop a new life of law.

It squandered this possibility.

It is questionable, whether the New World will ever be able to free itself from its fateful democracy and death-bringing anonymity.

The racial instincts, which may indeed occasionally still awaken in lynch justice or in war of competition against the coloured folks, are almost hopelessly over-layered by purely civilisation prerequisites, which have nothing to do with causality.

If even a decade ago it still seemed as if the emphasis of the White race had been shifted into the New World, then the exemplary events of the German deed proved that the fate of the White race will be decided on the soil of the Old World.

The White race in the New World, above all, in the years of the World War, took upon itself the blame of participating, side by side with the coloured folks

and the subservient lackeys of the anonymous imperialist powers, in the destruction of the northern region, which had given the New World the best of its men.

The bitter irony was not lacking to see blond regiments of the New World, under the slogan 'For Culture, Against German Barbarism', charging against German companies.

The New World participated in the destruction of the occident.

The occident itself showed itself completely unsteady, without ideas and internally divided.

Here begins the necessity of the discussion of the concept of the political occident. Thus begins the valuation of the occident from the standpoint of the rule of the White race.

There can be talk of the rule of the White race only where the will for development, for lawful working is present at least slumbering.

The presence of this will alone provide the justification of speaking of an occidental culture of the White race.

The will for law has been not only largely buried through the systematic raging of the imperialist anonymous powers against the substance of the White race, the physical and psychic ones, rather even exterminated.

The process of the general decline of the occident followed the process of extermination.

The 'culture height' of the present-day occident is a relative value! The White race is in itself so decayed and torn that it wears itself out in the constant whirl between Rome and Moscow.

The blood of the White race was systematically devalued through the addition of the blood of coloureds.

This fact has had an especially devastating effect in the Romance lands of the occident.

The Anglo-Saxon master folk succumbed to the temptations of imperialism, it shifted the emphasis of its politics to the acquisition of colonies and their preservation.

Imperial Germany as well was led into the temptation of making its existence dependent upon the possession of colonies.

Germany must constantly be on guard against letting itself be put into chains by, say, newly acquired colonies, which should hamper, if not prevent, its march into freedom!

Colonies may indeed be taken as valuable supplements of the substance, but not as the substance itself.

It was easy for the anonymous peers to throttle the life will of a folk and to force the law of their will upon it, if this folk, due to considerations for its commerce open to any intervention, is forced to stride more slowly.

A folk that bases and supports its power primarily on colonies must invariably fall out of the political occident, must invariably become two-faced.

The two-facedness of European folks has proven itself one of the greatest damages of the occident.

The alliance policy of such a folk pushed toward the system of collective security and thereby runs the risk of turning into a system of mutual threat, exploitation and receiving of stolen goods.

As long as the folks of the northern region direct their gaze in particular at the distant colonies and must employ the greater portion of their power for the 'pacification' of these colonies, there will not be a European politics, a politics of the occident.

As long as the folks of the northern region do not totally free their though from imperialism, there will also not be a politics of the White race.

The upheavals in the world have given the coloured folks as well the prerequisites for an awakening.

So the folks that today still have power over numerous colonies will one day have to realise that the mastery of the White race can in the long run assert itself neither with the hippo whip nor with machine-guns.

Today the colonial folks push for self-administration, tomorrow they will call for freedom, in order the next day to fall upon their slave-holders.

The cross has undermined the White race's claim to power is the world, as it undermines any claim to power, which is not proclaimed by the cross itself.

The cross has demanded racial equality and thus race-mixing and race defilement.

One day the cross will want to lead the coloured folks as well in the crusade against the remnant of the White race.

When this day dawns, an unprepared occident will be irretrievable lost.

The task of the diplomacy of the northern region – but especially that of the heart of the northern region, Germany – must be to speak of the responsibility of the White race, to warn of fragmentation, and to summon to unity the still unadulterated folks of the White race.

The cultures which were once established in distant lands by the bearers of the White race have without exception collapsed. The few ruins which are exhibited in museums and are monuments to mortality fill us descendants with proud grief and teaches us that any fragmentation, even if it brings the world blessing for a short time, leads to death.

Only a short time still remains for the White race of the occident for reflection, for Rome and Moscow – today the strongest and most ambitious leaders of the race-hostile anonymous, imperialistic powers – to arm and push for the final war of annihilation.

In the last hour, in the hour of the great dying, Germany rose the warning voice.

The call has indeed penetrated to the ear of the folks of the White race threatened with ruination, but an echo did not come back. Only scorn was audible.

So the life will of the White race of the occident is carried onward by Germany.

In exchange, the occident's west mobilised the Black race, the occident's east the Yellow race, against the will-bearers of the White race.

Germany initially has only to fear the assault of those coloured races, which are led by traitors against the law of the White race. The time when the awakening coloured races will undertake from their own will a campaign of revenge and booty against the occident's White race still lies far away.

Only through a clever racial politics of the northern region can it be avoided that the coloured folks never undertake this campaign of revenge in the north, which can never become their living space.

The selection among the folks of the White race must take place under this standpoint of life will.

The white skin alone does not do it.

The occident's location must be delineated by the yardsticks of responsibility and of folkish consciousness.

It is not about the square kilometres of the earth's surface inhabited by White skins: where responsibility and consciousness stop, the occident's space is at an end.

The new diplomacy has the task, inside the folks of the northern region, to point not only to the commonality of blood, rather also to the duty and obligation of the law.

The folks of other races have no reason to feel threatened by the folks of the White race having come to the consciousness of their responsibility.

The portion of the White race become seeing will never let itself be seduced to the imperialism that actually only leads to dying.

An awake White folk will never violate the causality of a coloured folk.

But the awakened portion of the White race will indeed, according to its life requirements, manage to agree with the folks of the earth about a just distribution of the space.

No arbitrariness or greed will have a determining effect in this agreement, rather the will to law, which has become alive among all involved folks.

Slave holders will not dominate this earth, rather free and strong folks will live their law and its development.

So a pacification of the world will never come from a salvation from blood, rather quite the opposite: through the rule of blood and through the affirmation of the blood law.

In the cross of redemption and hence of death, order is reserved to lawlessness. In the rule of blood, however, the world returns to the meaning of its law and of its order.

Like every fanaticism, racial fanaticism as well would lead to imperialism, injustice, arbitrariness and hence to ruin.

Racial consciousness, however, leads to reflection, care, discipline and order.

Under this precondition, the new diplomacy is entrusted with one of the most important tasks: to again give confidence and a pole of alignment to a world become dissolute, seduced by imperialism, confused by the law-distant powers of arbitrariness.

- 5 -

War Against the Idols!

The concept of the total folk, of nation, towers into the world of eternity, into the world of the idea.

The real presence of the concept folk, the populace, is today still mostly far distant from the ideal.

And yet there are groups of human beings in the populace who, through deed and faith – hence unity – embody the idea itself.

These idea-bearers in the present, who form the face of the state who give the decisive expression to the manifestation of the idea folk, form in their totality the core folk, through whose existence and working the fate, the history of the nation, is shaped.

The core folk, which in the previous millennium lived in the greatest possible isolation and scattered almost to tracklessness, even today, on the threshold of the new millennium, represents only a minority, which, however, is aware of its position and task.

The wakened Germany affirms this minority.

In the world, however, democracy elevates the unleashed mass against the minority.

Not only to protect the knowing minority, the elite, the core folk, rather to quite obviously pave the way for its formation, this means, the path to rule, this is the cleverness of the totally folkish state.

In contrast to the bourgeois-democratic state, which at best makes use of the core folk, which it, however, confronts with deep distrust, in total contrast to the nihilistic-communist state, which views to exterminate the core folks hostile to levelling – the total state consciously builds upon the core folk.

The soviet system dissolving itself in arbitrariness is, for the same reason as Christianity, hostile toward the core folk: cross and Soviet star proclaim world redemption. Its proclamation is aimed exclusively at the herd instincts, which confront the rulership [Herrentum] of the core folk totally irreconcilably.

Both the groups of the cross as well as those of the Soviet star reveal in their bearing the rage of the incapable and hence redemption-requiring underworld against the rule of the masters.

The total state is in the deepest sense aristocratic, it is, in contrast to any mass state, an exclusively master state. Hence it encounters the hatred of the sleep-desiring world.

Rulership – the noblest fruit of Germanic-German essence – has been pushed aside by the despotism grown on foreign soil.

Later times mingled the concepts of rulership and despotism.

It is necessary to again establish a line of separation:

Rulership fulfils itself in causality, in development, in effect.

Despotism expresses itself in arbitrariness, in separation, in fanatical need for power.

Rulership is unthinkable without community, which gives it form, content, leadership, bearing and hope.

Despotism makes use of the community as means to power and ultimately leaves behind in the sucked dry and tormented community emptiness, fear and horror.

Rulership is independent from any external power, it is the effusion of spiritual bearing and requires the orientation of the heart.

Despotism is bound to power and pomp and without these attributes unthinkable. For it, the presence of a spiritual bearing or even of a heart is superfluous luxury and annoying ballast.

Rulership bases itself on the loyalty of those for whom it marches ahead leading.

Despotism does not know the concept of loyalty, it demands from its subjugated creatures blind obedience.

Rulership wants character.

Despotism can triumph only over broken people.

Rulership grows from the union of the knowledge of one's own causality and the order affirmation deed. So each is a master, who stands as a whole in his law, regardless of what ‘social position’ he is.

To rulership belongs the unshakeable faith in the law, the immovable standing in order.

The new millennium will be a millennium of rulership.

In order to understand the idea of rulership as prerequisite for comprehension of the total nation and its expression in the total state, in order to be able at all to proclaim totality clean and pure, a pitiless war against the idols is required.

The idol is the mortal enemy of faith.

The faith of the rulership stems from the knowledge of the union of idea and total reality.

This union has been called by many names by people. One of the names is: divinity.

Divinity is the law in which everything revolves, in which everything has its beginning and its end.

Pious means: knowingly fulfilling the law.

There is no 'blind' faith, unless it is a superstition.

The greatest sin against faith are the words: credo, quia absurdum!

The original knowledge of the union, piety, was persecuted by the cross-bearers and the groups depending upon them. The bearers of the union were cornered in downright hunts, killed, exterminated.

With their death, the manifestation of piety, the knowledge of the law, was also lost.

Only a surmising, a devouring yearning, remained.

The people of the previous millennium dreamed of the divinity, of which still only a name remained for them.

When the divinity died for man – or rather: when the people of the divinity died – the idols came into the world.

In the shadows of the cross, the night of the idols mixed into total darkness.

The cross once demanded the end of the idols, that was when, in its early period, it proclaimed the end of the world.

But when the end of the world – despite the prophecy of the man of Nazarene – did not come and the cross-bearers' politics of the world domination began, the cross tore apart the world through its magic of miracle and of mercy and let the number of idols grow to a huge number through increasing superstition and the fear increasing with it.

The strong and law-believing knows no idols, as he also knows no 'God' as despot.

The strong man is rooted in the law, which is the divinity itself.

His 'bond with God', his 'view of God', does not stand in a master-servant relationship, rather is rooted in brotherhood.

Since the strong man does not know fear, he also knows neither idol cult nor 'religious service'.

The strong man has no 'need for redemption'. He is lost to the message of the cross, as he is then also rightfully characterised and evaluated by the cross as 'lost man'.

He is lost to the cross and, above all, to the politicians of the cross, because he does not bring along the prerequisites of weakness and of renunciation, corresponding to his causality cannot bring along at all.

He would avoid the cross with indifference or contempt, if the cross-bearers did not want to force him to bow his head and his knee before the cross's wood of humiliation.

In the cross's ancient times, the cross-bearers praised being despised as prerequisite for the receipt of mercy and the worthiness of being accepted into the mysteries of the cross.

It may be left undivided here, in how far the known vanity of the sick lies in this urge for being despised.

But at the same moment in which the cross came to power, the urge of being despised was relieved by a hysterical sensitivity even against that indifference of those who stood off to the side.

Here the cross revealed its despotic character.

The strong man must reject as immoderate the cross's claim that puts him into the ranks of the weak, of those requiring redemption, and reject being squeezed into the average form, tailored for little people, levelling the mass, destroying the great man, the towering man.

For the strong man, for the cross, which wants to break through causality and abolish order, in that it elevates the weak and debases the strong, becomes idol.

For the strong man, the cross is and remains – like once to the Greeks, a folly.

The strong man sees those worshipping the cross make magic signs and hears them speak magic formulas.

The strong man reads the teachings issued by the cross and learns that they preach the miracle – that is breaking the law.

The man on the cross, who proclaimed the end of the world, appears to the strong man in no way as hero.

The strong man does not examine whether the man whose time nailed him to the cross's cursed wood had a 'will for the better'.

He only sees that the will for good – namely for law and order – was not present.

He also sees – in that the follows the demand 'from their fruit, you should recognise them' – the questionable following which wrote that man's claim on their flag bearing the lamb as crest.

This following seems to the strong man rotten. He sees in it ecstatic self-emasculated men, he sees hysterical, sick, miracle-addicted women, he sees the repenting and the whipping, dreamers, the renouncing, the despairing, he hears the wishful cries for overcoming of the world, he hears the hymns of the wretchedness, he hears the 'interpretations' and the 'theories' and knows that they are not of his world, of the world of the strong.

Everywhere the religions of salvation have undertaken their advance into power, they sink after a short running start – as long as they were proclaimed by their ecstatic founders or by fanaticised disciples from the first generation of followers and embodied a fascinating idea or an idea of unconditional world correction – from the originally spiritual world of faith into the lowland of idolatry.

In this lowland, the trade begins with numerous, ever recurring attributes of idolatry: with portions of immorality, miraculous images and relics, prayer formulas, certificates of absolution, rosaries, amulets and other magic.

Previously, every great religion of salvation began in the spiritual and ended in total claim to power.

This has been so among the successors of Jesus Christ, of Mohammed, of Buddha, as it will always be so, if ever in the most distant future a millennium of the religions of salvation should return to people become too tired and uprooted.

The dangers of idolatry lie in every religion of salvation, because each, even if only in the seed, promises the 'liberation from the law'.

But every salvation is inseparably bound to physical and spiritual drills, which lie far from causality.

Yes, these religions must demand the unlawful, the miracle, as prerequisite, in order to bring their followers into that land in which, as imperialistic sole ruler, as despot, the religion founder or his successor, the religion herald, rules: into the distant law of 'faith'.

This imaginary land must stand beyond reality. Therein slumber the dangers for the community, because uncontrollable powers can practice their activity and mischief there unhampered.

The strong, who out of ultimate responsibility rejects being 'saved', hence reaches a location of thought from which he denies the right of existence at all to the religions of salvation.

The rejection is rooted in the same feeling from which a healthy person rejects using crutches.

These religions – whether they promise the 'elevation' of man (in the event of the acceptance of the 'sacred message' by the recipient) or demand his 'overcoming' – prove themselves (the effect within the private sphere must be left undecided) as incapable of improving the world even in the slightest. None of these religions – not even Christianity, which constantly empathetically flaunts its character of revelation in order to thereby distinguish itself fundamentally from the other religions, yes, in order most conveniently as 'revelation' to stand outside of any discussion and hence any competition – can deny being a religion for a purpose [Zweckreligion].

In order to be more clear in regard to the cross: Jesus of Nazarene proclaimed 'My kingdom is not of this world'. And yet he promised the worldly-materialistic 'paradise'!

When, in defiance of the expectation of his more than patient original following, he did not return, theology emerged from the despair breaking out everywhere, which proclaimed the 'resurrected one' as the coming judge over the living and the dead.

The seed for the cross's imperialism was planted here, which in the following period oriented itself totally around the purpose.

The strong man has no understanding for the paths of the religions of salvation, which ultimately all lead out of the world.

The strong man does not want salvation, rather fulfilment. His faith orbits around life, not death around the worldly, not the 'beyond'.

He sees the path in life's heartbeat, hence he leaves the path of the religion of salvation and strides the path of ethos.

The religions of salvation, since their theory possesses the fictional means of mercy and beyond that miracle and magic, can bestow as much as they want.

Therein lies the danger of the unleashing, yes, of the nurturing of community-hostile drives.

The ethos is not exposed to this danger, because without law and its effect, it is unthinkable.

The ethos demands justice and does not know mercy, which in the miracle wants to break through the law.

The religions of salvation have, with their claims to absolutism, raped to absolutism the 'religious feeling', this means the yearning of people for realisation of the valuation of self and world, and hence for perfection. The overall concept 'religion' has thereby been devalued, so that precisely among the strong a counter-will against this term arose.

The 'religion' of a human being is his striving for perfection through dovetailing into the law.

In this sense, the strong of this world have in every age been 'religious'.

Under the influence of the religions of salvation, above all, the intellect has been unleashed.

Christianity practised this unleashing under the reverse sign, when it coined the expression that intellect and reason are only the servants of theology. The intellect was here put into servitude under magic and debased to slave labour.

The unleashing of the intellect was so complete that soon the time of the intellect's incontinence dawned.

Since intellect's incontinence, a decline of culture has been enabled to the broadest extent.

The intellect was misused for the wildest mental orgies.

Without a master, it strayed around, exposed to any grab from the nihilists, the optimists and the pessimists.

The 'hostility to intellect' as defence of the, at the core healthy, groups is understandable from this perspective.

The new millennium will view it as most urgent task to again bind the unleashed intellect to the through the religions of salvation disparaged and in part already systematically falsified blood and in this union – it is more than a symbiosis – bring it to blossom and fruit.

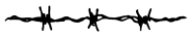
The total state builds upon the ethos.

It confronts the religions of salvation at most as tolerating, but never as champion and promoter.

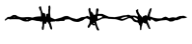
But in any case the total state will manage to shake off any religion, which believes it can save itself into the new millennium on the state's coattails demanding power.

The total state knows the fairy-tale of the sparrow that, hiding in the eagle's feathers, wanted to fly up to the sun!

The fanatics of the religions of salvation know the total state as their mortal enemy. They know that only this state can seriously end their imperialism, hence they defend themselves desperately against the faith of the new millennium and reproach – what an irony! – in swift recognition of the situation, on their part, for idolatry and intolerance.



In the clarification of the concept ‘idolatry’, however, it is no longer about subjective standpoints. It is exclusively about the total state's valuation.



The total state, however, views as idolatry all those manifestations which are thrown from the fictional land of ‘faith’ (in the sense of the religions of salvation) as obstacle into the path to the total goals of the nation.

The total state, for the sake of its goal, sees itself compelled to advance step by step clearing away, for if even just one idol remains there exists the danger of confusion and hence of distortion of the target image.

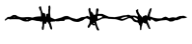
Behind every idol that erects itself on the path to the goal hide groups that are ready to defend their idol at the risk of their life.

The readiness to die for a cause, however, is not always proof for the worth of a cause!

Idols prove themselves not seldom as much more worthy of love, more binding, more beautiful than ideas.

An idol has the not always unimportant advantage of being matter, which can pass into the possession of an individual or of a group.

Idea, on the other hand, always remains in demand.



At the moment of choice between idol and idea, the groups of the mass separate from the groups of the elite.

The mass clings with preference to the idol. It receives in the commonality of this following the strength of perseverance.

Perseverance is not always a sign of laziness.

The groups which out of inborn stubbornness remain in perseverance are mostly harmless. They can through external means, for example, through those of fear and of distress, be put into motion, which, however, usually extends only to the next station, to the next idol.

However, those groups are dangerous, which remain in perseverance out of calculation.

They are as a rule those which have found a fixed grazing ground, a filled crib, from which they in no way plan to voluntarily separate themselves. After the attainment of their purpose, they at no price let themselves again be harnessed to the nation's march rhythm.

At the moment at which they have found a grazing ground, the community to which they owe the prerequisite for their find has become all the same to them.

They skilfully manage to camouflage their selfish demand for perseverance with fine-sounding slogans, they give the appearance as if the sudden will for perseverance stemmed from an iron feeling of responsibility for the preservation of an ‘order’, namely of the ‘order’ of their condition at the time.

The concept ‘tradition’ plays a certain role in the circles that are obedient to the idol of perseverance.

Tradition, custom, is in itself not yet sacred.

Sacred, indestructible and dissolvable only at the greatest endangerment of the foundation is solely what has proven itself as lawful and essence-conditioned in the tradition.

The principle ‘It must be good, because it is old’, has often enough had a devastating effect.

Tradition as tangible expression of essentiality should in any case be the foundation for a value-constant yardstick.

But in no way is tradition a substitute for lacking own bearing or a coupon, which could raise the value of one's own inner poverty.

Revolutionary human beings are as a rule not acknowledged by tradition-bound people or rejected and combated.

As long as a natural tension exists between revolution and tradition, the lawful development is only promoted, for order is threatened by boundless revolutionising for the sake of the revolution.

But if the revolution is overgrown by tradition, lethargy crosses over such a bourgeois-stagnating state.

The cleverness of the statesmen fighting for totality proves itself primarily in the balancing of the birthing values of the revolution with the preserving and nurturing values of tradition.

That in this valuation the revolution must be valued and observed as the primary thing, is self-evident.

In other words: the total state will not only tolerate all revolutionary ideas – insofar as the they do not conjure up chaos -, rather even as far as within its power even promote them, but in the application into practice, hence in form, consider traditionalist impulses.

Idea and form hence soonest become union: neither will the idea burst the form nor will the rigid form suffocate the idea.

The tension between idea and reality has a harmful effect only on the restricted bourgeois-traditionalist state.

The total state knows that the secret of a folk's being young and remaining young lies in the revolutionary ideas. The state's generosity proves itself in that it does not evade the young people's driving forward, rather drives precisely the young people to ever new creative unrest.

This unrest is the blood's pulse-beat, which it does not let stagnate. The total state is hence timeless, this means: eternal!

It is always ‘modern’, always ‘timely’.

The law of motion as prerequisite of immortality is at work within it.

There exists no right of whatever revolution against the total state, because it is itself revolution at its core. There are at best differences of opinion about the tempo and the rhythm of the movement.

Whoever opposes the total state, is in any case ‘reactionary’, regardless, where his standpoint is.

Reaction – measured by the unrest of the revolution – is conceivably pleasant, insofar as one evaluates it externally.

But it is of the broadest influence, if one evaluates it according to the effect in depth of its passivity.

Passivity lies like a slowly flowing asphalt mass on the healthy soil and suffocates any life seed.

The powers hostile to the total state gladly make use of passive groups, because through their existence the precondition for a state-hostile 'politics with the long view' is present.

Reaction is the mortal enemy of the law.

Law pushed for development, for movement, for the total.

Reaction does not want to go beyond a partial goal set by itself. It wants to remain stuck in whatever stage of development and hence invariably ends in the sterilisation of the life-will.

The groups clinging to reaction became castrated of will and of spirit.

It is certainly no 'coincidence' that the reaction at the beginning of the new millennium placed itself protecting before the cross.

The cross – after its initially nihilistic-revolutionary assault against the in the positive sense tradition-rooted world – preached submission under the divine will, the renunciation of life, the surrender of reason so empathetically, that the will for movement actually became widely paralysed in the world, if not killed.

The catchword 'throne and altar' became the motto of the persevering.

The tradition bound people (in the sense of bourgeois perseverance) preach with raised finger veneration for the old, the handed down,

They praise age already as credit in itself.

Well, age – seen from the law – is everything else than a credit, it is not even an advantage.

Age is exemplary and hence entitled to accept veneration only where no breach, no renunciation, no disbelief gapes between idea and reality, between demand and life.

But if this chasm exists, then age is as worthless as a wreck.

But if age is distinguished by perfection toward the total goal, then it is sanctified by the will for wandering, then it is rich and valuable by the example.

Before a grey head alone, nobody needs to stand up, but indeed before the will remained young of an oldster.

A certain comedy is not lacking that the cross, which in the age of its rise to power proved itself as unbeatably irreverent, which scornfully smashed all foreign shrines and allowed no 'feelings', today, at the threshold to the new millennium, complains about lacking veneration toward itself!

If age does not have an effect through conviction, it also cannot assert itself through the demand for discipline. If the cross refers to the validity of its 'history', it still does not thereby have justification for the present or even the future.

It is easy to construct a 'history' in which all dark sides are exposed to light, so that only radiating purity still remains left, and then present this 'history' as unique and eternal.

It is easy, through this shining, but, unfortunately, totally falsified and untruthful image, to find the 'faith' of persevering circles.

This faith proves not only as mental laziness, rather simply also as justification attempt by the weak-willed.

The groups of the weak-willed have indeed erected for themselves a somewhat darkened and hence secretive but still pleasant idol: the idol of fate.

Fate once played a significant role in the northern region's world of ideas.

Fate stood as law over the being, but it did not stand outside of causality.

Encompassed in fate was the life-cycle of the individual, of his clan, of his folk.

To believe in fate means to believe in the validity, in the value and in the meaning of life.

Whoever was pious, his death no longer had any terrors. His deed was based on the knowledge of the validity of the law, which not only outlasts the individual life, rather – simply through the deed – forges it as link into the great chain that stretches from the time into the folk's eternity.

Whoever believed in fate, knew of the responsibility of his own life, hence knew that a chain is always only as strong as the weakest of its links.

Fate was hence not a secretive-threatening power, rather a primal cause of causality cloaked from the eye.

Whoever in the belief in fate stepped upon the course of aware life did not become tired of fighting the constant struggle of existence. The knowledge of the validity of the law protected the believer against uncertainty and despair and bestowed upon him dignity, the unique admirable bearing of heathendom, which seemed so distant in nature and yet so desirable and – unattainable – to the descendants alienated from the law by the religions of salvation.

The belief in the validity and obligation of this fate bade the people, despite all disappointments and apparent paradoxes of daily life to say a happy Yes to life and death and let them, despite night, fog, ice and snow, praise the life-giving light of the sun.

Fate-pious once meant: living the heroic Nonetheless!

We present-day people recognise this bearing from the sagas and ballads insofar as we are able to see the core of the songs through the mess of later falsification and superimposition.

The fate-pious were bound with all manifestations of the law for union: they knew of the laws of nature of the stars and looked upon the revealing and obvious life of the surrounding world.

These people could rightfully claim to understand the language of the animals as well as the rustling of the forests, the singing of the meadows and the roar of thunder: they knew about the all binding law.

Fate held victory and fate, life and fall. But each who knowingly strode his life's path was fully responsible for this life. No saviour led the weakling become tired back to the path left.

The traitor against the law perished from the betrayal.

No mercy healed the betrayal or cloaked the base deed.

Because the strong proclaimed fate, the proclamation was victorious. So emerged the heroic songs, which praised struggle as life's mission.

What were the labours of daily life in comparison? What was the certainty of having to die in comparison? They became trifles, unimportant things that were not worth discussing.

The weight of the burden is measured by the weakness of the shoulders, which must bear it.

In the revolt of the masses under the sign of the cross, the strong and their teachings were persecuted and exterminated.

The grey of twilight, which laid over the last secrets of the law, of fate, became a terror for the weak and deformed.

The concept of fate was totally revised.

Fate became idol.

Men no longer stepped death-defying and life-pious onto life's arena, rather 'human beings' debased to childish creatures took upon themselves the curse of life and bore it unwillingly up to the day when they were redeemed from their sinful-weak body by God.

'Abba, dear Father!' Therein lies ruination.

Instead of the faith of men, which is the deed itself, stepped the 'faith of children', the ultimate dependency, the inability to the self, which taught the slavery of the will and demanded it as prerequisite for the father-child-relationship.

'Leave your ways to the Lord and trust in him that he does it well!'

Therein lies the most pitiful renunciation.

This is the admission of inability, which the worshippers make.

So the time of the doer was relieved by the time of the worshipper.

Child babbling and prayer led to the lack of cares of the optimists, who were led by the hand by the anonymous powers as desired under the pretext it was the will of God or of fate.

'Prayers being heard', suggestion or stories of prophecies come true did their share to destroy the last remnant of freedom.

In defiance of the law of gravity, the religion founders walked on sea waves. Contrary to the law of procreation, religion founders were put into the womb of virgin girls along supernatural path.

In defiance of the law of motion, the sun stopped in its 'course' for the reason of the wishes of a Semitic tribe. In defiance of the law of substance, water was transformed into wine. In defiance of the law of death, corpses already in the process of decay had to be resurrected. One then called miracle!

Violence was inflicted upon the law with club blows.

In mockery of the great order began the revision under the cross measure of faith in miracles. To those who were poor enough in intellect to accept without contradiction the teachings of the religions of salvation, heaven and all heavenly joys were promised.

But the strong, who remained in the law, were threatened amidst the howl of applause of the unleashed masses with eternal damnation and the torments of hells sprung from a perverse imagination.

The heretical laughter of the strong at the fever delirium of the weak was viewed as heathen stubbornness.

Fate was degraded to the toy of an arbitrary, sometimes merciful and sometimes tyrannical 'God', behind which hid as beneficiary of the fear emanating from him the priests and magicians.

This 'God' truly ruled rightfully as despot over the world, which became a valley of woe.

It will take a long time until mankind will have recovered from the spiritual devastation of the religions of salvation.

But then the spectre of the 'miracles' and of prayers, of magic and that 'faith' suffocated in dependency, will disappear.

'It is no use to undertake anything, fate is obviously against me.'

This pessimism is understandable among people who lead a life in dependency looking for reward, without being rewarded in the end.

A frenzy began around the idol fate.

Through superstitious rites, it was supposed to be 'reconciled', this means inclined toward the asking person.

No sacrifice seemed great enough. With ever new 'ideas', greed tried to bribe the idol in order to put him in a 'merciful' mood.

This history of superstition is of the same magnitude as the history of the religions!

The idol of fate collapses at the moment at which the strong person courageously fulfils his fate himself, at which he seeks and finds the fate within himself and not outside himself. Whoever bravely leads a total life, can never fear his 'fate'. The coward asks before every task about the 'Why' of fate, which demands precisely from him the solution of the task and ends in dull resignation.

The strong person surmises the connections of the law but without being able to recognise its primal cause. But he does not ask and entreat the 'dark power', rather bravely goes at the shaping of his life.

The 'blows of fate' are received by the weak with complaints and moans. The key-note is not rebellion against fate, rather contains the egocentrically conditioned grumbling 'why this misfortune precisely for me?'

In this phrase and this question lies a boundless vanity, which has led to the fiction that a personal God blindly distributes fates and is inclined to discuss with people in some way the degree of the blows. Required for this is in man as prerequisite for the receipt of the mercy of total regret and contrition, the surrender of even the last spark of one's own will. (Not as I want, rather as you want!)

It is easy to assign a squandered life to the account of a disagreeable fate, which is governed by a hidden and uncanny, in part merciful, in part cruel to the point of brutality and perversity, God.

The person subservient to fate as a welcomed excuse for any vice, for any baseness, for any rottenness.

The will of the strong person rises against the idol fate. Not that the person of will would be 'happier' than the idol-serving person 'redeemed' through a religion.

Certainly, the 'saved person' lives more comfortably in his 'security' than the person of will in his struggle-filled world.

The will, however, bestows upon the human being the strength not to avoid fate and not to run away from the consequences of life, rather undaunted, steeled

through the knowledge of the eternal validity and inviolability of the law, to walk his path and to seek to solve the tasks, which life in the manifoldness of its manifestations sets.

The will, with its urging for fulfilment, renounces the merciful liberation from responsibility.

The person dependent on the idol of fate seeks satisfaction, which a skilfully camouflaged renunciation portrays.

The person with life-will happiness is pleased with his strength, which he is able to employ for the overcoming of the difficulties presenting themselves.

Strength grows in employment: so the person with life-will ascents at the end of his warlike existence to a Titan.

The satisfied person finally ends in the small garden of inactive contemplation.

The 'saved person' has a basic mood: quietism. (I have now found the bottom, which eternally holds my anchor!)

He ends in perishing without a trace. Nirvana and heaven are only nuances of renunciation.

The person with life-will, on the other hand, piles up his life to a mighty monument, which juts into eternity as example.

'Fate' is a comfort to be sweetened with the beverage of the religions of salvation, for the dreamers.

The will of the lively people, on the other hand, renounces any comfort. It illuminates even the deepest night with the fire of its defiance nonetheless!

Those subservient to fate thought up a system in order to protect the peace of their satisfaction against the disturbances and, beyond that, to nip in the bud the possibilities of any disturbance.

A new idol emerged.

It received the name 'morality'.

Around this idol flocked downright countless people. It is the mass of those who seek a 'support', because they themselves have not found a bearing.

The idol worshippers of morality possess sacred commandments and laws, decrees and paragraphs, concepts and theories, which in their entirety produce an almost unbroken net.

This net is with preference cast over the strong, with the intention that the strong, the free, the independent, get entangled in it, in order to then in the 'entanglement' be branded as criminals.

The moralists feel completely comfortable in the narrowness of their net, yes, they are even thankful and happy about having for every occurring case a guide-rope, a guideline.

And in an emergency, they are able to slip through the mesh of the net and to widen it through whatever expansion and interpretation. Again and again, however, the moralists – after the most possible hidden excursions into the land forbidden to them – return into the realm of the net.

The moralists stand distant to law and order.

For law and order can be recognised and fulfilled only by the strong, which in freedom take upon themselves knowledge and fulfilment.

The strong are rooted in genuine being.

The moralists camouflage themselves with appearance.

The rule of morality begins where law was pushed out.

Morality brought the norm with it.

The norm, however, established the measure by which the 'moderate people' were measured.

Whatever dared to stir and be active, to think and to act outside the norm, was damned as 'dangerous' and combated.

In other words: the moralists fabricated a form into which man had to fit for all time. If necessary, he had to force himself, whereby the danger of crippling had to be put up with.

The moralists – since they viewed only a portion, the exterior, for its 'propriety' – could summon up no understanding for the totality, for the total human being.

The previous millennium was the age of morality and of the rule of the moralists. The total human being has no room in it.

The consequences of the rule of the moralists are shocking.

An example: The yearning and the demand for child – the woman's natural yearning for fulfilment of her law – was suppressed by the moralistic demand that

the bond of marriage had to be the exclusive prerequisite for the conception of a child.

The unmarried mother was damned by the moralists as ‘immoral’.

The untruthfulness of any morality is obvious in that actually the prerequisite for marriage bond, as a result of the surplus of women especially in times after big wars, is not always present and that, for the sake of morality, countless women, precisely in the nation's critical times, are condemned to childlessness or even driven to child murder.

The nation is thereby swindled out of irreplaceable assets.

From this example it becomes clear that law, in certain cases stands in an unbridgeable opposition to morality.

Law, for the sake of the folk's life, demands the unrestricted birth of congenitally healthy children.

Morality, under certain preconditions, unhesitatingly murders the unborn.

It is self-evident that the total state views marriage as the foundation of the family and engages itself with all emphasis for the protection of marriage.

But it demands just as empathetically the respect for the nation's life-will and hence respect for the will for child in every congenitally healthy woman.

In other words: for the nation, the congenitally healthy child of an unmarried woman is infinitely more valuable than a cretin, who has resulted from a marriage ‘blessed’ by all churches.

For the nation, an unmarried mother, who in defiance of all moral and bourgeois-social inhibitions happily affirms her child, is preferable to a married woman who intentionally excludes herself from the blessing of children or is even only without blame infertile.

The total state, in its population policy as well, looks at the whole while morality sees only the portion, the exterior.

Moralists see in this realisation and demand of the total state the danger of a loosening of morals, of a degeneration, perhaps even of an intentional immorality.

But that they in their morality, for example downright demand abortion, they do not want to admit.

But instead, they like to preach ‘abstinence’. They thereby place themselves under the shadow of the cross, which combats life-will itself and in its radicalism demands the dying out of the ‘sinful’ drive for life.

One should never forget that the doctrine of the cross proclaims as vessel of ‘God's son’ a virgin, who was ‘unblemished’. Natural procreation, according to this logic, is blemish. Despite all theology, this proclamation could not be covered over, still today it tempts nuns into the ‘better’ life of the cloister. Still today, the cross-bearers' hostile stance toward life-will stance against not only sexuality, rather any extra-heavenly love at all, is based on the thesis of the ‘unblemished conception’.

Belief in the unblemished conception is one of the fundamental prerequisites for the ‘true faith’, for the orthodoxy of the denominations orbiting the cross.

Even the Protestantism of the Enlightenment, despite the most rigorous exertions, could not free itself from this orbit.

One should also not forget that in ancient Christendom a very great alignment toward non-sexuality was present, and that this alignment, even after times of heaviest fighting, in which, even after the overcoming of the spirit not bound to form by the form-bound office, the visible organisation of the church emerged, again and again – not least of all in the evangelical sects as well – broke through in sex-hostile asceticism.

The total state, since it sees the nation's existence threatened by the moralists' existence, must push for a decision.

This decision can never be commanded, rather must take place in the sphere of the will, hence through the personality.

It is not true that only through morality the necessary restrictions against arbitrariness, even the sexual, are erected.

Instead, discipline determined by the development of law offers protection against any arbitrariness.

Morality can be arbitrarily restricted and expanded, but law allows no kind of bending or interpretation.

A scoundrel can be moral, but never lawful.

The lawful person can be ‘immoral’, but never a scoundrel!

The new millennium smashes the idol of morality.

The doubters, filled with fear, will fear the dawn of a time of arbitrariness, of excess and immorality, and raise their warning voices in order to achieve the idol's rescue.

It is to be said to them that the faithful of the millennium stand in the law and hence in genuine morality. This morality, however, is something mighty, overpowering, something different than a 'morality club' devoted to the cross imagines.

Morality is the aware life within the law.

Morality's expression is aimed at the nation's eternal life. This is the moral bearing of the strong.

The 'private morality' of what motivates broken by natural life is not even 'interesting' for the total state, as long as this morality limits itself to the private sphere of the moralists.

But if it makes the attempt to push into the precincts of the community and to judge or even rule there, then it will be rejected.

The morality of the new millennium is simultaneously the highest practicality.

The total state watches over it that the knowledge of practicality fundamentally influences and shapes the action of the community.

The weak and sick will see a constant threat in this. Actually, the total state's demand also brings dangers for the world of the weak!

The total state's morality can be pitiless to the point of mercilessness. Its position against the carriers of congenital illness proves this.

Sterilisation, which pursues the purpose of the extermination of everything inferior, will always be a scourge for the weak and deformed. The strong, on the other hand, see in sterilisation the obvious demand for the unhampered development of the worthy.

Hence the total state, which in the fulfilment of the law must, if necessary, proceed ruthlessly, rejects any discussion with the inferior about whatever 'harshness'.

The previous millennium erected welfare houses and institutes for the feebleminded and deformed – it is typical that one frequently gave these sites Hebrew-Christian names like 'Bethel' and 'Bethesda' – and kept the inferior alive under the outlay of huge sums, paid for by the fully-worthy and extracted from the fully-worthy.

This was the public morality of the weak!

The new millennium will build educational sites for the children of the strong and provide means for the care and preservation of the worthy.

This is the morality of the total state!

The moralists reproach the total state that it promotes 'human breeding' on the same level as animal breeding. In the process, the spiritual values, especially love and kindness, must invariably decay and die!

The total state turns to realisation, to reason, to the healthy instincts of the strong and knows that duty and consciousness of responsibility are great enough in the strong, that love should not be confused with intoxication of the senses of romantic dreaming, rather that here as well the highest practicality is to be followed. Only through the recognition of this practicality is love ennobled and protected against any later desecration – this is the sobering up that follows the intoxication.

The strong man will never be able to fall in love with an unhealthy woman for the sake of her beauty, rather precisely in the selection of wife think about the nation's future.

The strong man does not revel in unleashed feelings, rather binds precisely feeling to responsibility!

An example: the atmosphere of the 'magic mountain' by Thomas Mann is for the strong man not only not inconceivable, rather to the highest degree repulsive.

Not 'feeling' is the sphere there, rather unbridled perversity, prize of the sick and weak!

The strong man knows that an emotional escalation is possible only in the noble, in the perfect, in the healthy.

The total state summons up no danger for the spiritual values, rather instead nurtures and promotes the seed to genuine life joy and thereby creates the prerequisite for life passion.

It performs on the nation's people the nurturing and caring work of the gardener. It eliminates dried out branches and sick drives and makes sure that the life conditions of sun, air and rain come to all strong, healthy and growth-capable branches.

The heralds of the cross once summoned the tired and burdened to gather.

Thus began the assault against the strong.

The total state summons at the last moment the remnant of the strong in order to avert the looming ruination caused by the millennium of the cross.

Thus begins after the overcoming of the world of the inferior the millennium of the strong.

Morality, the garment of lies of an unimposing, at the core rotten era, collapses like tinder.

The wretchedness of that moral expression 'Don't get caught', the anonymity of deceived masses, makes way for the affirmation of moral personalities.

The highest practicality rooted in morality requires no garment, no clothing. Its genuineness does not need to be ashamed of nudity, of lack of embellishment.

The moralists walk on crutches and stop on the path, complaining, if these crutches of wretchedness break.

The strong walk upright and proud the path of their causality and know no deviation from their path, know no aimlessness and no frenzy.

The demand of the new millennium goes:

Make the idol of morality die!

Long live the law and its morality!

The previous millennium managed very well to clothe rotten things and ideas with the deceitful tinsel of the slogan.

It invented its own clothing industry of the lie, it invented systems of anonymity in order to misuse the folk's voice, which was supposed to be 'God's' voice, as the echo of whatever innuendo.

'God's voice' had quite specific originators, who again pursued very specific intentions.

It laid in the interest of these originators that the mass erected idols for itself. For if even 'God' no longer found obedience, then at least the idol kept the masses in dependency.

The imperialist in Rome has from the beginning of his thousand-year rule simultaneously played God and idol in his politics.

He knew that, if faith was absent, he could still count on superstition.

So he created in his religion a section for 'educated', for 'enlightened' – and in this section, he made fun of the foolishness of the kind folk so easily lead around by the nose through fear and hope – and a section for the superstitious mass. The

worst superstition had to be served to this mass so that it could be spiritually totally enchained!

The thumbscrews of superstition were drawn tight by the politician in Rome especially at those moments of history, when the 'general conditions of the time' were not favourable to Roman imperialism.

So the papal edict of infallibility falls precisely in the year 1870, which put Europe before the greatest political decisions. Rome saw the nationalism of the folks become awake and hence precisely for that reason reinforced its claim to totality through the claim of infallibility!

The church history of Roman imperialism is simultaneously an informative historical work on the power of superstition and the influence of idol worship.

The one-day imperialists – insofar as they did not subordinate themselves to the final goal of the thousand year Roman imperialism, rather set about pursuing their own goals – more or less skilfully played their God against the idols or their idols against God.

So the 'Enlightenment', which the one-day imperialists preached, consisted primarily of the glorification of the idols promoted by them and in the demand to henceforth serve this idol.

The struggle of the religions among each other as well regularly ended in the overcoming of the old God by a new one, which dominated for so long until an even younger one dethroned him.

These dethronement conflicts are listed in the histories of the religion as 'holy wars'.

The nation's rejuvenation process will only begin, if the confusion cleverly promoted inside the spiritual sphere of the order of the lawful has receded.

This means: the conscious folk development begins with the end of the religions of salvation.

There are many spirits on whom this statement has a frightening effect.

Again and again, the question of the 'substitute for religions' pops up from these ranks.

Substitute?

Should then a dream be relieved by another one, an old false mirage by a new one?

It is instead about being awake replacing the dream, the law's truth replacing the mirage.

Actually, there are only a few groups inside the nations, which are consciously religious. From them should be taken what they 'have'. Any attempt to violate this reservation would encounter the known vain martyr instincts and – fail.

The larger portion of people in the nations hence just lets itself be counted among the followers of the religions of salvation, because it has succumbed to the slogans 'The folk must have a religion' or 'Children must be raised in religion' and other similar thoughtless and drilled in slogans.

The folks in the overall image – primarily in the still healthy folks of the north – became religiously 'indifferent'. Indifference has spread across the whole spiritual area.

In the region of the spirit, a void gapes.

Precisely the religions of salvation with their gods and idols have produced after subservience indifference and after indifference emptiness, 'godlessness'.

In the previous millennium, the dreaming folks did not become clear about the vacuum.

With the awakening in the new millennium also dawns the realisation of the spiritual void.

Hence the total state fights for the realisation of the law, so that the awakening people advance to bearing, the total expression of the lawful.

It must be stated that through the devastating consequences of indifference and of spiritual emptiness more people perish inwardly than from the doubt in the validity of the religions.

It must further be stated that the new millennium thinks neither materialistically nor, say, proceeds enlightening in the sense of an emotionless and spiritual snobbism.

The new millennium's bearing forming itself far from the dreamland of the religions of salvation has just as little any parallels with the godlessness of Bolshevism.

To bring this realisation to a thesis: Bolshevism is unbridled, arbitrary, unbelieving, the new millennium is most deeply bound through realisation and will to the law and hence pious!

The war against the idols must be waged from ultimate responsibility: it is about the clearing of the path to the goal, it is about the sight of the goal itself!

And even if the idols along the path are ever so amiable, for the sake of the purity of the idea they must be smashed.

It should never be forgotten that every idol embodies a stage of selfishness, and that every idol takes individual groups out the community in order to gather them in its sphere.

The more numerous the idols, the more numerous the individual groups, which hamper or prevent the march toward the total goal.

Every idol demands a certain form of worship and hence a certain spiritual bending, which must lead to buckling.

Every prayer hence stems from selfish motives. It is unimportant whether the praying person is aware of this motive.

The total idea demands totality, and this totality has something uncanny for selfish and weak spirits.

The idol is more worthy of love, it allows the person subservient to it, in prayer, demanding being heard and being granted.

The person standing in the law has neither need nor understanding for prayer.

Not say – as one likes to ascribe to him – out of 'stubbornness', rather instead from conscious striving to fulfil precisely there where the praying person, through the power of his prayer, strives to evade fulfilment.

The lawful person has a dialogue with himself, dialogue in the sense of a 'going to oneself for advice' or 'valuing with oneself'. It is the dialogue between idea and reality, between duty and 'consideration'.

And this dialogue ends with the solemn readiness for renewed action for the fulfilment of the total law.

This dialogue is totally different in nature from the prayer, in which, as is known, the 'dear children ask their dear father'.

As much as the praying person is trapped in individualism, so little is the lawful person at risk of slipping into collectivism.

In contrast to the law, the cross thinks collectively in regard to its total goal: a herd and a shepherd!

Collectivism is the unsteady condition of uniform masses.

The total state, on the other hand, is the sum of the personalities developing in the law.

Therein lies the fundamental difference between yesterday's Marxism and the doctrine of the new millennium.

Just as little, however, as with Marxism, does the doctrine of the new millennium have to do with yesterday's patriotism.

Patriotism died almost simultaneously with the odd doctrine of the ‘love’ of the cross in the shell craters of the First World War.

Love of fatherland is one of the expressions of causality. The person standing in this law naturally loves his fatherland, but he struggles primarily for the total development of his nation's law.

Fatherlands can in times of great reordering be mutilated to the point of not being recognisable, but the nation is invulnerably apparent.

The patriot stands or falls with his fatherland, the lawful person is eternally an executor of the nation's total will.

This realisation will be important in regard to the World Wars of the future and the political reshaping of the globe!

An army, which finds itself on the march into the decisive battle, may for the sake of final victory take no consideration for any ‘lame’.

The leader of an army knows that such consideration can have the loss of the whole army as result.

Beyond that, he knows that – given the case he would took the requested consideration – the tired units dragged along the battlefield would have no combat value, quite the opposite, they could only have a demoralising effect on the battle-willing troops.

The ‘lame’ must simply put up with being left behind on the path.

The field commander will close his ears to the pained cry for ‘consideration’. He knows that ‘considerate’ army leaders have more frequently lost wars than ‘inconsiderate’ ones. He may not look back because he must direct his gaze at the decision.

As self-evident as this realisation is from the soldierly standpoint, so does it nonetheless, applied to the total state, encounter difficulties, of which it is again and again claimed that they are insurmountable.

The supporters of his claim have gathered around the idol of consideration.

The idol of consideration has a kind, pleasing, gentle appearance. It has an especially appealing effect on romantic spirits inclined to a 'better world'.

The charm of this idol is able to transfigure even the most ugly traits thinkable of its followers with the glimmer of a rare beauty.

Insufficient daring, indetermination, perseverance, fear, cowardice, even every wretchedness could not just be excused, rather even be praised as exemplary, through the reference.

The law is pitiless in its development. It pushes aside obstacles and does ask, say, about their 'life justification'.

The total state as executor of the nation's law is likewise pitiless on the path to its goal.

The total state hence occasionally takes upon itself the odium of 'unpopularity'. It has the courage to defy the hatred of those standing far from the law and hence unbelieving and to fulfil the law over their bodies.

The total state knows that an attack against its development is the same thing as an attack against the nation's life-nerve, hence, for the sake of the love of the folk's eternity, it may not hesitate for one moment to utterly exterminate the seeds of resistance, which in their consequences are seeds of death.

The law exists outside all discussion and hence all considerations.

It does not exist for the love of this and for the detriment of the others, rather it lives from itself. And its life is development, this means overcoming of obstacles and final victory.

As far as this growth is tied to pains, the pains are natural and hence in any case within the limits of the bearable.

It would mean negating life, if one wanted to stop the growth in order to escape the natural pains.

Any consideration must invariably be adjusted according to the inability of a part.

The law alone is aligned exclusively toward the totality of the goal.

The particularists, those satisfied with a part in all areas, reside in shadow of the idol of consideration.

The previous millennium saw one of its special political tasks in giving in to a certain degree to the demands of particularism, in order to then save at least a remnant for the 'commonality'.

In the process, it was all the same whether it was about spiritual or 'real' particularism.

The result of this policy consisted of the parts not integrating themselves into the whole, rather leading their own life.

That anonymous power thereby had a sufficient opportunity to achieve its special interests.

The anonymous powers employed all means to strengthen the parts as much as possible and to prevent it growing together into a whole.

'Peculiarities' are fruitful in the final success and hence justified only where they stem from their own causality.

This means: 'Peculiarity' is defendable only in the sense of the unique causality of the community of the total state.

One should not say that the total state thereby forms its people into a template. For the total state it is instead about wilfully aligning the people of its community toward the inner goal of their law and hence simultaneously toward the external goal of the fulfilment of the duties toward the eternal nation.

Any danger of forming templates is already avoided through the diversity of the development process in the personality.

Because the total state is condition by the history-forming personality, it is an enemy of the idol of anonymity.

The idol of anonymity is characterised by an especially wide and deep shadow, which is able to totally cover its subjects. From its shadow, only the colourless voices of the subjects are audible.

Anonymity was in the previous millennium a desirable condition because anonymous was synonymous with unassailable, being safe.

Aside from the masses, above all, the beneficiaries of the masses also pushed for anonymity.

The individual was not supposed to and did not have to put in an appearance.

Democracy went so far in its bond to anonymity that it rejected as repulsive not only figures grown tall, rather also non-plebeian names.

In the revolution of the west and east, primarily the blond master figures were killed by the unleashed mass skilfully led by the anonymous powers.

The mob felt any 'aristocratic' face and any dignified or even noble bearing as provocation.

The human being was supposed to be degraded to a number, to a soulless shell, which the rulers could assemble and employ at any time with whatever sign.

The boundaries of the nation were supposed to be destroyed, the difference of blood blurred through racial bastardisation, so that the globe would henceforth be filled only with number-people, which could be added by the hand of the imperialists as desired and, above all, subtracted.

Only so is it understandable that the anonymous powers aimed to eliminate any personality for its own sake, regardless of whether it faced them as hostile, friendly or neutral.

Anonymity was praised to the subjects as great advantage.

The bearing of anonymity, collectivism, was extolled as ideal.

The flight from the land, that is the flight from the personality promoting threshold into the personality-murdering metropolis, was praised as a step into freedom.

(The connections of the flight from the land, which began in the times of liberalism, still await examination. But already today, it can be taken as certain that the popularising of the flight from the land belongs to the extermination plan of the anonymous powers.)

With the depersonalisation of man actually began the time of nameless misery.

The anonymous powers made sure that the nameless misery did not become the spokesman of the uprooted mass and through skilful policies separated the suffering mass into numerous camps of anonymous groups with personality-lacking spokesmen.

The nameless army began its wandering into the void of chaos and preserved in the subservience to the idol of anonymity.

The beneficiaries made sure that through control clocks, through numbers on assembly lines and numbers of welfare cards, the namelessness was instructed ‘officially as well’.

Pseudonymity was ranked the same as anonymity.

If somewhere in the last millennium a name popped up, then it was usually tied to a group standing behind him.

The warlike groups of the cross totally erased the names of their people and gave them in exchange the foreign names of their world, whose cadaver obedience was the end of even the feeling of personality.

Anonymity celebrated orgies among the obscurantists.

Through the systematic debasement of man, his herding, his being put into the herd, took place.

A 'living out of the personality' – in the limited sense – was possible only in the private sphere, thus so-to-speak behind closed curtains.

So personality died in the previous millennium under the shadow of the cross, so the corpse of the nameless mass towered to the extreme.

There were indeed also people who stepped forth from sacred responsibility in order to rescue personality.

Words by Hutten go: I want to stand out completely as I am! But the few witnesses and executors of the law always died in the greatest isolation, usually also in great misery.

The new millennium measures its demands for noteworthiness as expression of personality against the blazing example of the few.

May the idol of anonymity die,
So that noteworthiness lives!

The path to totality is only then open, if these idols are smashed.

Ever new idols will raise their heads in order to darken the idea. But one thing is sure: whoever will have first overcome these idols, will have become strong enough in the struggle in order to also recognise and to overcome any other rising or hiding idol.

The will for the millennium first begins to take shape where the will for overcoming becomes awake and remains awake up to the victorious execution of the struggle.

Not this or that hero alone is called upon to kill the dragons and idols and to thereby open the path for the whole of the nation.

One-time deeds accomplish nothing here.

Each who aims to belong to the eternity of the total nation must survive the struggle with sword in hand.

The total state does not build itself upon an individual hero, rather upon the community of the personal conquerors.

Since the total state embodies the law, it does not know the fear of the failure of its plan for formation.

Great is its hope for the bloodless success of its plan, for the upheavals in the world have shown the tottering of the idols and already through this lain the seeds of realisation into the hearts of the healthy, of the seeing, of the strong.

Great is its faith in the visible fulfilment of the law, for the good, the warlike, the selfless have recognised their honour as the honour of the community of their nation.

The duty for the total struggle for the shaping of the law derives from this realisation.

So the total state welcomes the dawn of the new time as the dawn of its millennium.

- 6 -

A Summary
The message of Bearing

The previous millennium was filled with the dusk of uncertainty.
The uncertainty spread an atmosphere of horror, of distrust and boundless desolation.
The uncertainty paralysed readiness for deed and exterminated joy in deed.

The uncertainty was the result of the uprooting of people in that millennium. It produced, above all, the aimlessness, which in turn had as result a total devitalisation, a dissipation of will.

From the misery of despair, a yearning for a support rose up to the stars.
But this yearning was scarred. The idols were not able to provide any support, because they themselves were only driftwood. Just as little was the 'certainty of faith' of the religions of salvation able to end the delirium. Already not, because these religions first had their existence from the fact of this delirium.

The religions of salvation promised to create islands and faith, rescuing isles amidst the raging floods.
But these religions did not have the strength to stop the destroying floods.

The uncertainty brought doubt in the validity of life itself.
Doubt invented the thesis that life inside the world of appearance is satanic.
This thesis had as a result a great tiredness, a lack of desire, a renunciation of life and of activity inside the life span.

The previous millennium stood under the cross-shadow of dying.

In the uncertainty of life itself, there was still only one pole of certainty, the pole of dying. Around this pole circled the tired thoughts of those who despaired of life.

A sad certainty, a pole of sadness stood in the decline of life!

The increasing indifference toward the things of this world and of life, conditioned by the certainty of death, did its part to hasten the decay of the life seed, of the will for life.

It should be admitted that the previous millennium as well, despite its lethal paralysis, was creative in many areas.

These creations were born from the strong hearts of those who were able to confront this lethal paralysis with a – frequently unconscious – life passion.

But it must also be stated that the previous millennium in no way, as has again and again been claimed by the propagandists of the cross, gave birth to its own culture under the shadow of the cross.

Not under the cross, rather in defiance of the cross, were the creations born through life passionate and hence culture-capable people.

In most cases, those obsessed by the cross offered the most embittered resistance against the creations, which not only did not deny disparaged life, rather even beautified it praising.

The increasing tiredness of the previous millennium more and more pushed out the life passion of natural man and hence natural man himself.

The uprooting, the estrangement from the law, caused the loss of bearing, the loss of readiness toward life.

The escape, which technology attempted through an escalation of tempo bordering on the unreal, had to prove itself as erroneous. Precisely through the tempo of technology, the inner emptiness, the unsteadiness of people, only became even more blatantly obvious.

The previous millennium invariably ended in the effort to create a ‘substitute’ for the actually lost values.

The substitute proved itself deceptive. The previous millennium believed to find the Homunculus and lost the human being.

The new millennium begins with the courageous wandering into certainty.

It is the certainty of the law, which fills the man of the new millennium with strength and confidence.

The certainty of the new millennium is based on the knowledge of the own law and thus of the law of the community.

This certainty bestows upon the total man the cleverness to place the values according to the law and to thereby shape the law itself.

The clever man knows about the conditions, which lead to formation.

He ponders the possibility for the employment of the conditions of formation.

The man not standing in the law waits for mercy, which is supposed to put him into a position of certainty of faith standing far from the law, which represents a substitute for bearing.

'Certainty of faith' and certainty of law are the decisive traits of bearing of both millennia.

Certainty of law walks the path toward perfection.

Perfection means: fully fulfilling the law.

'Certainty of faith' wants to perfect itself through mercy,

Its perfection consists of the total submersion into mercy, in being redeemed from the life passion entangled in 'sin' and hence from the world itself.

Here, law equals fulfilment and mercy equals redemption confront each other.

The path of the strong is the path of the law.

The wandering into certainty is simultaneously a wandering into the land of realisation.

Only from the realisation of the order conditioned through law grows the certainty that is the foundation of life passion.

Certainty of faith, on the other hand, does not have this steady ground under its feet, rather staggers into the field of tension between heaven and earth.

Life passion has as prerequisite the realisation of the own.

To fit this own into the rhythm of the law of the community is the cleverness of the total human being, who, beyond dying and past, aims to grow into the eternity of the nation.

The old demand on man to become essential receives a new, deepened significance and justification from the viewpoint of the totality of state and nation.

Confronting the essential people are the imitators, who strive to imitate the manifestation of the law, but without themselves possessing the knowledge and the strength to become executors of the law.

The initiators end in regard to the state in dictatorship and dressage, the essential people affirm the awakening of the will for formation and for education in the knowledge of values.

The cleverness of the total state consists of separating the essential people from the imitators and transferring those recognised as essential people into the rule of the elite.

The essential people, the total human beings of the new millennium, know no separation between their life, their yearning and their law, between their reality, their ideal and their demand.

They hence become bearers of bearing, of the ethnical demand of the new millennium.

The new ringing of hearts receives the arising millennium.

There is no longer any discord.

Harmony, greatest unity, fills the world, where thought combines with action, feeling with wanting, into totality.

The time of honesty dawns. The hour of truthfulness strikes.

Having bearing means: no longer keeping apart essence and truth, realisation and affirmation and even, through religions and systems of thought, intentionally and insurmountably separating them, rather merging in personality in union and developing oneself in a total life condition.

This is the message of the new millennium: the law of life should be fulfilled through bearing.

The concealment and dark corner of the human heart are shined through by the truthfulness of the lawful bearing.

This is the end of that ‘private sphere’, in which the obscure quickly spread with all sign of decay.

What yesterday was still a folly in the eyes of the world, to put being higher than appearance, today becomes the sign of the elite of the millennium.

Pride, banished in the previous millennium as sinful, thereby returns as the chief trait of free and hence total mankind.

The shadow of humility, which the previous millennium, darkening the light of bearing, cast over the world under the cross, simultaneously recedes from the world with the shadow of the cross.

Pride, which knows itself as bearer of the law and as witness of truthfulness, transmits this respect to all people developing themselves like it to the freedom and truth of the law.

The proud people of the new millennium form the brotherhood of the elite.

This brotherhood stands far from the imperialistic and anonymous groups. It is separated from them by the chasm of the millennia.

The free and proud human being, rooting in the law and responsible to truth, respects the truth of the law in every nation.

Between the proud and free nations, between the folks which bear the will for the whole and develop themselves toward the total state, prevails the readiness for agreement and friendship based on respect.

So the bearing of the truthful nations pushes in the new millennium toward freedom, because only in peace is a preservation, nurturing and increase of the substance possible.

The total state of a nation rooted in the law will never undertake the attempt to forces its own law upon a foreign folk.

Such an attempt brings with it the danger of the falsification of one's own law.

But if the own law and the substance of a nation is threatened by imperialistic powers, the total state is compelled to draw the sword. It does this from the realisation that any thread to the law is a threat to life itself.

Hence the total state's readiness for peace is not to be confused with the democratic manifestation of law distant pacifism.

To proclaim this most inwardly conditioned readiness for peace by the law, is a beyond the borders stretching, rousing task of the German nation in the new millennium.

The German example has history-forming and history-shaping effect on the, at the core still unspoiled, nations of the earth. This is the hope of the total state of the Germans in the new millennium.

A community of strong, law-conscious nations is exposed to fewer uncertainties and variations than a collective of lawless folks, which aim to stay alive through concentration and, beyond that, also undertake the attempt to execute imperialistic campaigns of plunder through guarantees.

The genuine guardian of the development of the law in effect with within the folks is the warrior.

The warrior's bearing is not aimed at destroying, rather securing.

The warrior's bearing is anchored in the rural primal substance, in the substance of being indigenous, of being rooted.

Warriordom is the totality of blood, soul and spirit grown from the rural primal substance.

The harmony of this trinity would not come about without the rooting in the rural soil, being uprooted from which is the beginning of aimlessness and desultoriness and hence of the tumble into ruin.

Warriordom's bearing, the bearing of total mankind, contains within itself – wherever the bearer of the bearing may development himself – the sacred soil of a genuine homeland.

This piece of homeland protects the bearer of the total bearing against perishing in foreign environment.

The human being of the previous millennium was the ‘product of his milieu’.

The human being of the new millennium is the product of his law, of his inner homeland.

Having bearing means: to be able to achieve this inner homeland born from the total in any location.

This realisation proves itself of immeasurable importance in the event the total state is compelled to undertake regional shifts.

Everywhere the spirit of the total community is alive, is the homeland of the eternal nation.

Total mankind has in its law revealed in bearing its reliable sword. The total human being thereby becomes unassailable and even in the greatest isolation, even under the curse and the banishment of lawless fanatics, invincible.

The totality is the armour of the horny Siegfried.

Wherever even just a tiny gap prevents the closures of the totality, is a vulnerable spot for death and destruction.

Through the will to bearing, man's senses are sharpened to watch out for imperfection, to discover shortcomings and to help alleviate them and to strive for perfection.

The meaning of every education is accordingly to awaken the understanding for the law and to promote in the person to be educated realisation as prerequisite for development.

Bearing itself is not the product of an education rather the conclusion of the development toward causality.

The example as stimulus for development is of fertilising significance. It is hence a commandment of the total state's cleverness to make the example-giving people of its nation widely visible.

In order to have an example-giving effect, bearing preconditions life passion.

Life passion is the harmony of inwardness as preparation and readiness for deed as execution of the lawful development.

Life passion preconditions the harmony of soul and spirit, the unity of will and blood.

In the previous millennium, harmony was intentionally destroyed in order to make the inwardly torn human being requiring of redemption and hence ripe for subservience to religion.

The disharmony of the previous millennium plunged people who did not, broken in babbling prayer, sink down before the cross or before the idols and seek forgetting in the narcosis, into deepest misery.

The fanatics of the cross called this misery produced by them ‘distress of sin’.

The proclaimed and demanded distress of sin as prerequisite for ‘conversation’, this means for life renunciation.

They preached that the greatest misery of sin, the deepest life night would be illuminated by the all-forgiving love of God and downright demanded misery as sign of worthiness of mercy.

Harmony and unity were expelled as stubbornness and blindness into the realm of the ‘devil’.

The frenzy of perversity, into which the disharmony flowed, ended with the collapse of life passion.

The new millennium lifts up the human being weakened by the frenzy to new strength, in that is makes possible for him faith in life itself and in the perfection of the law, which demands fulfilment.

The human being uprooted by the ‘distress of sin’ gains through the life passion a new foundation, the foundation of the law, which human beings obtain in the eternity of life, in the rhythm of the universe.

Luther once prayed to the hidden God in vain for the foundation of a life possibility.

The fulfilment of the demand of ‘dos moi pou sto’ is provided in the reference to life passion as the wellspring, which nourishes bearing.

Bearing is not a one-time drawing from the well of life passion, rather instead an expression of the constant development of the law to the highest unfolding in the human being.

Bearing is a growing with each other and growing into each other of realisation and unfolding.

Bearing grows from responsibility in which realisation confronts the law.

Having responsibility means: giving answer through realisation to the demand of the law.

In this answer lies the affirmation of responsibility.

In the affirmation, in turn, lies the defiance and the Nonetheless of the reasonable in the face unreasonable, the imposed, the veiled.

Bearing proves itself everywhere it opposes indifference, habit, blindness, arbitrariness and lawlessness.

The preservation of bearing reveals itself in a human being's dignity. Dignity grows from the awareness of the superiority of better knowledge and deeper realisation of the law and its unfolding over the uncertainty of the staggering and the arbitrariness of the uprooted. The foundation of dignity is the self-respect of a human being who knows himself as bearer and executor of his law.

Dignity is one of the chief traits of the elite. Dignity is simultaneously the knowledge of the great certainty of goal and of path, of the certainty that bestows heroic realism.

The bearing of the new millennium is in the genuine sense ‘original’. It is anchored exclusively in the origins of the law and not conditioned by the restricting and ruinous sphere of compromise and of citizen-unworthy diplomacy.

The new millennium's ideal of beauty is the reality anchored in realisation and shaped in truthfulness.

The message of bearing to the new millennium goes:

The life of the nations depends on their will to the law.

The will to the law forms the total state as expression of the eternal nation.

The bearers of the idea of the total state burst in their growth the boundaries of the religions of salvation and smash in their maturation the commandment tablets of the word-bound and appearance-trapped morality.

Whoever has become free of confusion and idol worship and has bound himself to the law and its order, he lives in the unfolding of his essence as part of the eternal nation. Whoever has struggled his way through to bearing, must have left the paths of safety.

The folk, which in the total state affirms bearing, is called upon to put an end to the world's chaos through a new order and to imprint upon this world the stamp of the law.

The bearers of bearing will be hated.

They will as heralds of the new order suffer persecution, but their name will be tied to the history of the new millennium.

- 7 -

The Path of the Free Man

Tall and upright
Stood the free man
On the cliff
And gazed into the lowland
Of the wide land
His gaze lost itself
In the haze
Of the distant unknown.
His heart beat faster
In the surmising
Of the there suddenly
Concentrating danger.
Lonely ready.
So did the free man defy there.
The mouth was hard.
The jaw pressed
Battle-determined will.

The fist held tightly
Gripped the sword.
So did the free man wait.
Beyond fear.
The eyes proclaimed contempt
Of the cowardly uncertainty
In the twilight.
A gaze yet
Into the bright light
Of the invincible sun –
Then he strode with steadfast heart
Into the lowland of the wide land.
The sun's eternal law
To proclaim victorious in battle
Or – the night's victim –
To perish dying in the shadow

.